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OF

MADAME JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT:

HER EARLY ART-LIFE AND DRAMATIC CAREER.

1820-1851.

FROM ORIGINAL DOCUMENTS, LETTERS, MS. DIARIES, &c.,
COLLECTED BY MR. OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND, M.A.,
CANON AND PRECENTOR OF ST. PAUL'S,

AND

W. S. ROCKSTRO,
AUTHOR OF "A GENERAL HISTORY OF MUSIC," "LIFE OF HANDEL," "LIFE OF MENDELSSOHN," ETC.

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BOOK VI.

WORK AND FRIENDS.

JENNY LIND,—THE ARTIST.

CHAPTER I.

IN MUNICH.

In accordance with the pre-arranged plan confided to Madame Wichmann, in her letter of the 1st of August, 1846,* Mdlle. Lind proceeded from Darmstadt to Munich, where, between the 23rd of October, and the 8th of November, she sang twice, in *La Sonnambula;* once, in *Norma;* once, in *Der Freischütz;* and twice, in *La Figlia del Reggimento;* besides taking part, on the 1st of November, in a Concert given for the benefit of the Orchestra.

Before leaving Frankfort, she had sent the following account of her probable movements to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer:—

"Frankfort-on-the-Maine, Oct. 6, 1846.

"To-day, I am twenty-six years old! dear Mother Birch! that is no joke; and therefore it is that I feel such a desire to write to you to-day, and to thank you heartily for your last letter.

"Your letters are so motherly, and filled with such good wishes, that I thought I heard you speaking, and saw your face quite clearly, exactly as it used to be in Berlin, when we were discussing anything particular. So I thank you my good friend for this your sympathy.

"I have never thought otherwise than to go to Vienna; let what will happen, I shall sing in the *Feldlager*, and all the more, because it has fallen through in London. This is really my wish—only, you yourself know what is to be expected from Pokorny, and whether one has not everything to fear there from a man who understands absolutely nothing about the matter.

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* See vol. i., page 424.

"The chief object, therefore, of my letter to Herr Meyerbeer, was only this—that he should set forth *beforehand*, and in writing, everything that he requires, and this he means to do, as I see from his letter; for I should not have been acting rightly, if I had not informed him of my great doubts.

"I have also fears, undoubtedly, with regard to pecuniary matters; only, neither for Herr Meyerbeer, nor for me, must there be anything to regret with respect to this, for I believe it would be very prejudicial to him. But, I will have everything made sure; and, in any case, I have quite made up my mind not to stay one day after the performance of the *Feldlager*, if things go on at the theatre as they did last spring. Moreover, apart from this, it is quite certain that I shall not stay there for six months.

"And now, rest assured that I will, and must, keep my promise with the public; and I shall be quit of this promise if I sing in Meyerbeer's Opera. With regard to the performance, the first thing is, that a good tenor should be engaged, and that the others should be passable. As for what concerns me, I shall make my arrangements in Vienna according to circumstances. If I am not pleased, I shall leave immediately after the *Feldlager*.

"I am longing, above all measure, to get away from the stage. I think, now, that I shall be ready in six months. I cannot do otherwise. It is stronger than I!

"Lumley (the Director of the Italian Opera in London), what has he not offered! And what an amiable man he is! He came here; but I have sent him to Italy, to look for a singer there. But, he still hopes to get me; and, if you should hear that I have really gone mad, I may then go to London.

"JENNY.

"P.S. I hope that my 'guest performances' in Munich may be postponed; for then we can go on later, to Vienna. And then I go first to Carlsruhe, and Stuttgard. In that case Herr Meyerbeer and I go to Vienna in December only" *

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* From Frau von Hillern's collection.

In the meantime, Mdlle. Lind's visit to Munich was a great success. An introduction to the family of Professor Wilhelm von Kaulbach, the famous Bavarian painter, had resulted in an invitation to his house, No. 16½ in the Obergartenstrasse, where she was received, during the time of her visit, with warm hospitality; treated, by the Professor, and his wife, as a beloved daughter; and made no less happy than she had been, in Berlin, at the house of Professor Wichmann.

The benefit resulting from this arrangement was incalculable. The time fixed for the visit to Munich was, in one respect, most unpropitious; and, for a young Artist, unsupported by powerful moral protection, the visit itself might well have proved extremely unpleasant. It was impossible to sing at Court; for the reigning spirit in the household of King Ludwig I. was the notorious Lola Montez, who was then at the climax of her ill-gotten power, and doing her best to promote the fatal catastrophe which signalised the close of her career in Bavaria.* To have been brought into contact with such a person would have been intolerable; and an invitation to a Court Concert would have rendered such contact inevitable. But, in the house of Professor Kaulbach, a guest was as safe from such an affront as a member of his own family.

And so it happened, that the visit to Munich was a very happy, as well as a very successful one. But there were anxieties with regard to the Lumley Contract; and, especially, with reference to the clause which provided for an increased *honorarium*, if Mdlle. Lind felt it necessary to pass a month in Italy, for the purpose of studying the language.

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* For an account of the appearance of this once-famous adventuress—who was really an Irishwoman, or, at least, of Irish extraction—at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1843, see 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' by Benjamin Lumley. (London, 1864, pp. 77, 78.)

She herself thought the plan desirable; but, some of her most trusted friends were strongly opposed to it, on the ground that her acquaintance with the Italian language was already sufficiently intimate to render such a course quite unnecessary.

A few days after her arrival in Munich, she wrote thus to Madame Wichmann on the subject:—

"Munich, October 27, 1846.

"A thousand thanks, my dear Amalia, for your kindness in so soon and so carefully executing my commission.*

"Now let me tell you that I am going to London; and that Mendelssohn alone was able to induce me to do so. For you know what confidence I place in his advice; and, besides that, things have really so shaped themselves, that I can clearly see that God Himself has so ordained it—and, against one's destiny, one can do nothing.

"I shall not sing much longer in Germany. I remain in Vienna until about the middle of February; and from thence I go, for five or six weeks, to Italy. Tell me, therefore, where Herrmann is living; so that, if it be possible, we may meet.† I go to Florence, Siena, and Rome. Perhaps he may be in the neighbourhood. How I rejoice that the time is approaching! These journeys round and round! Oh, dear, good Amalia!

"I am living with the Kaulbachs; and am thriving very well here. He is a dear, dear man; and his wife is very lovable. I have lighted upon the best house in Munich, as I did in Berlin.

"Besides this, it goes well with me, here, as everywhere. I am beginning to feel accustomed to this, though I cannot conceive what it is that satisfies the people. But that is God's doing.

"Thine, for ever,

"JENNY." ‡

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* The commission was, for rouge (*Schminke*). It will be remembered that the Berlin critics suggested that Mdlle. Lind should use this more freely, on the stage. Perhaps she had at last consented to do so.

† Professor and Musikdirector Herrmann Wichmann.

‡ From the Wichmann collection.

From this it will be seen that Mdlle. Lind herself had decided upon the journey to Italy. Mendelssohn, however, did not approve of the plan; and stated his objection to this, and some other clauses in the "Lumley Contract," in a letter, dated four days later than the above:—

"Leipzig, October 31, 1846.

"MY DEAR FRÄULEIN,

"A thousand thanks for the trust you place in me. I have many times wished that I were wise and shrewd enough to be able to respond to this trust by something better than good-will and the best wishes; but, unfortunately, with regard to contracts, and all sorts of law-business, I am the stupidest creature that can possibly be.

"Once, I thought I would show the contract to some one or other who could give me good advice, and tell me of all sorts of clauses that might possibly be added to it. In the end, however, this did not seem to me to be wise; and I have preferred not showing your contract to any lawyers at all, and have taken no good advice at all upon it. For, I think, if you had wished for *finesse* of this kind, you would not have applied to me. And, besides this, I think that you will be greeted, in England, musically and personally, with such love, and jubilation, and rapture, as has seldom fallen even to you; and I think that you will pass pleasant days there; and that this is the chief purport of the contract, and the chief point of the whole business.

"A few things, certainly, do not seem to me to be right; but, as these are chief points in the contract, and as you have already signed, I do not see how anything can be altered.

"Finally, it seems to me that I could have nothing to do with modifying anything in the engagement, but only with adding something that might occur to me. I should, indeed, have gladly seen that Lumley had contented himself with four months. (That he always spoke to me of four months, here, I well remember.) And that, instead of ten times in each month, you had insisted upon eight, at most. And, when I think of all this, and of your personal reputation in England at the present moment, it seems to me that something ought also to be altered on the score of money.

"But all this must, I believe, be looked upon as settled, now and for ever, since you have signed. And, from this moment, in my opinion, none of these points—which really are, and must remain, the chief points of the contract—can in any way be brought into question.*

"Also, I am convinced that you will enjoy being in England; and, if so, the twenty-one days in August might perhaps, in any case, have been conceded by you. And, more than that, you will sing ten times there with less exertion than eight times in Germany, where the journeys, the frequently inadequate support, and, above all, the hundred thousand shameful and shameless demands with which you are beset, tire you a great deal more than the singing itself—and all this you will, in great part, get rid of there.

"Moreover, you will not, I think, find it very expensive there, since the two most costly items are provided for in the contract, and will not fall to your charge.† But, in any case, this, as I have already said, can no longer be brought into question, since it is already decided.

"To set against this, there is one little thing that I do not like to give in to; namely, when it says that '*Mdlle. Lind ne chantera dans aucun autre Théâtre ou Concert publique ou particulier.*' I find, '*ne chantera dans aucun Théâtre ou Concert publique,*' quite reasonable; and this is, in fact, all the pleasanter for you; but, as you very properly say in your letter, that '*particulier*' may, in the end, be made to extend to the Queen. Above all, then, if it is to please me, great freedom and latitude must prevail with regard to that not '*publique*' but '*particulier.*' I should be most pleased if the two words, '*ou particulier,*' were struck out altogether; but that, I fear, would create difficulty, since you yourself have sanctioned them by your signature. Still, as the sense of them satisfies me so little, I should like, if the two words cannot be struck out, to add the following, at the end:—

"*Il est bien entendu, que sous le terme, 'Concerts particuliers' (dans lesquels Mdlle. Lind a renoncée de chanter), ne sont compris que les Concerts qui se donnent dans les appartements particuliers (comme cela se fait souvent à Londres), et où l'on entre en payant; mais que pour toutes les* SOIRÉES *ou* SOCIÉTÉS *particulières où Mdlle. Lind sera invitée, et où* PERSONNE *ne peut*

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* For the points of importance really inserted in the contract, see vol. i., p. 437.

† This remark evidently refers to the furnished house, and the carriage mentioned in the contract.

entrer en payant, elle doit se réserver la liberté de faire tel usage de son talent qui lui plaira.

"Lastly, there is still something to which I object—that you should promise to spend the month during which you study the Italian language, in some Italian city. Could not this be done just as well in Vienna? And would not the journey to Italy, and thence to England immediately afterwards, fatigue you more than a month's rest would strengthen and refresh you?

"You will, no doubt, come to an understanding with Mr. Lumley on these points, by word of mouth, as he told me he would meet you again in Vienna. If, however, you agree with my interpolations in French, I beg you to send them to him. I, on my part, will do so, direct; and I will also write to him once more about the *libretto*, and press him on the subject.

"This brings me back to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer; and I assure you, that, for half a year past, I have put together her suspicious remarks, of all kinds, about the headaches; and I foresaw, long ago, that she would find a thousand and one excuses for not writing a *libretto* at all. I fear it still, to-day; but, notwithstanding this, I think that I dare not, and must not, countermand her. On the contrary, if she were really to write and send me a good *libretto*, why should I not set it to music? I would do so with the greatest pleasure, whether Meyerbeer busied himself about it, or not. But I shall keep my eyes open, to see whether the book is good, or the contrary; and, if it is *not* good, I must tell her, somehow or other, that it will not do. And it is for this reason that I would rather wait and see what *she* does. Sometimes, however, I think she will do nothing; in which case the thing will come to an end of itself; for I cannot go on reminding and pressing her any longer, and, since the last letter, with the questions that I wrote to you about, I have heard nothing.

"I should indeed be glad if I could soon, in accordance with my most hearty wish, write something dramatic—and especially, for you. Of what I can do in that way I will neglect nothing; of that I assure you; for I should at all times have gladly written dramatic music, but now more gladly than ever. And then I have a secret foreboding, which tells me that, if I do not attain to the composition of a fairly good Opera, *now*, and *for you*, I shall never accomplish it at all. But, on that point again, I entertain a regular Turkish fatalism—that, if it never happens, it never was to happen, even though I may have done all that I could to bring it about. And that, I am doing. So I shall be content if we meet again in this life, be it with, or without an Opera.

"But enough of plans! Enough of contracts! I return the contract herewith—enough of England, Scotland, and Ireland!

"Yet, no! there is still a claim that I should like to insert into the contract, only I should like to insert it in German. I beg you, Fräulein Lind, to engage yourself with two friends * whom I have in London, to visit them sometimes, to sit quite still by the lady, who is very ill and can have very little more pleasure in this world, and now and then to sing her a song. In that way you will indeed give pleasure to her, and to me also. Is that a point of the contract which you have signed? or rather, one which I may venture to add to it?

"And now, really enough of this! We are in good health, and well in all essential matters; but all sorts of little difficulties and sicknesses in the household, and other worries here and there, have prevented the last few weeks from being cheerful.

"Then, the heterogeneous mixture of half-French ways and manners that I see daily more and more gaining ground in my Fatherland makes me often so inwardly sorry, that it has long spoiled my good humour. It dives into every hole and corner; it creeps in one way into Life, in another into Art, and in yet another into Science; yet nowhere is it good. It is mimicked everywhere; everywhere it is bound to disappear, as soon as one looks it fairly in the eyes; and yet it always swaggers on again, in its borrowed mediocrity. I wish I could some day talk this over with you at length; for you know the misery just as well as I do myself, and as everyone does, who has, at this moment, anything to do with things public in Germany. But, what is the use of talking about it? and yet, 'Out of the abundance of the heart,' &c.

"You are now in Munich, and meet the Swedish Princes —so people tell me—and see my old Hauser in his new office. You must greet him many times from me. I was also with him, once, in Munich, and very pleasant it was.

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* See Mendelssohn's letter to Mrs. Seth Thompson (*née* Horsley), pp. 88–90.

But that was a long while ago! Are you now going to Vienna? How long do you stay in Munich? And how long in Vienna, afterwards. What is Fräulein Luise doing? Were you happy in Frankfort? All these, and a thousand others, are questions to which I would gladly have your answer, when you have again time to write to me.

"I often think, now, of your question on the Rhine steamboat, whether I should not like to leave Leipzig again? and your wish that I should not stay in Leipzig for ever, &c. &c. You were quite right, and I well know what you meant; and, in two or three years, at the utmost, I think I shall have done my duty here, after which I should scarcely stay any longer.* Perhaps I might prefer Berlin; perhaps, the Rhine; somewhere where it is very pretty, and where I could compose all day long, as much as I liked. But, really, you would have to sing to me, sometimes.

"Your friend,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY." †

Herr Hauser—who was now settled in Munich, as Director of the Conservatorium, and was by this time fully in Mdlle. Lind's confidence—was even more strongly opposed to the Italian journey than Mendelssohn, to whom he wrote, on the 29th of December, urging some very weighty arguments against the project, and begging his friend to do all in his power to prevent it from being put into execution. His opinion was, that Mdlle. Lind had already acquired sufficient familiarity with the Italian language to answer all necessary purposes; that her pronunciation was perfect enough to satisfy the severest critic; and that, if any doubts arose, a few hints from Signor Lablache, in London, would more than suffice to set them at rest. In the end, these arguments prevailed; and, after much hesitation, the project was finally abandoned. But, this decision was not arrived at, until some time after the period of which we are now treating.

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* Mendelssohn died in the autumn of the next year.

† This and other letters inserted in this work, addressed by Mendelssohn to Mdlle. Lind, are translated from the original in the possession of Mr. Goldschmidt.

Mr. Lumley does not seem to have interfered, in any way, with the settlement of the question, or even to have taken any particular interest in it, though the expedition would have cost him £800.

But, with reference to another point, concerning which Mendelssohn had evidently written to him 'direct,' as he had promised to do in his letter to Mdlle. Lind, he returned an explanatory reply, showing that the bearing of the clause relating to '*Concerts particuliers*' was far more important than his correspondent supposed.

In a letter, dated, "Paris, Nov. 21, 1846," he writes:—

> "In my conversation, at Frankfort, I said to Mdlle. Lind, 'Grisi has 80,000 francs. I will give you the same, or even more; besides which, you will be able to get a large sum from the private concerts.' (I believe I mentioned 20,000 francs). Mdlle. Lind replied, 'I should not accept these.' Observing her temperament and high feeling, and knowing the advantage this would be both to her and myself—for numerous reasons, besides the important ones of position, contact with other adverse artists not perhaps well disposed, time for study, &c. &c.—and that she would perhaps be more susceptible at the time to a little annoyance than to a great one—I immediately said, 'You are quite right; and I should be so happy at this, that I would at once compensate you, by adding to your salary what I believe they would produce.'" *

It was evident, from this, that the question of singing at private concerts was no longer open to discussion; though Mendelssohn did not understand that at the time he wrote to Mr. Lumley. But it was equally evident that the clause relating to this point must, for the protection of both parties to the contract, be so worded as to render misinterpretation impossible. Mr. Lumley, therefore, proposed to add the three following clauses to the original document:—

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* From the original letter, preserved in the 'Green volumes.'

"(1). The clause referred to does not extend to any concert given by the Queen.

"(2). It does not extend to prevent Mdlle. Lind from singing gratuitously, should she think fit, in private parties of friends, or where she may be invited as one of the company, even though she should subsequently, or at the time, be presented with a *cadeau* for so doing.

"(3). Should any question arise as to the construction of the term 'private concerts' ('*Concerts particuliers*'), and in what private concerts she can or cannot sing, it is left to Mdlle. Lind to decide, Mr. Lumley having the fullest reliance on her honourable feeling, in this, as in all other instances." *

This explanatory gloss was, of course, perfectly satisfactory; and, so far as the terms of the contract were concerned, there was little, if anything, that needed farther revision.

But, the prospect was not altogether cloudless. There was still a shadow looming in the distance—a hideous shadow, that stretched across from England.

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* From the original letter, preserved in the 'Green volumes.'

CHAPTER II.

SOUTH GERMANY.

IN the meantime all went well, and more than well, at Munich.

In the letter mentioned in the previous chapter, Herr Hauser wrote to Mendelssohn :—

"Munich, Dec. 29, 1846.

"DEAR OLD FRIEND,

* * * * *

"The maiden has sung here in such sort that it has been a true and heart-felt pleasure to listen to her. Among other parts she sang that of Susanna,* for the first time; and one could not imagine anything more gracefully lovely. I wish you could have heard her sing the passage *Komm du mein Trauter, dass ich Dich kränze mit Rosen.*† She looked like an angel, and nothing could possibly have been more beautiful; for me it was the most beautiful thing that I knew of. Moreover, the Munich people did not behave badly outside the house. The orchestra was the maddest. For instance, she never came to the theatre for rehearsal without being received with shouts and fanfares! I tell you it was a jubilee such as I find it impossible to describe. So I prefer saying no more about it." ‡

And as, in Madame Wichmann's *salon* in Berlin, Mdlle. Lind had enjoyed the society of so many of the leading spirits in the Prussian literary and artistic world, so here, at Professor

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* In Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro.*

† '*Ti vò la fronte incoronar di rose,*' in the original Italian; from the cavatina, '*Deh vieni, non tardar,*' in the fourth act.

‡ From the Hauser collection.

Kaulbach's, she was brought into contact with the leading men of genius in Bavaria. With the Professor himself, who was then engaged in the preparation of his splendid edition of Goethe's *Reinecke Fuchs,* she was on terms of straightforward and unreserved intercourse which shrinks from no expression of opinion, however widely it may differ from the views entertained by the interlocutor. Among others who were in the habit of meeting almost every evening at the Professor's house, and with whom she was, therefore, placed in constant intercourse on friendly and familiar terms, were Herr Franz Hauser himself, Director of the then newly-founded München Conservatoire für Musik; Professor Lassaulx, who then filled the chair of philology at the University of Munich; Herr Joseph von Görres, Professor of History in the same University; Herr Guido von Görres, his son, and Fräulein Marie von Görres, his daughter; Dr. Georg Phillips, Professor of Jurisprudence at the University; Fräulein Steingass, daughter of the Professor of Painting at Frankfort; and Herr Gasser, a young sculptor who afterwards won a high reputation in Vienna.

In addition to these, though less constant visitors, were Dr. von Dessauer, an advocate, who had also invited Mdlle. Lind to make his house her home; Herr Emil Liebert; Herr Friedrich Beck; and others who esteemed themselves only too happy if they could find an opportunity of doing her a service.

And, apart from this literary and artistic circle, she found a hearty welcome in other classes of society. Prince Maximilian of Bavaria, the father of the present Empress of Austria, was her sincere friend; and other magnates of highest rank received her with marked respect and attention. Her stay in the Bavarian capital was, therefore, in every way an interesting and agreeable one.

The six performances at the theatre and the Concert for the Orchestra were completed by the 8th of November,* and she then took leave of Munich for a time, to return again in the middle of December.

Her next engagement was at Stuttgard, where between the 11th and the 22nd of November she sang once in *La Sonnambula;* twice in *Norma;* once in *Lucia di Lammermoor;* once in *La Figlia del Reggimento;* at a Court Concert given by the King of Wurtemburg; and also at a mixed entertainment, consisting of scenes from *Lucia* and some Swedish songs, for the benefit of the poor—for whom she thus earned fifteen hundred and fifty Rhenish gulden.†

On the day after her first performance at Stuttgard she wrote to her friend Madame von Kaulbach:—

"Stuttgard, Nov. 12, 1846.

"DEAR GOOD MADAME KAULBACH,—

"You were kind enough to wish for a few lines from me, and it gives me so much pleasure to send you these 'few lines' that I sit down at once to write them. Perhaps you may not be able to read my handwriting, for, between ourselves, it is fearfully like that of Dr. K——; but Gasser,‡ who so well understands everything that is wild—mind, I do not say 'mild' but 'wild'—will have the goodness to help you with it.

"I hope and believe for certain, that you yourself know how pleasant it is for one in your house, and how happy one must find oneself there, and how everything with you is pleasant and enlivening. But I must tell you so plainly; and must take this opportunity of telling you how truly grateful and beholden I feel towards you. I well knew, even during my stay in Munich, how much everything there pleased me, but I know it better still now." §

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* The dates were, *La Sonnambula*, Oct. 23; *Norma*, Oct. 25; *Der Freischütz*, Oct. 28; concert for the orchestra, Nov. 1; *La Figlia*, Nov. 3; *La Sonnambula*, Nov. 5; and *La Figlia*, Nov. 8.

† About £130.

‡ The young sculptor previously noticed.

§ Translated from the original letter—a part only of which has been preserved—by the kind permission of Madame von Kaulbach.

It is touching to mark the warmth of grateful recognition so artlessly expressed in the still unfamiliar German, the grammatical construction of which bore traces, even here, of those idiomatic difficulties which drive so many foreigners to despair. But, in the language of the heart, peculiarities of idiom are unknown; and it was in this language that Mdlle. Lind carried on her correspondence with her German friends.

To Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, she wrote thus:—

"Stuttgard, Nov. 12, 1846.

"I rank the Munich public quite certainly next to that of Vienna.

"The house is splendid; though the size of it caused me, at first, so much anxiety, that I positively determined not to sing in it. The orchestra is excellent.

"The Kaulbachs behave like parents to me. *Enfin*, all is well." *

To her guardian, Judge Munthe, she wrote, on the following day, in her own native Swedish:—

"Stuttgard, Nov. 13, 1846.

"Munich is a splendid place, and I am going there again, before I go on to Vienna.

"All my plans have been deranged by an engagement for the Italian Opera in London; where I shall have no Grisi or other *prima donna* star to contend with, but shall be chiefly supported by Signor Lablache.

"The manager of the Opera followed me everywhere; so I wrote, for advice, to Felix Mendelssohn, who, knowing London thoroughly, and me too, told me that I ought by all means to go there, and that it would be extremely unwise for me if I did not do so.

"Lumley, the manager, offered me, from the 1st of April, to the 21st of August, 140,000 francs,† besides lodgings, and a carriage, and this does not seem very bad. No one has been offered half so much. My fate has been greatly changed indeed. But, do not mention this to any one, or people will talk about 1,400,000 millions!

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* From Frau von Hillern's collection.

† £5,600. That is to say, including the sum of 20,000 fr. (£800) already mentioned as contingent upon the journey to Italy.

"So, I shall not be much longer in Germany. I go to Vienna, most probably, next month; and, in February, to Italy, for the sake of the language. Do you approve? If I am successful in London, I shall be honourably entitled to go home at Christmas, and live the life that my soul is longing for, and be able to do good to those for whom I care." *

After fulfilling her engagement in Stuttgard, Mdlle. Lind proceeded to Carlsruhe; where she sang, once, in *La Sonnambula;* once, in *Lucia di Lammermoor;* and once, in *La Vestale.*† The last-named performance took place on the 2nd of December, and 200 gulden were then set apart, from the profits, for the benefit of the chorus, the ladies of which presented her with a wreath, accompanied with an exceptionally pretty poem, written for the occasion.‡

The visit to Carlsruhe was a very pleasant one. She speaks eloquently of the pleasure she derived from it, in the following letter to Madame von Kaulbach.

"Carlsruhe, Nov. 25, 1846.

"DEAR HONOURED MADAME KAULBACH!

"Many thanks for your most kind letter.

"But Herr Hauser tells me you have been ill—and you say nothing about this. I hope, however, that you are now quite well again. If not, it would make me feel very anxious; and especially so, since I well know how much you stand in need of health—as every one does not. I mean, it must be almost more necessary to you, because, when one can be as happy as you, it must be all the harder to be ill.

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* Translated from the original Swedish.

† On the 24th, and 27th, of November, and the 2nd of December.

‡ The first stanza runs thus:

"AN FRÄULEIN JENNY LIND.

"Was unsre Brust mit Wonne je umschlungen,
Des Märchens süsser träumerischer Klang,
Der Nachtigallen schmetternder Gesang,
Der lieblich uns aus Waldes Nacht erklungen," etc.

"I am longing for you again. Your mountain scenery has really some enchantment about it. I believe the good God did His best, when he raised the mountains. But when I say that 'I am longing,' dearest Madame Kaulbach, I mean for your home circle; for you must know that I have very seldom indeed enjoyed the happiness of spending any time in a circle so artistic. I hope that I shall be with you again in a fortnight, at the latest, if you have no objection. Things go very well with me; only, this travelling round and round about makes the world no Paradise; and the provincial element has something irritating in it. But—I have nearly finished—and hush! the way through Munich, Vienna, Venice, and London, leads to Stockholm!

"I am glad that the good Gasser has succeeded in modelling so unruly an animal as I am. I think, however, that, had the case been reversed—that is to say, had he been I—it would so have happened, that he also would have found it impossible to keep still for a moment.

"I greet the whole house, outside and inside, great and small, down to the two little birds; and conclude with the wish that it may ever go as well with you as I from my heart desire.

"Your loving

"JENNY LIND." *

Three days later we find the following letter, addressed to Madame Wichmann:—

"Carlsruhe, Nov. 28, 1846.

"MY MUCH-LOVED AMALIA!

"You well know how my time is occupied; and I need not assure you that the cause of my long silence must be attributed to this.

"But you have given me much, much indeed, to think about; and many solemn earnest thoughts are running in my head, to make out why, without remonstrance, I must be

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* Translated from the original letter, by the kind permission of Madame von Kaulbach.

with you in Berlin in the month of October. Thank you, for wishing this; and be assured that I will not leave Germany before I have seen you once more.

"Rellstab has written me a splendid letter, which has given me no end of pleasure—though I still hold firm—tell him—and it remains as it was. Remember me most kindly to him and his wife.

"Yes!—if it were only all over in London! But the thought that it will be the LAST will strengthen me.

"A thousand greetings to my Professor. He must just write me a few words at Christmas. Oh! beg him!—beg him!

"For ever yours,

"JENNY."

"Oh! tell Dr. Mendelssohn that he must not quite forget me, I beg.

"In a fortnight I shall be in Munich again; and, after that, in Vienna; about the 22–24 December."*

From Carlsruhe, Mdlle. Lind proceeded to Heidelberg; where, on the 5th of December, she gave a Concert, with such success, that, on reaching her temporary lodgings, she was greeted with a serenade, accompanied by a torchlight procession of students;† and, when she quitted the picturesque old town, on the following morning, its inhabitants expressed their thanks by presenting her with a poetical address, printed on a long narrow filet of delicate sea-green satin, fringed, at each end, with gold.‡

Proceeding thence to Mannheim, she sang, on the evening of the same day (Dec. 6), in *La Figlia del Reggimento;* and assisted, on the 7th, at a concert given by Mr. Kuhe.

From Mannheim she travelled to Nuremberg, where she sang, on the 9th of December, in *La Sonnambula,* and, on the 11th, in *La Figlia del Reggimento;* and, that nothing might be wanting to render this provincial tour a remarkable one, the worthy burghers of that most quaint and beautiful of mediæval cities—the birthplace of Albert Dürer, and Peter Vischer, and the cradle of those Arts of ornamental metal-work and priceless *orfèverie,* for which Germany was so famous in the Middle Ages—the worthy burghers of Nuremberg, descendants of the Merchant-Princes of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and, in less princely lineage, from the Meistersinger who flourished under the leadership of the renowned Hans Sachs, commemorated her visit, by striking a medal in her honour.*

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* From the Wichmann collection.

† *Fackelzug.*

‡ The address—dated Dec. 6, 1846—was headed with a monogram,

From Nuremberg to its Art-sister, Augsburg—the birthplace of the great Fugger family, and the present home of many of its honourable descendants—the distance is but eighty-nine English miles; and in Augsburg, she gave, on the 13th of December, the last concert at which she proposed to sing before her return to Munich.

On the same day, she wrote to Madame von Kaulbach:—

"Augsburg, Dec. 13, 1846.

"DEAR, GOOD MADAME KAULBACH!

"At last, I have come as far as this.

"It was a trying journey for me, through very heavy snow. It is well for me that I am a 'Child of the North,' otherwise,

formed of the head of Minerva, a lyre, a wreath, a branch of laurel, and a roll of music; and began thus:—

"ABSCHIED DER HEIDELBERGER
AN
'das Mädchen aus der Fremde,'
JENNY LIND.

Auch uns'rem Thal ist sie erschienen:
  Das 'Mädchen schön und wunderbar.'
Der Holden Liebe zu verdienen,
  Wetteiferte der Hirten Schaar!" etc.

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* The visit having been made in December, the medal was not ready for presentation to Mdlle. Lind until the following year.

it would certainly not have gone so well with me as it has now done.

"To-morrow, we start from here by the first train;* and I shall rejoice exceedingly to see you all once more, though I feel that it is very bold of me to make use of your house again. But—you have so completely spoiled me, that I shall nevermore let anyone deprive me of my rights.

"A thousand thanks for your last letter. Yes! Quiet joy of home—what can exceed it? Ah! perhaps something of that kind may bloom for me, next year. Home-sickness I feel always. Perhaps it will be better for me, when I come to you.

"Kindest remembrance to all, from your heartily-loving

"JENNY LIND." †

For this second visit to Munich the Operas chosen were *La Figlia del Reggimento,* on the 16th of December; *Don Juan,* on the 18th; and *Le Nozze di Figaro* on the 20th. In addition to these, there was a Concert for the Orchestra, on the 17th; and a performance of the *Creation,* also for the benefit of the Orchestra, on the 25th.

It was another Christmas spent far away from home. But, if it lacked the blessing of home-associations and the simple pleasures of Swedish national observances, it was consecrated, in a special manner, to the highest interests of Art and the warmest sentiments of humanity.

Would it have been possible to have celebrated the Nativity of Our Lord in a more noble way, than by taking the leading part in one of the greatest masterpieces of Sacred Music that the famous School of Vienna has ever produced, and devoting the proceeds of this labour of love to the benefit of fellow-artists who stood in need of help? Surely, this was doing good work, not for Art alone, but for Him to Whose bounty we owe that priceless gift.

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* The first railroad ever constructed in Germany—from Nuremberg to Fürth—had then been opened exactly ten years.

† Translated from the original letter, by the kind permission of Madame von Kaulbach.

CHAPTER III.

THE RETURN TO VIENNA.

Within a fortnight after her farewell performance of Haydn's *Creation*, at Munich—a performance all the more interesting, since, taken in connection with the previous one at the Lower Rhine Festival, it marks the beginning of that long series of Sacred Concerts which afterwards became so justly famous both in England and in Germany—within a fortnight after this, Mdlle. Lind was again hard at work in Vienna, where she arrived on the last day of the year 1846.

Since her first visit a sad change had taken place. To her great sorrow—for she had learned sincerely to respect her—Madame Vivanot, in whose house she had lived so comfortably, was dead. She therefore chose for her residence some apartments annexed to the *Theater an der Wien*, and known as the *Theater Gebäude*. These she rented from Herr Pokorny; and in these she remained until the end of her engagement.

The change was a sad one, and she felt it deeply. But she did not live a lonely life, in Vienna. She had already found many firm and kind friends in the Imperial city; notably, the Countess Schönborn, and her sister the Countess Ruenburg; and, as we have already had occasion to notice, the poet Grillparzer. But she had formed a closer intimacy still with the family of Herr Oberstabsarzt Professor Dr. von Jaeger, a physician of high reputation, whose daughter was her chosen friend, and to whose amiable wife she looked up as to a mother. With these dear friends, whom we shall have frequent occasion to mention again, she spent all her free days during the season of 1847; and she afterwards spoke of this period as one of the happiest in her life.

Of her experiences in Vienna, she wrote thus, to Madame Birch Pfeiffer:—

> "I am living at Pokorny's; for, only think! poor Madame Vivanot, with whom I lived last year, is dead. It has grieved me terribly. I shall only stay here for this month. Unhappily, the *Feldlager* will be given later than I expected, and I shall only be able to take part in a few representations. I am the more sorry for this, because the Opera has now been made so very different, and my *rôle* has been greatly improved!
>
> "Meyerbeer behaves to me like an angel. I cannot help being fond of him — and really am so. He takes an enormous amount of trouble with his work, and I hope it will succeed.
>
> "Things are going on better here at the theatre than they did last spring. But I am not so happy, here, as at Munich. I dream of Munich. I return there from here, direct, to study Italian very quietly at the Kaulbachs; for I am not going to Italy. That would take me too far out of my way; and I have an excellent opportunity of studying Italian, with a true friend."*

Meanwhile, Mdlle. Lind remained as great a favourite as ever with the public. The Operas in which she appeared during this second season, were, *La Figlia del Reggimento* —performed six times; *Das Feldlager in Schlesien*, produced under the new title of *Vielka*, and performed thirteen times, under the personal superintendence of Meyerbeer himself; *La Sonnambula*—five performances; and *Norma*, performed once only, on the farewell night.†

The Opera chosen for the artist's re-appearance, on the

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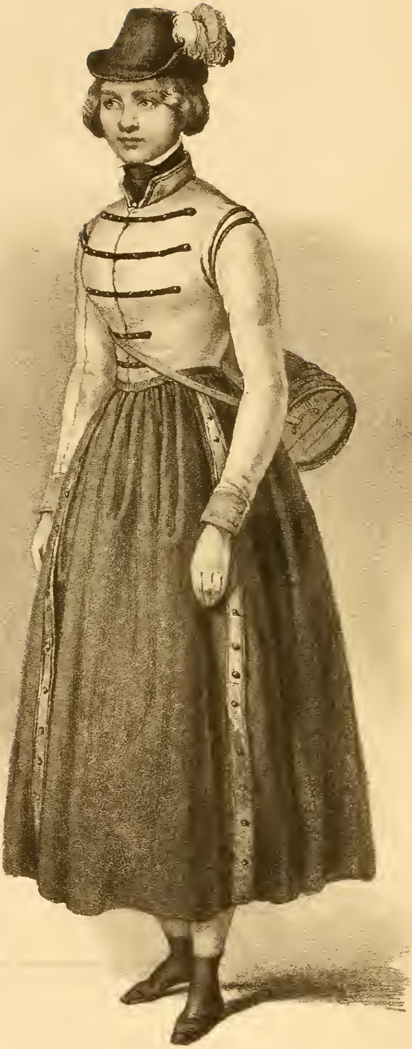
* From Frau von Hillern's collection. The friend here mentioned was Herr Hauser.

† For the dates of these performances, see pp. 37-38.



Jenny Lind in the character of Maria in "La Figlia del Reggimento."

Jenny Lind

[illegible]

7th of January, 1847, was *La Figlia del Reggimento,* under its new German title, *Marie, die Tochter des Regiments.*

In the playbill [*] now before us, no other name than that of Mdlle. Lind is mentioned; and the prices of admission announced are, twenty gulden for a box; five gulden for a stall; and two gulden, thirty kreuzers, for a reserved seat, or one gulden, twenty kreuzers, for an unreserved place—meaning literally standing-room—in the pit.[†]

The success of the new *rôle* was indescribable. The light and graceful music was exactly suited to the taste of a Viennese audience; and the Opera became so popular, that, after the first few representations had taken place, a portrait of Mdlle. Lind, in the character of "Marie," published at Munich, found its way at Vienna into the house of every music-lover in the city. The print was so well executed—so much superior, in every way, to the average portraits of dramatic artists "in character,"—that we have thought it better to present our readers with a copy of it, at once, than to reserve our illustration—as we had originally intended to do—until our notice of the production of the Opera in England.

The *Wiener Zeitung,* which had always been more cautious in its expressions of praise than the Berlin newspapers, entirely forgot its reserve, on the present occasion.

> "We will not criticise Fräulein Jenny Lind," it said; "we will only rejoice to see her once more in the midst of us, though only for a short time. We will hear her; wonder at her—at this sensitive poetical manifestation of the tone-world, which, uniting music with feeling and imagination, floats in a light ever more and more pellucid and beautiful. But one must not only hear Fräulein Jenny Lind. In order to form an idea of the magic of her voice, one must know her also. Her song is the audible expression of her inner life.

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[*] *Theaterzettel.*

[†] About £2; 10*s.*; 4*s.* 6*d.*; and 2*s.* 3*d.*

Her acting and singing melt into one another, and the beauty of the dramatic expression moves hand in hand with the nobility of the declamatory vocalisation. A voice so ideal, and so full of soul, a manner so earnest, such child-like *naïveté*, such deep poetry, such perfect innocence of song, form a very rare manifestation in the world of Art. We find in Fräulein Jenny Lind's singing a fervour, a feeling, a spiritual life; precious qualities, by means of which she ennobles the most insignificant details, and raises them to the highest level of æsthetic beauty. And it is precisely from her creative power of conception, her inspiration, and her sympathetic character, that this æsthetic beauty springs." *

But the triumphs at the *Theater an der Wien* were not the only agreeable events by which the opening of the new year was enlivened.

It happened that, at this time, Dr. Robert and Madame Clara Schumann were staying in Vienna and giving concerts of deep artistic significance. And it will be readily understood that Mdlle. Lind did not neglect so happy an opportunity of practically expressing her thanks for the kindness Madame Schumann had shown her, at her own concert in Leipzig, in the previous spring.

The three first concerts were over. At the fourth, and last, announced to take place on the 10th of January, Mdlle. Lind had offered to sing; and the demand for tickets then so greatly increased the possible supply, that the room was crowded to suffocation.

Madame Schumann played Beethoven's *Sonata in F minor* (Op. 57); Bach's *Prelude and Fugue in A minor;* Schumann's *Traumeswirren;* a *Lied ohne Worte,* by Mendelssohn; and Henselt's study, *Si oiseau j'étais.*

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* From the *Wiener Zeitung* for January 17, 1847. This critique forms the first of a long series, which, with a poem by Grillparzer, were printed in gold, with ornamental borders; bound in green velvet and gold; and presented to Mdlle. Lind, in a little volume, entitled 'Erinnerungen an Wien, im Jahre 1847,' by Michael Edler von Rambach, co-editor and administrator of the *Wiener Zeitung.*

Mdlle. Lind sang a *Canzonette,* by Geraldy; Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges;* Mangold's *Zwiegesang;* Schumann's *Nussbaum;* and a Swedish song.

The concert was most successful. Madame Schumann played to perfection; and the songs received additional lustre from her delightful accompaniments, with which those of Mendelssohn alone could be worthily compared.

The reader cannot fail to be interested with the following extracts from the Diary she kept at this time:—

"1847. *Saturday, Jan.* 2.—Called early on Jenny Lind, who greeted me with a request to sing at my last Concert, whereat I was greatly delighted. She refused all thanks, telling me, over and over again, that she looked upon it as an obligation; and that, besides that, she esteemed it an honour to sing at my Concert.

"*Wednesday, Jan.* 6.—Jenny Lind called on us for rehearsal. She came earlier than was arranged; and, as she did not find us at home, she entertained herself with my two children, whom we found upon her lap when we returned. She is a dear creature, full of soul, whom I like better and better, the more I see of her.

"*Sunday, Jan.* 10.—Gave my fourth and last Concert, which was full to crushing (*zum Erdrücken voll*), so that many people could get no places at all. Jenny Lind sang wonderfully. One can never forget such achievements.

"*Monday, Jan.* 11.—We called on Jenny Lind, who, immediately upon our entrance, called out, 'Will you not give another Concert, and let me sing at it?' We stayed rather a long time with her; and I sat as if rooted to my place. I am so fond of her. She is for me the warmest noblest being that I have yet found among Artistes—and how can I ever forget her? One must know her, and know her thoroughly, to love her as I do. We talked about many things, including Stockholm, when she made me promise that I would stay with her, when I came there, and that I would not go unless she was there herself, so that she might take part in my Concerts. It was very nice of her. I could have hugged her all the time!" *

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* Translated from the original German, by the kind permission of Madame Schumann.

There were many other Concerts, during the winter. A private one, on the 13th of January, at the house of the Russian Grand Duchess; a *soirée*, on the 2nd of February, given by the Archduchess Sophie, the mother of the present Emperor of Austria, and another, on the 8th of February, given by the Empress, the Consort of the Emperor Ferdinand. At the Archduchess Sophie's *soirée*, the songs selected were, Meyerbeer's *Robert, toi que j'aime*, Mendelssohn's *Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*, Mangold's *Zwiegesang*, Mozart's *Deh vieni, non tardar*, and Taubert's *Wiegenlied;* at that given by the Empress—Mozart's *Das Veilchen*, Weber's *Und ob die Wolke*, Randhartinger's *Die Fischerin*, and Haydn's *Nun beut die Flur* ("With verdure clad"). The members of the Imperial family had, from the first, shown all honour to the talented "Guest," and received her with marked attention, as we had occasion to observe when recording the events of her first visit to the Austrian capital; and they always heard her sing with every sign of unaffected pleasure.

Besides assisting at the Court performances, Mdlle. Lind sang, "for love," at a concert given, on the 24th of January, by the little Wilhelmina Neruda—now Lady Hallé—who, though then little more than six-and-a-half years old, had already made a great reputation, in Vienna, as a child-violinist; and—again "for love"—on the 26th, at a performance given, at the *Theater an der Wien*, by the Swedish composer, Herr Franz Berwald, taking the part of the Bride, in his new composition, *Das ländliche Verlobungsfest*, and winning new laurels by her execution of the difficult Swedish melodies with which it abounds. There was also a third concert, given, on the 31st of January, at the *Theater an der Wien*, by Herr Saphir—a strange compound of humour, wit, music, and journalism—in which she took part, (though very much against the wish of Grillparzer, who openly opposed the scheme, and wrote more than one unpublished epigram on the subject), on the ground that the entire receipts were to be distributed, in equal shares, between the *Kinderspital,* or Children's Hospital, and the *Kleinkinderbewahranstalt,* or Home for Little Children, for both of which the results were most fortunate.

It is pleasant to know that, while she was thus at work for others who stood in need of help, friends at a distance were doing the best they could for her.

First among those who watched over her interests was Mendelssohn, who wrote to her thus :—

"Leipzig, Feb. 19, 1847.

"It is a long time since we have spoken to each other, my dear Fräulein. Why I must begin my letter thus, and why my heart felt so heavy, when Dr. Schumann brought me your letter—delayed since the 20th of last month—I will some day tell you, in detail, by word of mouth.

"To-day I have before all things, a favour to ask of you. You will think this a great bore: for which reason I come down upon it, like a sledge-hammer—seeing that I can in no wise let you off it.

"When your journey to England was in question, you once showed me confidence enough to ask my opinion ; and, in connection with this, I have now something on my mind.

"In your last letter but one, you say :—'Lumley takes Bunn's contract wholly upon himself: *that I have in writing.*' Is it asking too much, if I beg you, as soon as you have a moment to spare, to tell me where this stands written by Lumley ? *i.e.* to send me a copy of the *words* in which he pledges himself to take over the contract, and to let me see whether these words stand in your engagement with Lumley, or somewhere else ?

"It seems to me, now, as if I saw you vexed at this request—but do not be so. I feel as if I should not have done my duty properly, if I had not asked you to send me this copy, and then, after knowing all about it, given my opinion more amply. Beforehand, I cannot give it ; and, if you will allow yourself to be vexed at my importunity, I tell you that you yourself are in fault, since, by telling me so much, you gave me the right to enquire farther—made it, in fact, my duty to do so.

"A few days ago, Herr Arnemann was here, and we talked the whole thing over; but no one understands these matters more exactly than myself, for I have often had to do with the English, and, for that very reason, I should not like, to say anything incorrectly or by halves; and, for that very reason, *et cætera, et cætera.**

"Lumley began to send me the *libretto* for the Opera, barely three weeks ago. It seems to me impossible to get the music for such a subject ready for the stage, in time for this season—that is to say, by May, at the latest—and I am in doubt as to whether I had better begin it, and get on as far as I can, or not begin it at all, since, as I said before, I feel that it will be impossible for me to finish it. There has already been much vexation, in connection with this †—but I will tell you all about it, *vivâ voce.*

"To Madame Birch-Pfeiffer I have—as I had already resolved—written no more. But she wrote to me, lately, quite unexpectedly, to say that, for many reasons, to her *most bitter sorrow,* she could not entertain the idea of writing a *libretto* for me. To this, however, I have not replied: and I think we are now of one mind.

"This letter is like a room in which people have been playing practical jokes, and turned all the furniture upside down. It is a great bore to have to set everything straight, and to put it into its right place. But it must be done, all the same; and only after that can one live comfortably there again. Do not weary yourself to make this clearance.

"It is all well with us here at home, thank God! and we all think of you, every day. Breitkopf and Härtel have just sent me the first copy of a new quartette, by Hermann Wichmann, that they are now publishing. A few months ago I was staying in Wichmann's house again, and was much pleased with your portrait, by Magnus, which is now there, instead of yourself.‡

"I have often and often thought over what you more than once said to me about Leipzig, when we were on the Rhine. I believe you were right; and, sooner or later, I shall have to follow your advice.

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* This was a familiar expression, used by Mendelssohn and Mdlle. Lind, when they both knew what was meant, and needed no farther explanation.

† See Lumley's account, in the work already mentioned.

‡ See vol. i., pp. 362–363.

"My servant, to whom I was as much attached as you to your Annette, has died in our house, after a long illness. I was called up in the night; and, just as I came to him, he died. Since then, I have never been able to get over the moment.

"Joachim played splendidly at the concert, yesterday. He is a first-rate fellow. Apart from this, the music does not sound very well here, this winter; it is a little rough.

"This is a horrid letter!

"With a thousand greetings from Cecile, and the children,

"Your friend,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

With reference to the question which chiefly prompted Mendelssohn to write this letter—Mr. Lumley's promise to take the consequences of the "Bunn contract" upon himself—we shall have more to say hereafter. His remarks with regard to the *libretto* involve considerations so weighty, and so intimately connected with an important crisis in his own Art-life, that we shall find it necessary to devote a special chapter to them, in a later division of our work. We shall, therefore, dismiss the subject for the present, and proceed to the description of a new triumph, which produced no small amount of excitement at the *Theater an der Wien.*

CHAPTER IV.

VIELKA.

While the negotiations recorded in the preceding chapter were being pressed forward, with no very certain prospect of ultimate success, in Leipzig, another project, invested with a peculiar interest of its own, and intimately connected with the Art-life of Mdlle. Lind, was brought to a much more successful issue in Vienna.

As early as the 2nd of December, 1846, Meyerbeer had requested, and obtained, from the King of Prussia, two months' leave of absence, for the purpose of bringing out a revised version of *Das Feldlager in Schlesien* in the Austrian capital. He did not, indeed, take advantage of this permission until some time after it had been granted; but, early in the month of February, 1847, the work was put into active rehearsal, at the *Theater an der Wien;* and on the 18th it was performed there for the first time, with certain changes in the *libretto* intended for the purpose of rendering it more acceptable to a Viennese audience, and under the new title of *Vielka.*

Though the work was emphatically a *pièce de circonstance,* written for the express purpose of flattering the national spirit of Prussia, and in no wise concerned with that of Austria, its success was triumphant. It had an immediate run of thirteen nights, interrupted only by a performance of the *Creation,* for the benefit of the orchestra; and the famous trio for Vielka and the two flutes—afterwards transferred to *L'Etoile du Nord,* of which it formed the chief attraction—became at once extremely popular.

In a critique too long and elaborate to quote in its entirety, the *Wiener Zeitung* says of this beautiful trio:—

> "Jenny Lind appears, in the *rôle* of 'Vielka, excellently great both as a singer, and an actress. As loveliest among the lovely touches in her exalted theme, and finest among the fine, we may call special attention, in the First Act, to the song with the Rondo, sung with elfish spirit and charming gracefulness; in the Third Act, to the solo, with the flute-duet, in which Vielka sings now before, and now after the flutes. Jenny Lind sang this piece in such sort, that, out of the flute-duet a flute-trio was elaborated; developing her masterly passages like an uninterrupted row of pearls, in an unsurpassable manner, so tender, so melting, so certain, that the public was truly enchanted and bewitched." *

It is impossible to read this account, whether the language affected by the critic be thought high-flown or not, without feeling assured that the new reading of the part of "Vielka" must have been superb. Yet, so dissatisfied was Mdlle. Lind with the concrete result of her sublime ideal—an ideal far higher than that which it had been her aim to attain at Berlin, for, great as was her Art, it was unquestionably developing, year by year—so dissatisfied was she with this, that, when the last flowers had been strown, and the echo of the last burst of applause had died away, she left the stage in despair at what she considered an ignoble failure, and with the full conviction that Meyerbeer himself would reproach her with having done injustice to his beautiful Opera.

We have already said, that, among her most intimate friends in Vienna, during the season of 1847, were Professor von Jaeger, and his wife and daughter, at whose house she was accustomed to spend most of her free days, at this period.

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* From the *Wiener Zeitung,* for February 26, 1847; and reprinted, in gold, in the before-mentioned volume.

The last-named lady, Fräulein Auguste von Jaeger, remembers the first performance of *Vielka* perfectly. At the fall of the curtain, she and her mother hurried to Mdlle. Lind's dressing-room to congratulate her on her new triumph. They found her in the white robe in which, as a purified spirit, she had just ascended to the skies; surrounded by the flowers which had been thrown upon the stage and afterwards brought to her room; and bathed in tears of penitence for her "imperfect singing," which had "spoiled the Opera."

While they were endeavouring to console her, some one knocked at the door which she had locked. It was Meyerbeer, begging for admittance. In a voice broken by sobs, she cried through the closed door, "Oh! Herr Director! forgive me for singing so badly, and spoiling your Opera!"

"But, you have sung divinely!" said Meyerbeer. "It was all splendid. I have come to thank you! to thank you!"

But she refused to be comforted. Whatever Meyerbeer may have thought, she had fallen short of her own ideal.

She could neither satisfy herself, nor endure the self-satisfaction of others. She once said to Fräulein von Jaeger, "I wish I could hope to become, one day, as great an artist as Fräulein —— believes herself to be every day." Fräulein —— was a lady who sang minor parts, at the *Theater an der Wien.*

On the evening of this memorable first performance, a high compliment was paid to her, in the name of the art lovers of Vienna. The event was thus described, in the *Wiener Zeitung*:—

> "The applause so eagerly coveted by the artists, the singers, the dancers on the stage, who, as Schiller says, represent the world, is swiftly hushed; and its echo alone survives in the memory of their contemporaries, with whom even that passes away.

"Therefore it is, that, in all times, men have sought to preserve the individuality of the artist for future generations, by means of the pencil, or of engravings upon metal. And therefore it was, that, on the occasion of the first appearance of the splendid dramatic singer, Mdlle. Lind, in Vienna, many of our friends of Art made known their wish to honour her memory by a lasting sign of recognition, and to present the same to her in person.

"They therefore caused a medal to be engraved; committing its execution to Herr Carl Radnitzky, who is undoubtedly one of the most talented medallists of the present generation—and the engraver has fulfilled his task most nobly.

"The obverse of the medal he has produced represents the well-caught features of the artist, with hair artistically arranged; and, above this, the inscription, JENNY LIND. The reverse presents a swan, the emblem of song, with a branch of laurel; and, above this, the motto, *nescit occasum*, applicable to the pole-star as symbolising the singer from the north, who, through the art of her singing, the perfection of her dramatic performances, and the noble individuality of the characters she impersonates, represents one of the most artistic manifestations of the age. Under the swan are the words, 'TO THE GREAT ARTIST, FROM HER ENTHUSIASTIC ADMIRERS, MDCCCXLVI. VIENNA.' *

"This medal accompanied with an address encircled by a silver laurel wreath, and signed by the leaders of the Viennese Art-world, and other persons of note, was presented to the artist, by Herr Pokorny, on the evening of the first performance of *Vielka*." †

This act of recognition, however, was not the last of the season.

On the 28th of March, 1847, Mdlle. Lind was presented, by command of the Emperor Ferdinand, with an official diploma, appointing her *Kammersängerin* to His Imperial Majesty. The document was signed by the High Chamberlain, Count Moritz von Dietrichstein, and was couched in the following terms:—

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* Der hohen Künstlerin ihre begeisterten Verehrer. MDCCCXLVI, Vienna.

† From the *Wiener Zeitung* for the 7th of March, 1847; and reprinted in gold, in the velvet-bound volume.

> "From His Imperial Apostolic Majesty of Hungary and Bohemia, in Lombardy and Venice, in Galicia, Lodomeria, and Illyria, Archduke of Austria, our most gracious Lord, graciously to be made known to Fräulein Jenny Lind:—
>
> "His I.R. Majesty having, in accordance with the most obedient report of the undersigned I.R. High Chamberlain and in full recognition of your brilliant and universally acknowledged talents, and also as a token of the special and gracious satisfaction given by your repeated and splendid art achievements at Court, as well as of the noble and philanthropic feeling with which you have so often and so willingly dedicated your rare musical gifts to the promotion of benevolent designs, is graciously pleased to confer upon you the title of Imperial Royal Chamber Singer.*
>
> "It gives the greatest pleasure to the undersigned I.R. High Chamberlain to be entrusted by His Imperial Majesty herewith to make known to you this gracious distinction, as an honourable acknowledgment of your eminent accomplishments, and your estimable personal qualities.
>
> (Signed) "MORITZ GRAF VON DIETRICHSTEIN.
>
> "From the I. R. Chamberlain's Office.
>
> "Vienna, March 28, 1847."

Simultaneously with these tokens of honour and respect *Vielka* continued to maintain an uninterrupted run, at the *Theater an der Wien,* until its thirteenth performance, on the 28th of March. The last two representations, however, were "benefits," given, on the 22nd of March, for the chorus, and, on the 25th, for Herr Staudigl. The last-named performance was the last but one of the season. On the last night of all—April the 7th—Mdlle. Lind sang in *Norma,* for her own benefit, with the brilliant success which has been so often described that it is unnecessary to recapitulate the details on the present occasion.

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* *k. k. Kammersängerin.*

A few more concerts also took place, in March, and April. On the 7th of March, the Russian Grand Duchess already mentioned gave a private *soirée*; and, on the 17th, the Arch-Duchess Sophia, gave a concert, at which Mdlle. Lind sang Haydn's *Nun beut die Flur* (With verdure clad); Mozart's *Sull' Aria*, (with Mdlle. Wildauer); Bellini's *Casta Diva*; and the unaccompanied trio from *Robert der Teufel—Unsel'ger Augenblick*—(with Herren von Marchion, and Staudigl).

She also sang, on the 21st of March, for Herr Nicolai, the composer of *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor;* on the 26th, at a concert given for the Bürger-Spital; and, on the 8th of April, the last performance of the season, she sang for Dr. Becher, a literary and artistic friend of Mendelssohn's, who lost his life in the political disturbances of 1848.*

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* As in the case of Berlin, we subjoin a complete list of the performances at Vienna, during the seasons of 1846, and 1847.

1846.

Apr. 22.	*Norma.*
„ 24.	*Norma.*
„ 29.	*La Sonnambula.*
May 8.	*Der Freischütz.*
„ 13.	*Die Ghibellinen in Pisa (Les Huguenots).*
„ 20.	*La Sonnambula* (benefit).

1846. (Concerts.)

May 10.	For Herr Taubert.
„ 21.	For a charity.

1847.

Jan. 7.	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 9.	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 12.	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 14.	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 19.	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 20.	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 23.	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 25.	*La Sonnambula.*
Feb. 1.	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 4.	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 7.	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 18.	*Vielka.*
„ 20.	*Vielka.*
„ 23.	*Vielka.*
Mar. 1.	*Vielka.*
„ 3.	*Vielka.*
„ 5.	*Vielka.*
„ 8.	*Vielka.*
„ 12.	*Vielka.*
„ 14.	*Vielka.*
„ 16.	*Vielka.*
„ 19.	*Vielka.*
„ 22.	*Vielka.**
„ 25.	*Vielka.**
Apr. 7.	*Norma* (benefit).

1847 (Concerts).

Jan. 10.	For Madame Schumann.*
„ 13.	Soirée, given by the Russian Grand-Duchess.

1847 (Concerts)—*continued.*

Jan. 24. For "The little Neruda."*
,, 26. For Herr Berwald.*
,, 31. For Herr Saphir.*
Feb. 2. Soirée. The Arch-Duchess Sophia.
,, 8 Soirée. The Empress of Austria.
Mar. 7. Soirée. The Russian Grand Duchess.
Mar. 11. *The Creation.* For the Orchestra.*
,, 17. Soirée. The Arch-Duchess Sophia.
,, 21. For Herr Nicolai.*
,, 26. For the Bürgerspital.*
Apr. 8. For Herr Becher.*

The list for 1847 is copied entirely from Mdlle. Lind's own engagement-book. On the occasions marked *, she sang gratuitously

CHAPTER V.

THE SHADOW.

The events narrated in our preceding chapter are connected rather with the history of the Vienna season of 1847, than with the more intimate life of the subject of our present memoir.

With reference to the latter, we prefer leaving Mdlle. Lind to speak in her own words. The following letter to Madame Wichmann will show that Madame Schumann's affection for her was warmly returned:—

"Vienna, Jan. 20, 1847.

"Dearest Amalia,

"I know so well your love and self-denying kindness for me, that I do not for a moment fear that you will be vexed if I send someone to your house. Is it not so? You will not be angry with me?

"I mean the Schumanns.

"You know, of course, that her talent is altogether splendid; for, of course you have often heard of her as Clara Wieck. They are two such excellent and noble, really noble persons, that they will give you great pleasure. Please, dearly beloved, receive these two dear people kindly, and as friends, for your own sake, and for mine. The wife is very sensitive, and you will see that she is quite an exceptional woman. He is a composer *plein d'esprit*, and modest to the last degree. I asked them if they had any acquaintances in Berlin; and they seemed to me to have no real ones. And then it was that I thought of you; and you may well know how grateful I shall be.

"Ah, yes! When shall I see you again? *Mon Dieu!*

This longing for rest grows upon me, almost beyond all measure; but time passes quickly, and no mortal will be so glad as I, when I am but free.

"JENNY."*

The next letter is written three weeks later:—

"Vienna, Feb. 13, 1847.

"DEARLY BELOVED,

"What can you be thinking about! I, going to Paris! Who could have told you that? And how could I have entertained such an idea, without telling you of it!

"No, dearest Amalia. I am not only not going to Paris, but it seems as if I shall not even go to London.

"Bunn will not give up the contract; and I cannot go there unless he does so, for he actually threatens to put me in prison!!! I tell you, Amalia, I should be wild with joy, if I had not to go there! *Mon Dieu!* Suppose it fell out so!

"They have made me all possible offers from Paris; but I did not need a moment to think it over.

"The stage I will leave—and I shall then want nothing else in the world.

"I am quite well; and it goes more than well with me here. *Das Feldlager* is not yet ready; but it is to be given next week, and it goes very well. The Opera will certainly create a *furore* here in Vienna.

"I rejoice that it gives me so much pleasure to hear of Viardot Garcia's success in Berlin. I have never been envious for a moment. Tell Taubert so: he thinks me rather weak on that point.

"For ever and ever, with my whole heart,

"Your loving

"JENNY."†

Swiftly, yet stealthily, the shadow was drawing near: and a dark and baleful shadow it must have seemed, to one who did not know how utterly unreal it was—to an inexperienced young artist, ignorant of English legal technicalities, English manners and customs, and even the prevailing tone of English feeling.

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* From the Wichmann collection.

† *Ibid.*

There were interests at stake in London, apart from the private interests of Mr. Bunn, for the furtherance of which it was desirable that Mdlle. Lind should be prevented from singing in England, at any cost: these interests were supported, by a certain section of the press; and, in the hope of securing them, deliberate efforts were made to persuade Mdlle. Lind that, if she came to England, she would be put in prison.

There is strong evidence to prove that she did believe this. And the belief terrified her, and preyed upon her mind, and filled it with hesitation as to whether she could safely venture to fulfil her contract with Mr. Lumley. A letter written by her about this time to Madame Kaulbach, though it contains no direct allusion to the circumstances, betrays a tone of depression very painful to observe. It is true, there were moments of exultation. Where her Art was concerned, she was all fire and energy. On the 4th of March, she wrote to Judge Munthe:—

> "Ah, the best gifts are good health—and independence. No one under the sun is so happy as I am. What a divine sentiment it is, to be conscious of one's happiness! My Art gives me immense pleasure. I am experiencing such moments of light in it—and I have made the acquaintance of so many eminent and good people." *

"Moments of light!" Yes. The possibilities of Art when guided by the light of genius, are infinite. And, great as were Mdlle. Lind's attainments, her ideal was developing, and leading her to still more ethereal heights.

But this was evidently written under a happy star. Had she written with equal cheerfulness to Mendelssohn, he would not have answered her thus:—

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* Translated from the original Swedish.

"Leipzig, March 14, 1847.

"My dear Fräulein,

"You well know how glad I am, when I receive a letter from you. But, your last contained certain things that make me feel very uncomfortable, or rather, the whole letter does so. You say, in one place, that you feel sad, and restless, and cannot sleep; and apart from this, the letter seems to me agitated throughout: and this it is that troubles me.

"I therefore write these few lines to you, to-day; though it is difficult to converse, and give advice, at the distance of so many miles, and with so many days' journey between us. Who knows that you may not have forgotten it all, and become quite cheerful again, by the time that this reaches you? And it will be better, so. For you can then leave it unread, and its purpose will be answered all the same.

"But if you are still restless, and out of tune, when this arrives, and, if the English business is to blame for this, I entreat you, my dear Fräulein, do not let your reasoning power, otherwise so clever and natural, be troubled by the horrid outcry on this side and on that, and all the tumults, and all the wretchedness of it. For, after all, the great advantage of a good conscience here below is, that it is the one thing of which no one can rob one; that, under its guidance, one is led through all the quarrelling and fighting on the way, and attains the goal unhurt; and others wonder at one's courage, and one's wisdom, and Heaven knows what, while it is just the simple and honest good conscience alone that works all the wonder; and so it has always been with you, and will be, again and again.

"I confess that, after all you have told me, I would rather that you had not promised Lumley to go to England; and, especially, I would rather that you had not offered Bunn such a sum as you tell me, for the contract. I am very sorry indeed that you have done this; but, since you *have* done it, the thing is settled. And here, again, it is settled for the best, if only you do not let your rest and peace of mind be destroyed through it; for you well know that you meant rightly and nobly.

"Moreover, I know that you will have warmer friends, and a heartier welcome, and a greater triumph, in England, than you have perhaps had anywhere else, and that is saying a great deal. And I know that I adhere to every word that I have ever said to you about it, in spite of Bunn, and Covent Garden, and their letters, and the newspaper articles that have at last become almost too laughable. But I hope most sincerely that Bunn, and Covent Garden—for, for the moment, they are one *—will not have the face to accept your offer, and to redeem the contract from you; for what is worth more to them than any amount of money, is, not that you should sing for them, but that you should *not* sing for Lumley; and therein lies the whole turmoil.

"Still, I am quite sure that you will just simply do what is right; and, resigning yourself to the consequences, be very glad indeed that you have done right. Of what is politic, and clever, and exceedingly astute, I know nothing; and you, also, will not care to know anything. And, as to what could, or should have been done, that is really not the question—if any question there be. And, apart from all this, what it is that disquiets and frightens you I cannot imagine. You know well, that you mean to do your duty; and you may trust me so far as this, that it is very seldom indeed that the performance of a duty leads to such happiness and such friends as are awaiting you in England. You would, I am persuaded, behave just in the same way, if a host of enemies were waiting for you; but, believe me, they will be friends. You will be borne on the shoulders of a whole nation—which is a nation indeed!—and, in the end, you yourself will rejoice in it.

"I am very unselfish in advising you thus; for it appears to me very improbable that we shall meet in England. If I go there at all this year—which is still uncertain—I shall go from here in the beginning of April, and remain there only till the beginning of May. And you will hardly be in London before the beginning of May?

"I had pictured it all to myself so nicely: to show you some of my favourite places, and make you acquainted with two of my very particular friends there. But, if this may not be, we shall meet again soon, somewhere or other; and I am confident that we shall meet again unaltered.

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* The directors of the rival Opera-company at Covent Garden Theatre purchased Mr. Bunn's contract, coupled with the right to use his name, if occasion required. See, 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' by B. Lumley. (London, 1864, p. 178).

"Please let me know, soon, how you are; and whether you can believe me, and can chase away the unrest, and bear me in remembrance.

"Your friend,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."

A few points in this very important letter need some explanation.

In connection with Mendelssohn's interview with Consul Arnemann,* we must here add, that that gentleman afterwards sent him a letter, which he had received from Mr. Edward Lewin—a friend of Mr. Lumley and Mdlle. Lind, then living in London—placing the difficulties of the case in so clear a light that we think it desirable to reproduce it, *verbatim*:—

"London, March 1, 1847.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am much gratified by your favour, of the 23rd *ult.*, in which you are good enough to ask my opinion as to what our cherished friend Jenny Lind ought to do in reference to her professional engagements. And I really cannot doubt an instant, in stating the course which appears to me alike indicated by the consideration of her worldly interest and moral duty.

"The Bunn affair is a mere trifle, magnified to suit the purpose of the Covent Garden party. Mdlle. Lind's peace and freedom need not be in the least disturbed by the threats of Mr. Bunn, or the representatives of his only momentary allies of Covent Garden. The friends of Miss Lind in England are indignant at the idea of her being frightened from paying them the visit they so ardently expect; and, from the moment she sets foot on our shore, every effort will be made to show her the protection and respect she so well deserves. But, so long as Mr. Bunn and his friends can keep her away, the real value and warmth of British feeling in her favour must remain unknown to her.

"Since you are so kind as to address me on this subject, my dear sir, let me entreat you to throw your valuable influence into the scale, to induce Miss Lind without delay to repair to London. Believe me, her best friends could never wish for a finer opportunity for a brilliant and certain success.

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* See his letter of Feb. 19, 1847 (pp. 29–31.)

"And every week she now lingers in Germany is dangerous. Mr. Lumley has undertaken *every liability* on behalf of Mdlle. Lind in connection with Mr. Bunn, and will hold her harmless. But, he never could promise to deliver the Bunn contract into her hand: for Mr Bunn believes himself, by retaining it, to be able to deter her from coming—which is the greatest benefit to the Covent Garden party they can hope for—and their game has hitherto seemed but too successful.

"Lumley will, I believe, behave throughout in an honourable and gentlemanly manner; and she will never repent having kept her word to him and saved him from a disastrous discomfiture.

"With best compliments to Mrs. Arnemann,*

"EDWARD LEWIN."

The views here expressed as to Mr. Bunn's powerlessness are fully borne out by the "Counsel's opinion"—including that of the Attorney-General—which had already been communicated to Mr. Lumley—himself an able lawyer—to the effect that:—

(1.) "Supposing the contract to be a legal one, it would expose Mdlle. Lind to nothing farther than an action at law, with a claim for damages, in case of non-fulfilment of the engagement.

(2.) "Supposing Mr. Bunn to have been unprepared to fulfil his part of the contract by producing the Opera, *A Camp in Silesia*,† we doubt whether a demand against Mdlle. Lind could be sustained; but we believe that, in any case, nominal damages only could be obtained against her under those circumstances.

(3.) "Mdlle. Lind having failed to specify the time of her appearance at Drury Lane Theatre, Mr. Bunn ought himself to have fixed it, in accordance with the terms of the contract, and to have been prepared to produce the Opera at that time. As it is, we are of opinion that the contract has been abandoned, on both sides.

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* Transcribed by permission from the original letter.

† See Mdlle. Lind's letter to Mr. Bunn, dated "Feb. 28, 1847," (pp. 46-47.)

(4.) "We are of opinion that the 'Memoire' really was a legal contract, though the question is not free from doubt." *

This shows that Mdlle. Lind's terror was utterly groundless. But for her it had a fatal significance; and she could not be persuaded that she had, in reality, nothing to fear, though, as we shall presently see, she was ready to purchase her immunity by an act of almost Quixotic generosity.

And this leads us to the explanation of that passage in Mendelssohn's letter in which he expresses his regret that she had offered Mr. Bunn "such a sum" for the contract.

She had, in fact, sent Mr. Bunn the following letter:—

"Vienna, Feb. 28, 1847.

"SIR,

"I have had the honour of receiving your letter of the 19th of December, 1846, in which you pretend to have to claim from me damages for my non-arrival in 1845.

"You are perfectly conversant with the reasons which prevented me from coming, and which rendered my appearance at your theatre impossible. Besides which, my arrival would have been fruitless, since you were neither in possession of the English translation of the opera, *Das Feldlager*, nor the music I was engaged to sing.†

"It is more than probable that this affair, brought before a court of justice, would bring you nothing; but I am determined that you shall not tax me with bad faith, however little I may have merited this reproach, and I offer, in return for the delivery of the paper signed by me into the hands of the person I shall name for that purpose, to pay you the sum of £2000—two thousand pounds. ‡

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* Abridged from the original document, which is written in French.

† See "Counsel's opinion," No. 2 (page 45.)

‡ It will be remembered that the *honorarium* offered by Mr. Bunn to Mdlle. Lind for the entire season at Drury Lane Theatre, amounted only to £800, and a benefit.

"As I shall, in any case, come to London, I should prefer coming there with the consciousness of having done all that depended upon me; and I leave you to consider whether you prefer this amicable arrangement to a law-suit, which will perhaps bring you nothing at all.

"I have given all farther instructions to Mr. Edward Jennings, of 9, Chancery Lane.

"JENNY LIND."*

This proposal was delivered to Mr. Bunn by her solicitor, Mr. Jennings, accompanied by the following letter:—

"9 Chancery Lane, March 13, 1847.

"SIR,

"I am instructed by Mdlle. Jenny Lind to hand you the enclosed copy of a letter from that lady, at Vienna, the original of which remains in my hands, for your inspection.

"Mdlle. Lind has voluntarily made this proposal, without assistance or advice from English lawyers, to purchase peace and escape litigation in a foreign land, and I am authorised immediately to carry it out.

"The proposal is final; and, if you accept it, I will attend any appointment you make, and close the affair. On the other hand, if you object to it, or do not accept it on or before Tuesday next, I am instructed to appear and defend any suit you may think proper to institute against Mdlle. Lind, and request you to direct your solicitor to send any process against that lady to me for appearance and defence.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient servant,

"EDWARD JENNINGS." †

To this communication Mr. Bunn sent the following reply:—

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* Translated from the original correspondence, in French, as published in *The Times* for March 17, 1847.

† Reprinted from *The Times*, March 17, 1847. See also, 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' by B. Lumley. (London, 1864, p. 178.)

"11 Fitzroy Square, March 15, 1847.

"SIR,

"I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated the 13th instant; and have only to observe that, on receiving the original letter from Mdlle. Lind (addressed to me), which you state to be in your hands, and of which you have enclosed me a copy, I will instantly reply to it.

"I am your obedient servant,

"A. BUNN."*

In connection with this, the following statement was also made by Mr. Bunn:—

"Mr. Jennings waited upon me, and showed me a letter, not written by, but signed 'Jenny Lind,' which he refused to leave *with* me, although addressed to me. To that letter I have sent an answer, giving a negative to the professional points therein sought to be maintained; but making a proposition, which, seeing Mdlle. Lind has that sense of 'disinterestedness and good faith' claimed for her, she will not hesitate to accept.†

"As to the non-existence of any legal claim, from opinions alleged to have been given by the law-officers of the Crown, I beg to say I have acted upon the judgment of the first lawyers in England and Prussia, and feel assured that no such offer of £2,000 would be made, if their opinion as to the contract signed at Berlin, in the presence of the British Minister, were questionable."‡

This, then, was the state of the controversy, when Mdlle. Lind sang her last song, at Vienna, for the benefit of Dr. Becher, on the 8th of April, 1847.

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* Reprinted from *The Times*, March 17, 1847.

† This proposition was, an offer to give up the contract, without pecuniary compensation, provided that Mdlle. Lind would consent to sing at Covent Garden, another year. This proposed engagement, however, she refused to accept, under any circumstances. (See the *Illustrated London News*, for March 20, 1847.)

‡ *Ib.*

While, on one side of the Channel, she was tormented with fears for her own personal safety, Mr. Lumley, on the other, was racked with anxiety, concerning the fate of Her Majesty's Theatre, which was literally hanging in the balance. Who shall say which of the two sufferers endured the greatest amount of mental torture ?

BOOK VII.

SUPREMACY.

CHAPTER I.

MANAGERIAL DIFFICULTIES.

HER Majesty's Theatre opened for the season on Tuesday, the 16th of February, 1847, amidst a sea of doubts and perplexities which might well have appalled the most courageous *impresario.*

Though it forms no part of our present purpose to record the disastrous cabals and suicidal intrigues that seem, unhappily, inseparable from the life of the theatrical manager "behind the scenes," it is necessary, for the clear understanding of our narrative, that the reader should be made acquainted with the results, at least, of the long series of disagreements which rendered the government of Her Majesty's Theatre so peculiarly difficult, at the eventful period of which we are now treating.

For many years past, the Lyric Stage had been ruled with a rod of iron, by a band of artists of world-wide reputation, who have been not inaptly described as the *vieille garde* of the Opera.

The names of Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, of Signori Rubini, Tamburini, and Lablache, had become so justly celebrated, throughout the length and breadth of Europe, and their influence had been so firmly established in London, Paris, and St. Petersburg, that no manager, however despotic, could resist their supreme will and pleasure with impunity. The retirement of Signor Rubini from the English stage, in 1842, and, in 1844, from that of St. Petersburg, though it left an irreparable void in the artistic constitution of the "traditional *Quintette*," caused no perceptible diminution of its governing power; for, no sooner did Signor Mario, the matchless Tenor's legitimate successor, find himself in undisputed possession of the field, than he threw the whole weight of his rapidly-increasing *prestige* into the scale in favour of his colleagues, whenever it pleased them to wage war against a recalcitrant chief. More than once, disputes of a very serious nature had arisen, at "the Great Theatre in the Haymarket," even under the mild and somewhat timorous rule of M. Laporte, who usually ended them by giving way with the best grace he could;* and when, after the sudden death of that amiable gentleman, in 1842, the reins of government fell into the more powerful hands of Mr. Benjamin Lumley, a fiercer war than ever was waged between the high contending parties. The effect of former contests had been demoralizing, to the last degree, both upon the public, and the artist-world. All the persons concerned —except the luckless manager—had learned, from past experience, that, if they only clamoured loudly enough for what they wanted, they would find but little difficulty in obtaining it. Fortified by this assurance, artists of the highest rank openly refused to sing the parts assigned to them. When a capricious *prima donna* was out of temper, or a spoiled *primo uomo* fancied himself slighted, a "cold" was improvised for the occasion; the Opera was unavoidably changed; the disappointed audience hissed its just disapprobation in no uncertain temper; and the pockets of the long-suffering lessee were rifled, to an extent that he could but too ill afford.

Against this state of things, Mr. Lumley protested, with an energy that did him infinite credit, though he had to pay dearly enough, in the long run, for his determination.

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* The history of the so-called "Tamburini riot," in 1841, so amusingly sung by the Rev. T. Barham, in 'The Ingoldsby Legends,' is too well known to need recapitulation here.

A disagreement had long been impending, between the management, and Signor (afterwards Sir Michael) Costa, who had held the responsible office of Conductor, at Her Majesty's Theatre, for fully sixteen years.* The dispute reached its climax in 1846; Signor Costa resigned his appointment; and the vacant post was offered to, and duly accepted by Mr. Balfe, who performed the onerous duties connected with it with masterly ability. But Mr. Balfe's fitness for the duties he had undertaken to perform was a question of very secondary interest in the eyes of the *vieille garde*, who, feeling themselves attacked in the person of their *chef d'orchestre*, seceded in a body from the company, and, with one notable exception, refused to renew their engagements. Signor Lablache—no less distinguished for his high sense of honour and integrity than for his magnificent voice and splendid artistic intelligence and bearing—alone remained faithful to the theatre which had been the scene of his most brilliant triumphs. Not only did he refuse to join the coalition; but, from first to last, he did his best to prevent a rupture between the manager and his company. His kind offices, however, were thrown away. Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, and Signori Mario and Tamburini, threw up all connection with the "old house"; engaged themselves to support a rival establishment, under the ostensible management of Signor Persiani—the husband of the fascinating singer; and, on Tuesday, the 6th of April, 1847, inaugurated the first season of the "Royal Italian Opera," at Covent Garden, with a magnificent performance of Rossini's *Semiramide*, in which the principal parts were sustained by Madame Grisi, Signor

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* M. Laporte first engaged Signor Costa, as *maestro al piano*, at the then so-called "King's Theatre," in 1830.

Tamburini, and Mdlle. Alboni, who, on that occasion, achieved her first great triumph in the presence of an English audience.

It must be confessed, that, for the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre, the situation was sufficiently embarrassing.

This was not, indeed, the first occasion on which two rival Italian Opera Companies had coolly determined to do their best to ruin each other, in London. A crisis, precisely similar to this, had excited even greater attention, in 1733, when, on the 29th December, the so-called "Opera of the Nobility" opened its first season at the "Little Theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields," with a performance of Porpora's *Arianna,* composed for the occasion, and supported by Cuzzoni, Senesino, and Montagnana, all of whom had seceded from Handel's company at the "King's Theatre in the Haymarket," to associate their fortunes with those of the rival establishment. Of all the famous singers whose triumph Handel had secured, Signora Strada alone remained faithful to him, as Signor Lablache remained faithful to Mr. Lumley. The coincidence was very remarkable. And, though the results of the movement were more quickly achieved in the eighteenth century, than they have been in the nineteenth, the speculation proved equally suicidal in both cases. Handel's Opera Company, and the "Opera of the Nobility," were simultaneously ruined, in 1737. And, at the moment at which we are now writing, those who are best entitled to form an opinion upon the subject entertain grave doubts as to the possibility of maintaining an Italian Opera Company on a firm and *permanent* basis, as in the good old time, at any theatre in London. We may have a brilliant, and even a remunerative season, from time to time; but, since the disintegration of the common interest by the dissensions of which we have endeavoured to simplify the complicated and mysterious history, it has become, year by year, more difficult to provide a constant succession of performances of becoming excellence; while performances such as those which were given regularly two or three times a week, before the secession of the memorable '*Quintette*,' are no longer possible.

Happily for the season of 1847, Mr. Lumley's energy was never so well displayed as when he found himself in face of an apparently insurmountable difficulty. The threatening cloud—sombre enough, in the first instance, and growing daily darker and darker—was perhaps necessary for the full display of his managerial capabilities. Still, the prospect was very gloomy indeed.

The season had opened—as we have said—on the 16th of February, with Donizetti's *La Favorita*, in which the principal parts were sustained by Madame Sanchioli, and Signori Gardoni, Superchi, and Bouché—the three last entirely new to the audience at Her Majesty's Theatre. Between this, and the Easter recess, no performance of superlative excellence was possible; and the attractions offered in competition with the brilliant performances at Covent Garden were quite insufficient to meet the pressing need of some great and soul-stirring excitement, to counterbalance the dangerous *prestige* which the rival company were appropriating to themselves, in their new and commodious home. The only hope of the management lay in the first appearance of Jenny Lind.

The troubled, but ever-sanguine manager had last heard of his long-desired *prima donna* at Vienna—where we ourselves left her, in the course of our narrative, tormented by doubts and anxieties in the midst of her most brilliant triumphs—longing, on the one hand, to fulfil her engagement in London, and encouraged, by her most trusted friends, to look forward to the attainment of successes, there, greater than any that she had elsewhere achieved—terrified, on the other, in her childlike simplicity, with visions of unmerited disgrace, of interminable law-suits, of ignoble arrests—nay! who knows! visions, perhaps, of nameless horror; for no imaginable *dénoûment* seemed too wildly improbable for credence, to a timid Artist, equally ignorant of the manners and customs of the country she was about to visit, and of the moral support commanded by her own brilliant and firmly-established reputation.

Difficult as the situation was, no one for a moment doubted that the appearance of the new *prima donna*, at this critical moment, would save the theatre. Signor Lablache, whose judgment was not to be despised, had strongly urged the management to engage her; and, some months previously, had addressed the following letter on the subject to Mr. Lumley.

"Naples, October 12, 1846.

"DEAR MR. LUMLEY,—I learn, with much regret, from your last letter, that Mdlle. Lind finds some difficulty in coming to London. It is a great misfortune that this excellent *artiste* neither knows London, nor the exceptional position of your theatre for the coming year; for, she will never find a more favourable moment for her interests, or her reputation. Try, then, to decide her; and make her understand that she will find herself surrounded by brothers, and friends, and not by intriguing *artistes*, as is, unfortunately, too often the case. Her success is certain. I answer to you for it; and you, who know me, will understand all that I am prepared to do, myself, to aid it. It is not only her immense reputation as an *artiste*, that gives me this conviction; but, the good that is said of her, as a woman. I tell you, frankly, that I have been, as you know, the friend of Pasta, and the friend of Malibran; and, that I shall be very proud to be able to say: 'I am the friend of Lind.' If you think it necessary, I will write a letter to her, myself; and, if she knows me, she cannot fail to put faith in my words. Forgive me, my dear Mr. Lumley, if I meddle with your affairs; but, you know my device: 'Art, before all things.' Do not forget me; and remember that you have ever in me,

"Your wholly devoted
"L. LABLACHE."*

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* The original letter, written in French, was sent to Mdlle. Lind by Mr. Lumley, who also forwarded a copy of it to Mendelssohn.

That Signor Lablache was not the only competent authority who felt certain of Mdlle. Lind's success, at this period, we have already seen from the letters of Mendelssohn. Other friends, too, did their best to reassure her; but, though reasonable enough to an unprejudiced mind, their arguments failed to convince her, whose fears, indeed, the opposing party did its best to increase, by gravely warning her that she would never be able to reach the doors of Her Majesty's Theatre, unless guarded by a detachment of police.

In the meantime, the position of the manager grew daily more and more distressing. Some of the leading journals had warmly espoused the cause of the Covent Garden speculators; and the *Morning Chronicle* had carried the spirit of partisanship so far as openly to assert its disbelief in the existence of any such engagement with the new *prima donna* as that announced in the manager's prospectus, or of any promise, on the part of Mendelssohn, to compose an Opera for her. These sinister reports naturally alarmed the subscribers; and signs of discontent were apparent, on every side.

At this critical juncture, Mr. Edward Lewin, who, from first to last, had been equally trusted by Mr. Lumley and Mdlle. Lind, volunteered a journey to Vienna, in the hope of proving to the latter that her apprehensions were groundless. The accounts he sent home were, however, so far from reassuring, that the manager felt it his duty to undertake the journey himself. The step was a desperate one; for his presence in London could ill be spared, during a crisis in which the necessity for prompt and decisive action might occur at any moment. But the issue of the duel between the two rival Opera-Houses depended upon the success of his project; and, as was his wont, he proved himself equal to the occasion. Leaving the actual government of the theatre in the hands of a trusted subordinate, he secretly quitted his post, between the acts of the Opera, on the last night before the theatre closed for the Easter recess; hurried away, in his evening dress, to catch the train for Calais, with barely half an hour to spare for all the preparations needed for his long journey; and travelled, night and day, until he found himself face to face with the lady of whom he was in search, at Vienna. He was still on the Continent, when, on Saturday, the 10th of April—four days after the first performance at Covent Garden—the theatre re-opened, after the recess, with Verdi's *I due Foscari,* chiefly supported by Madame Montenegro (a Spanish *débutante*) and Signori Fraschini and Coletti. The performance was a fairly good one; but entirely failed to create a sensation, in face of the overwhelming attractions at the rival establishment. It was, in fact, the first of a series of "off nights," during which the company played to empty houses. The prospects for the future seemed darker than ever; and those most deeply interested in the success of the spirited manager were driven almost to the verge of despair, when, on Friday, the 16th of April,* he had the satisfaction of returning to his duties in London, bringing with him the joyful intelligence, that Mdlle. Lind was actually on her way to England, under the escort of the friend to whose care he had confided her; and that her arrival might be confidently expected on the following day.

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* Mr. Lumley, in his 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' speaks of his return as having taken place on the 15th of April. We shall see, later on, that this must have been an oversight, and that the date mentioned in the text must necessarily be the correct one.

CHAPTER II.

SUSPENSE.

While the subscribers to the Opera were anxiously awaiting the arrival of the new *prima donna,* another section of the musical world was thrown into equal excitement by that of Mendelssohn, who, in response to an invitation from the Sacred Harmonic Society, came to London, for the tenth and last time, on the 12th of April, for the purpose of conducting four performances of his new Oratorio, *Elijah,* at Exeter Hall.

The first of these performances (since become matter of history) was announced for Friday, 16th of April; and on the afternoon of the following day, the great composer, knowing nothing of the negotiations which had been pending since the beginning of the week, called, by merest accident, on Mrs. Grote, who had invited Mdlle. Lind to be her guest at her town residence in Eccleston Street, until the house provided for her at the expense of the management was ready for her occupation.

Delighted at the news he heard, Mendelssohn was easily persuaded to stay until his friend arrived, though the delay seemed interminable, as he and his hostess walked up and down the western side of Belgrave Square, keeping the door of the house in Eccleston Street from time to time in view, and eagerly watching for the appearance of the party. Their patience was severely tried; for it may well be supposed that, even up to the last moment, they felt some not unnatural anxiety as to the final issue of the event. But, after waiting three quarters of an hour, they were rewarded by the sight of two four-wheeled cabs, heavily laden with luggage; and, hastening to the door, they lost no time in welcoming their friend to the country in which she was destined, ere long, to win a reputation more brilliant and lasting than that attained by any other singer of the period.

Mdlle. Lind "looked scared and bewildered;" but brightened visibly, under the influence of the hearty welcome with which she was greeted. No provision which hospitality could suggest, for her comfort, or that of her faithful companion, Louise Johansson, had been neglected. The tired travellers were promptly refreshed. Mendelssohn reluctantly took leave of the party, after a few minutes' conversation; and, later in the evening, after an hour or two of the rest she so sorely needed, the honoured guest accompanied her host and hostess to their box at Her Majesty's Theatre—No. 48, on the Grand Tier.*

At a moment when public expectation was so abnormally strained, it was impossible that the presence of the long-expected *prima donna,* in the most prominent part of the house, could long remain a secret to the *habitués* of "Fop's Alley."† A few minutes after the arrival of the party, Mr. Lumley visited the box; and, later in the evening, Signor Lablache came to pay his respects to the great *artiste* whose friendship he had so earnestly desired to gain. This naturally attracted attention; and, after a little time, every inquisitive eye in the opposite boxes, every glance from the stalls, every *lorgnette* in the vast *auditorium*, was directed towards the box in which Mdlle. Lind was seated. She seemed, at first, very much disturbed. Moreover, the size of the *salle*—so much larger than that of the Opera-Houses at Berlin and Vienna—alarmed her seriously, though the manager assured her of the well-known fact, that its acoustic properties were perfect. However, as the evening wore on, she seemed to gain courage, and evidently took great interest in the performance, to which she listened attentively, throughout. The Opera presented on this particular evening was Bellini's *I Puritani*, in which Signor Lablache sang the part he had long before made famous, in company with Madame Castellan, and Signori Gardoni and Coletti. This must have been doubly interesting to Mdlle. Lind, as she herself had never, as yet, sung the part of Elvira. But, though observing closely, she made no remark upon the details of the performance; only once whispering to her hostess, "I think I can do as well as that, and perhaps a little better." *

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* This visit to Her Majesty's Theatre is, alone, sufficient to prove the incorrectness of Mr. Lumley's date. Had Mdlle. Lind arrived on the 16th of April, she could not have gone, on the same evening, to the Opera, since the 16th fell on a Friday, which was not an "Opera night."

† This was the name given, in the golden days of Her Majesty's Theatre, to the vacant passage leading, from the entrance at the back of the pit, straight through its centre, to the back of the stalls; a favourite lounge in which men of fashion were wont to congregate, between the acts of the Opera. When the Opera-House was rebuilt, after the disastrous fire of December the 6th, 1864, Fop's Alley was sacrificed to a more lucrative arrangement of the seats.

A few days after this, Mr. and Mrs. Grote gave a dinner-party, for the purpose of introducing their visitor to a few artistic friends who were particularly desirous to meet her. Among the guests were Mendelssohn, Lablache, and Mr. Lumley. In the evening, Mendelssohn sat down to the piano, and, after improvising for a few minutes, asked Mdlle. Lind to sing '*Auf Flügeln des Gesanges*,' the song in which she had created so profound a sensation in Leipzig. She willingly complied; but, from sheer nervousness, broke down no less completely than she had done when singing '*Perche non ho*' to Garcia, in Paris. She afterwards explained, that it was the presence of Lablache that terrified her; though he was of course quite unconscious of this, and, with his never-failing good-nature, endeavoured to bring back her courage by singing some of the amusing Neapolitan '*Canzonette*' in which his graceful humour was inimitable. Mendelssohn then played again; and, afterwards, Mdlle. Lind, recovering her confidence, sang one of her characteristic Swedish melodies—the '*Tanzlied aus Dalekarlien*'—displaying her peculiar talent with such success, that the company were delighted, and Signor Lablache expressed his admiration with a warmth which rendered all doubt as to its sincerity impossible. This was followed by some other songs, sung with equal effect; and the success of the "private hearing" was felt to be complete.

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* From Mrs. Grote's MS. Memoir.

Still, the inexplicable dread of a public performance at the theatre remained as great as ever. Though Mendelssohn called, almost daily, to encourage his friend, she could neither be persuaded to make arrangements for a rehearsal, nor to seek an interview with the conductor—Mr. Balfe. So far as Mr. Lumley's prospects were concerned, matters were practically no forwarder than he had felt them to be, before he undertook his hurried journey to Vienna. The situation grew, day by day, more difficult and embarrassing; until, at last, Mdlle. Lind confessed to her hostess that her terrors were unconquered, and unconquerable, and begged her to intercede with Mr. Lumley for a withdrawal of the contract. The blow fell heavily; but, the manager wisely determined to wait; hoping that more mature consideration would induce her to recognise the necessity for fulfilling her engagement. And, the event proved that he was right.

One day, soon afterwards, when the ladies were driving together, Mdlle. Lind asked how the Opera was getting on. "Not at all," was the reply: "it is completely at a standstill. No one will take either a box, or a stall, in the present state of uncertainty. The public are waiting for your appearance;

and, in the mean time, the manager is losing money every night."

The directness of this answer, every word of which was strictly and literally true, seemed to take her by surprise. She sat silent, until the carriage stopped at her friend's door; and then, before alighting, said to her, "If you see Mr. Lumley to-night, please tell him that I will attend at the theatre on Monday next." It happened, however, that she herself met Mr. Lumley, that evening, at a dinner-party at the house of Baron Rehusen, the Swedish Minister, and was thus able to deliver her own message to the delighted manager. The rehearsal took place on the day appointed; and, from that moment, all hesitation was at an end. She entered, with the deepest interest, into the arrangements made for her approaching *début.* Her habitual cheerfulness returned; the cloud was lifted from her mind; and she seemed as if awakened from a horrible nightmare. At the rehearsals, which she attended with never-failing punctuality, she delighted the conductor, and excited the admiration of all who were associated with her in the performance, whether on the stage, or in the orchestra. She was in daily communication with the *costumier,* who prepared her dresses; and studied her part—quite new to her in the Italian language—with untiring diligence. She had chosen the part of "Alice," in *Roberto il Diavolo,* for her first appearance; partly, because it was one of her most successful *rôles,* and also, because she felt that the circumstances connected with her first entrance upon the crowded stage, in the dress of a Pilgrim, with no important passages to sing until after the gradual departure of the chorus, would give her time to collect her energies, if—as she still feared might be the case—she felt in any degree nervous. Indeed, it would have been impossible for her to have chosen an Opera better fitted for the occasion.

Poor Mr. Lumley, however, had troubles of his own, of which she was carefully kept in ignorance, in order that her mind might remain quite undisturbed.

He had spared no expense in mounting Meyerbeer's great work, which was new to the Italian stage. An authorised copy of the score was procured from Paris; an Italian translation had been carefully prepared; new scenery had been painted, and new dresses made for the occasion; and all was ready for the immediate production of the piece; when a message was received from the Lord Chamberlain's office, to the effect that it could not be licensed. Objections had been raised, with regard to the extravagant character of the *libretto.* In answer to the manager's expostulations, Lord Spencer, the then Lord Chamberlain, said, during the course of a personal interview, "Why! one might as well bring the devil and his horns on the stage, at once!" "But, my Lord," said Mr. Lumley, "it has already been sung in London, in French, English, and German;* and a melodrama, introducing all the incidents of the romantic story, was performed, at the Adelphi, shortly after its first production in Paris." The defence seemed unanswerable, since it proved that no previous Lord Chamberlain had ever demurred to the representation of the piece; yet it was only through the intercession of the late Mr. Anson that the prohibition was removed.† However, the Lord Chamberlain yielded, at last; and all was made ready for the appearance of the new *prima donna* (who, to the last, knew nothing of the difficulty that had been raised), on the 4th of May.

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* Madame Stoeckel-Heinefetter, Herr Tichatschek, and Herr Staudigl, had sung in the Opera, at Drury Lane, in 1841; and the great German Basso had made an immense success, in the part of Bertram.

† It will be remembered, that Mendelssohn, in one of his well-known letters dated, "Paris, Jan. 11, 1832," makes some very severe remarks upon the *libretto* of *Robert le Diable.*

CHAPTER III.

THE TRIUMPH.

THE excitement of the public, on Tuesday, the 4th of May, 1847, exceeded anything that had ever been witnessed by the oldest frequenter of Her Majesty's Theatre.

From an early hour in the afternoon, the colonnade in the Haymarket was thronged by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen, in evening dress, waiting patiently to secure good places in the pit, which, though the seats were unnumbered, and could not be secured beforehand, was, in those days, a favourite and much-frequented part of the house, its area having been very slightly encroached upon, as yet, by the orchestra-stalls which were destined, ere long, to absorb it entirely.

The file of carriages seemed interminable. When the doors were opened, at half-past seven, the crush was terrific. Ladies were fairly carried off their feet, and pressed against the barriers with a force which neither they nor their protectors had power to resist.* In a few minutes, the house was completely filled. Neither in the pit, nor even in the "three-shilling gallery," could "standing-room" be found, at any price, for the disappointed applicants who continued to besiege the doors; and many of those who had succeeded in effecting an entrance were wedged into corners from which the stage was invisible. The Queen, the Prince Consort, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Kent, occupied the Royal boxes, to the left of the stage. Mendelssohn sat in the stalls, with his friend, Mr. Grote. Mrs. Butler—better known as Miss Fanny Kemble—and Sir Charles Lemon, unable to secure places for themselves, enjoyed, by special invitation, the hospitality of "Number 48." And every corner of the house was crowded with the most brilliant representatives of the talent, the fashion, and the wealth of London.

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* The writer well remembers having been thrown down, by the first rush, just within the entrance to the pit; and, had it not been for the strong arm of a friendly giant, who, pushing back the crowd, succeeded in raising him from the ground, he would quite certainly have been trampled to death.

When the curtain rose, the excitement was indescribable; and, a few minutes afterwards, Mdlle. Lind—dragged on the stage, in her pilgrim's dress, by the attendants of Roberto—was received with the burst of applause, which, on the Continent, is usually delayed until the *débutante* has won her crown. She seemed both affected and surprised; but soon recovered her self-possession. Her first phrases of '*musica parlante*' down to the words '*Prence mio—mio Signore!*' were necessarily absorbed in the tumult of the scene. For some little time after the entrance of "Alice," the action is chiefly carried on by "Roberto" and the chorus. This gave her time to collect herself; and, when, left alone with the Prince, she told him that his mother was no more—'*Concesso, ah! non ti fia, nè udirla, nè più vederla. Ah! non più vive!*' the expression of ineffable sadness with which she invested the touching words produced, from every part of the house, signs of admiration so genuine, that, though she had as yet sung no more than a few bars of the simplest and most unpretending recitative, it was clear to all present that her reputation was already assured. Then followed the well-known *Aria d'entrata*, '*Vanne, disse, al figlio mio,*' which she sang in F *, with a depth of expression that completely enthralled the audience; and, after the final *cadenza*

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* It is usually sung a semitone lower, in E.

—beginning with a long-sustained C, in the upper register, and descending, thence, through some chromatic passages of exquisite purity, to the lower range, to ascend again to the shake preceding the upper F at the close—the applause rose to a veritable hurricane.

From this point, to the final descent of the curtain, the performance was a succession of triumphs. The most experienced critics were taken by surprise, by the new *prima donna's* conception of the part of "Alice," exceeding, in poetic beauty, no less than in genuine dramatic power, the finest impersonation of the character that had hitherto been presented on the stage. Her sudden transition, in the third act, from the childlike simplicity of the little Norman peasant-girl, half jealous at the imaginary inconstancy of her humble lover, to the devoted courage of the woman who had vowed to rescue her Royal foster-brother from the toils of the Evil One ; the terror of the mysterious being whose secret she had surprised by listening to the unholy sounds that issued from the cavern ; her faith in the power of the wayside Cross to which she clung for protection ; her dread of involving her lover and her aged father in the destruction with which she herself was threatened by the Fiend ; all the stronger emotions successively called forth by the development of the situation, no less than the subordinate traits needed to unite them into a consistent whole, were delineated with a truthfulness that carried everything before it, reaching its natural climax in the Terzetto which immediately precedes the Finale to the fifth act—a scene which Mdlle. Lind made peculiarly her own, by singing the thrice-recurring phrase in B major, '*Sommo Iddio che appien comprendi, quale a lui sovrasti orror,*' not in the *cantabile* style in which it is usually delivered, but, with a breathless eagerness which almost took away the hearer's breath as he listened to it. Many years afterwards, the writer ventured to remind Madame Goldschmidt that she had sung this passage with an expression with which he had never heard it invested by any other artist. "How could I tell how I sang it?" she said; "I stood at the man's right hand, and the Fiend at his left, and all I could think of was, how to save him."

It was this marvellous power of forgetting herself in the character she impersonated, that formed the basis of all her dramatic success. She once told Mr. Nassau Senior, who had questioned her on the subject, that it appeared to her a sort of fraud, if, when she was pretending to be "Alice," or "Lucia," she was thinking of herself. "I scarcely ever think of the effect I am producing," she said; "and, if the thought does sometimes come across me, it spoils my acting. It seems to me, when I act, that I feel fully all the emotions of the character I represent. I fancy myself—in fact, believe myself—to be in her situation; and never think of the audience."

The success of this method must have been evident to all who were present, on that eventful night, at Her Majesty's Theatre. Rarely had such a triumph been chronicled, at the grand old Opera House in which so many triumphs have become matters of history. The curtain fell, amidst a storm of applause. Though the subordinate parts were exceptionally well filled, by Madame Castellan, Signor Fraschini, Signor Gardoni, and Herr Staudigl; and, though the great German Basso, in his favourite part of "Bertram," seconded the interpretation of every scene in which he and Alice were jointly engaged, with the intuitive perception of a consummate artist, not a thought was given to any one but the *prima donna*, who was called again and again before the curtain, with shouts of rapturous delight.

Yet, true Artist that she was, she had made no attempt to secure the triumph for herself alone—to exalt her own part, at the expense of the general effect. Her reticence in the beautiful unaccompanied Trio in the third act was alone sufficient to prove this. Never once, throughout the entire movement, did she appropriate more than her own fair share of the concerted charm; and so well was her feeling on this point understood by Signor Fraschini and Herr Staudigl, that critics who knew the piece by heart admitted that they had never before heard it sung in such absolute perfection.

When the Opera was over, the Queen, who had repeatedly manifested her extreme satisfaction during the evening, expressed her admiration to Mr. Lumley, in a tone and manner that showed how deep an impression had been made upon her. "What a beautiful singer!" "What an actress!" "How charming!" "How delightful!" These were the exclamations that fell from the lips of Her Majesty, "whom," said the delighted manager, "I had never before seen thus moved to enthusiasm." *

In describing this interesting conversation with Her Majesty, we have been careful to repeat the exact words used by Mr. Lumley himself.

But we have more to say. From a source of the highest authority,† we are enabled to confirm this account of the deep impression produced upon Her Majesty. The qualities of Mdlle. Lind's voice, at once delicate and powerful, round, soft, flexible, the charm of her appearance, her touching natural acting, and the grace of her movements, were all keenly appreciated by this accomplished musician and sensitive critic. Every one was struck by Mdlle. Lind's acting of the scene with Bertram, where she clung to the Cross as a divine safeguard; but, the beautiful impulse, unnoticed by many, under which she fell down on her knees, during the concluding chorus, to give thanks for Roberto's

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* Lumley's '*Reminiscences of the Opera.*' (London, 1864, p. 185.)

† Notes graciously furnished to us from Her Majesty's Diary, of which we have gratefully availed ourselves in subsequent parts of this Book.

safety, did not escape the observation of the Queen, and drew from Her Majesty an expression of warm admiration.

No one who was fortunate enough to obtain a seat in Her

Majesty's Theatre, on that memorable evening, can recall, unmoved, the pathos of the opening *Aria,* the bewitching simplicity of '*Nel lasciar la Normandia,*' or the profound artistic feeling displayed in the unaccompanied trio, and the last

Finale. The whole performance called forth one long-sustained ovation. Nothing was left to be desired. The audience was equally delighted with the voice, the manner, the action, the inimitable expression, and the perfect execution of every beautiful passage. To use Mr. Lumley's words, the *débutante* was at once established as "the favourite of the Opera-going public." * There could be no fear for the future, now, whatever attractions the rival company might put forth. The management was saved; for the triumph was as lasting as it was complete.

The following paragraph ran the round of the newspapers a few days after the *début*:—

> "An incident occurred at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday evening, illustrating in a remarkable manner the effect produced in the Royal box by Jenny Lind's transcendent talent on the night of her *début*. When the fair *cantatrice* was summoned before the curtain, Her Majesty cast a superb bouquet, which lay before her in the Royal box, at the feet of the *débutante*. The incident—certainly unparalleled on any former occasion in this country—was unobserved by the great majority of the audience; but the gracious act of condescension did not escape the fair songstress, and a profound curtsey acknowledged the Royal recognition of her success." †

Nor were the critics slow to do the new singer full justice.

On the Saturday following the performance, the leading London newspaper criticised it in terms which showed an intelligent and thoroughly artistic appreciation of its merits.

> "We have had frequent experience of the excitement appertaining to 'first nights,' but we may safely say, and our experience will be backed by several hundreds of Her

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* B. Lumley, in *op. cit.*

† Quoted from the *John Bull*, in the *Times* for May 10, 1847. *Cf.* vol. i. p. 398.

Majesty's subjects, that we never witnessed such a scene of enthusiasm as that displayed last night on the occasion of Mdlle. Jenny Lind's *début* as 'Alice,' in an Italian version of *Robert le Diable.*

"In the first place, there was the crowd outside the theatre, the interminable string of carriages, and the mob which filled the *piazza* in the Haymarket, anxious to see the passengers alight. Then, within the theatre, there was the entrance of Her Majesty, who, in coming to patronise the young vocalist, was welcomed with enthusiasm, as if she had visited the theatre in state. Then—great event!—Mdlle. Jenny Lind herself appeared, attired in pilgrim's garb. The uproar which followed her entrance was something to be remembered, not described. The whole crowded mass displayed a power of lungs truly astounding, and hats and handkerchiefs waved from all parts. It was not like the encouragement given to a *débutante,* but the welcome given to an established favourite—the declaration of an existing sympathy.

"All this enthusiasm was displayed before Mdlle. Jenny Lind had sung a note. To an artist conscious of mediocrity, or of weak nerve, this proof that expectations were raised to the highest pitch would have proved embarrassing. The question was forced upon her:—'Can I come up to this ideal standard?' For a moment, Mdlle. Lind was a little overcome by her immense reception; but it was for a moment only, and as a singer and an actress she had perfect possession of all her powers, throughout the evening.

"If the expectations were great, we must say that they were more than realised. The delicious quality of the organ—the rich gushing tone—was something entirely new and fresh. The auditors did not know what to make of it. They had heard singers over and over again, but here, that wondrous thing, a new sensation, was actually created. The sustained notes, swelling with full richness, and fading down to the softest *piano,* without losing one iota of their quality, being delicious when loud, delicious when whispered, dwelt in the public ear, and reposed in the public heart. The shake, *mezza voce,* with which she concluded the pretty air, '*Quand je quittais la Normandie,*' was perfectly wonderful from its rapidity and equality. This air was rapturously encored, with the most enthusiastic waving of hats and handkerchiefs. Even the way in which she uttered the first two or three notes of her Romance, '*Va dit-elle,*' so completely took the audience by surprise, that they interrupted her progress, and forced her to stop, by their tumultuous applause.

"While Mdlle. Lind raised her audience to enthusiasm by the exquisite nature of her organ, and her perfect execution, the impression she made as an actress was no less profound. There is no conventionality about her—no seizing the strong points of a character, and letting the rest drop. She acts thoroughly, with a perfect naturalness, and an infinite variety of gesture. All seems dictated by the moment, and yet all is graceful. There is no stereotyped form for love, or anger, or what not, but all has the impulse of immediate inspiration. As striking points, we may mention the clinging to the cross when attacked by Bertram, and the expression of rapture, just before the final descent of the curtain, when she feels that she has saved Robert from perdition. Her whole conception of Alice is a fine histrionic study, of which every feature is equally good.

"On the fall of the curtain, the burst of applause showed that the expectations of the audience had been more than realised. Three distinct times was Mdlle. Lind called upon the stage; and it was with a certain hearty 'one cheer more' sort of feeling which we have never seen so strongly manifested." *

Another journal, well known for the fairness of its artistic criticisms, has the following:—

"It is barely possible," says the musical correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, "to do justice to the effect produced on ourselves, in common with the concourse of persons assembled on Tuesday and Thursday† nights at Her Majesty's Theatre.

"We have arrived at a new stage of our theatrical experience. A new perception of musical art has burst upon us; it is as though we now learned, for the first time, what singing really is, and have been, with all our fancied knowledge and taste, groping, till now, in darkness and error. The *trick of the voice*, the well-prepared bursts, the artistic *effects* which we have hitherto applauded to the skies, are discovered to be only so many mistakes, and artists appear to have been labouring, all their lives, to attain that which they were better without. We have learned, that the best way to tread the stage is, to seem wholly devoid of theatrical art; the best way to sing is, to appear never to have learned. All conventionalisms are overthrown, all traditions of the operatic stage turned into contempt—and, by what? By the appearance of Mdlle. Jenny Lind at Her Majesty's Theatre.

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* From *The Times*, May 5, 1847.

† The performance was repeated, on Thursday, May 6th.

"An excitement almost unparalleled in theatrical annals has prevailed as to the appearance of the Swedish *cantatrice.* The highest expectations were formed; while, on the other hand, there was a fear—not an unnatural one—that she could not equal her immense reputation, or come up to the ideal of those with whom she had been, for so long a period, the topic of conversation, and the object of extraordinary interest.

"This fear was proved to be groundless. Jenny Lind has surpassed all expectation, because it had been impossible to be prepared for something so startlingly new—so unlike all we have heard before. Each one, it is true, formed his own idea of the vocalist; yet this always bore a certain resemblance to some by-gone favourite, or to some existing *prima donna.* Most people expected, indeed, a marvellous superiority, in *degree,* but were unprepared for the superiority in *kind* of talent which she possesses.

"To have attained the perfect control over her voice—that faultlessness, purity, and delicacy of execution that she possesses—Mdlle. Lind must have studied arduously; but, to such profit have been her studies, that there is nothing in her singing to remind one of them. Everything she does appears spontaneous—and yet, there is never a fault. The same thing is remarkable in her acting. Every movement seems the impulse of the moment; yet, not for a second does she lose sight of the identity of the character she impersonates—not for a moment are her gestures otherwise than expressive, and graceful. *Art, by her, has been only used to cultivate Nature—not for a moment to disguise it.* Were it even possible to detect a flaw in the voice, or a slip in the execution of Jenny Lind, her singing would still be resistless; for, it reaches the heart, and touches the deepest chords of human feeling; but she has, perhaps, never a weak moment. At the instant the listener, from the habit of hearing other artists, expects the voice to become weak and fatigued—at that moment it bursts forth in greater beauty than ever. Her voice is astonishing. To the fullest, purest, sweetest tone imaginable, it unites a vibrating and penetrating quality, that makes its softest whisper audible, no matter where the listener is seated, and that, when exerted to its full extent, is truly glorious; and it may be distinctly heard above the loudest din of the orchestra, and of the voices of the other artists.

"We are not afraid of being considered extravagant in our praise, at least by those who have witnessed Mdlle. Lind's performances; for, the delight of hearing something so new, and so natural, has taken the most phlegmatic by storm. Seldom has any theatre presented such a scene of excitement and enthusiasm as Her Majesty's, on the night of her *début*. Her reception was overpowering. That said much for the fame that had preceded her; and also, we think, for the universal good-will which Mdlle. Lind, as an individual, has succeeded in inspiring. The feeling of enthusiasm, warmed, as it was, by the shrinking, timid attitude of the young artist, as she was led forward to receive such an unusual welcome, continued unabated all the time that she remained upon the stage, showing that public expectation, after being raised so high, was fully gratified, and even surpassed.

"We never heard anything more delicious than the sustained notes which commence her first cavatina, '*Vanne, disse al figlio mio*,'* full, clear, and bell-like, and then dying off to the faintest whisper. This song was interrupted by a thunder of applause, above which, however, could be heard the stentorian *brava* of the great Lablache, who, after sitting immovable in his box, like one entranced, suddenly jumped up, as if unable to control his feelings, and applauded furiously.

"The charming little romance '*Nel lasciar la Normandia*,'† was even more rapturously applauded, each verse being encored. At the conclusion of the last, she gave the roulade, *à pleine voix*, limpid, pure, and deliciously sweet; and finished with a shake, so delicately, so softly executed, that each one held his breath to listen, and the tumult of applause at the conclusion baffles description.

"The scene with 'Bertram' was magnificently executed. Her passion of terror was nature itself; and the last act, in which she struggles to rescue 'Roberto' from the clutches of 'Bertram,' as a specimen of dramatic power, was beyond all praise.

"The house presented, at the conclusion, such a scene as has been rarely witnessed. The crowded mass, waving hats and handkerchiefs, stamping, knocking, shouting, and endeavouring in every possible manner to express its delight, called the vocalist three times before the curtain, with an enthusiasm we have never seen surpassed, and yet which was no more than deserved.

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* '*Va dit-elle*,' in the original French *libretto*.

† Fr. '*Quand je quittais la Normandie*.'

"On Thursday, *Roberto il Diavolo* was repeated; and Mdlle. Lind's reception was even more enthusiastic than on Tuesday. The theatre was crowded to excess; and the struggles to gain admission were tremendous. The audience, during the evening, repeatedly testified its delight by rising, *en masse*, by the waving of handkerchiefs, and by the most ecstatic applause. Her Majesty, for the second time, honoured the performance with her presence." *

We have quoted this critique at length, in preference to many others equally enthusiastic, because the attitude of the *Illustrated London News* towards the rival Italian Opera Companies was marked by a strict impartiality which some other journals, of equally high repute, were very far from imitating. When a fine performance took place at Covent Garden—where fine performances took place continually—the *Illustrated London News* was always the first to do it full justice; and its warm appreciation of the talent displayed by Mdlle. Alboni, Mesdames Grisi and Persiani, and Signori Mario, Tamburini, and Ronconi, may be fairly accepted as a guarantee that its glowing account of the first appearance of Jenny Lind was dictated by no contemptible outburst of party spirit, but, by a real admiration for true genius, and an intelligent and artistic recognition of the merits it was so prompt to discern, and so ready to estimate at their just value, without the exhibition of favour, on the one hand, or prejudice, on the other.

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* From the *Illustrated London News*, Saturday, May 8, 1847.

CHAPTER IV.

AT CLAIRVILLE.

Some little time before her first appearance, while the rehearsals were still in progress, Mademoiselle Lind quitted the residence of her friend, in Eccleston Street, to take possession of a detached cottage, pleasantly situated, in its own grounds, at Old Brompton. It will be remembered that, by the terms of her contract with Mr. Lumley, she was to be provided with a furnished residence, at the expense of the management; and, of all the houses she had seen, "Clairville Cottage," as it was then called, was the only one that seemed to please her. Though small and unpretending, it was both comfortable, and convenient; it was within a moderate drive of the theatre; and the neighbourhood in which it stood—now absorbed in the new district of South Kensington—was sufficiently retired to ensure the privacy which, indeed, formed one of its principal attractions.

All the old houses in this part of Old Brompton have long since been pulled down; and the actual site of Clairville Cottage and its pretty suburban garden is now occupied by one of the more modern and much larger residences in Brechin Place, the ground on which it stood forming part of a quadrangle, bounded by Brechin Place on its northern and southern sides, by the Gloucester Road, on its eastern side, and on that towards the west, by Rosary Gardens.

But, though all trace of the cottage itself has vanished, its name is perpetuated, in somewhat dubious orthography, in Clareville Grove—a road leading northwards from a spot near its former site—and a relic of the garden still remains, in the form of a tall and handsome plane tree, overhanging the Old Brompton Road, in front of Brechin Place, and vigorously flourishing within two minutes' walk of the house in which Madame Goldschmidt spent the last twelve years of her life. It was a less splendid tree, in 1847, than it is now, but she loved it all the more, for the birds sang there, undisturbed, among the branches from which the busy traffic of the road has now banished them.

Here, within full view of this well-beloved tree, and an equally-beloved magnolia, while all London was wild with curiosity to peer into the minutest details of her private life, the "Swedish Nightingale"—as all the world now delighted in calling her—passed her time in almost monastic seclusion, diligently employed in the study of her new parts, and visited only by a select circle of intimate and sympathetic friends, whose society afforded her far greater and more genuine pleasure than she could ever have found in the gay and fashionable world that was vainly striving to intrude upon her solitude, and employing every cunning device that ingenuity could suggest to attract her within its vortex.

Never before had *prima donna* created so profound a sensation among all classes of society. The annals of the Drama contain no record of a parallel case—a case, in which the name of a singer became so suddenly, and so universally popular, not only among the frequenters of the theatre, but among the masses who had never heard her sing; among thousands upon thousands who had never witnessed the performance of an Opera in their lives, and who, if they had been compelled to listen to one, would not in the least have understood what it all meant. In every mouth, the name of "The Swedish Nightingale" was "familiar as a household word." It is not too much to say that all London was raving about her—and not all London only; for "the Jenny Lind fever," as some of the more vulgar organs of the Press affected to call it, extended to the remotest corner of the Kingdom. Portraits of "The Swedish Nightingale" were sold on snuff-boxes, on match-boxes, on bon-bon boxes, on tea-boards, and even on pocket-handkerchiefs. Horses, and dogs, and cats, and singing-birds, were named after her; and little children, in the simplicity of their hearts, gave the popular title to the creatures that were dearest to them in the world.

We have before us, as we write, a rough "broadside," printed, on commonest paper, with worn-out type, by "F. Hodges, from Pitts, Wholesale Toy and Marbel Warehouse, 31 Dudley Street, Seven Dials," and headed, in huge capitals:—

"THE JENNY LIND MANIA."

At the top of a double column of verses is a rude woodcut, possibly meant, on this occasion to represent a ballad-singer, though it had no doubt done duty, many a time and oft, in bygone days, for something else; and thus begin the rhymes:—

"Oh! is there not a pretty fuss
  In London all around,
About the Swedish Nightingale,
  The talk of all the town?
Each Square and Street, as through you pass,
  Aloud with praises ring,
About this pretty singing bird,
  The famous Jenny Lind.

CHORUS.

"For she turns each heart, and turns each head,
  Of those who hear her sing,
And she is turning all her notes to gold
  Is famous Jenny Lind."

Eight stanzas of this execrable nonsense fill up the sheet, which we should not care to notice, were it not an historical fact that such sheets were sold, and such verses sung, in the by-streets of London, from morning till night.

Night after night, the colonnade in front of the theatre was literally thronged by the crowds that waited patiently, for hours, to gain admittance; and, when the doors were opened at last, a host of eager enthusiasts forgot even the duties of courtesy, in their mad desire to force an early entrance at any cost. The newspapers of the day described "wild scenes of crushing, and crowding, and squeezing; of torn dresses, and evening coats reduced to rags; of ladies fainting in the pressure; and even of gentlemen carried out senseless. The struggle for entrance was violent beyond all precedent—so violent, indeed, that the term 'a Jenny Lind crush' became a proverb." *

Mr. Albert Smith, the well-known humourist and lecturer on Mont Blanc, has contributed to the literature of the period a chapter, describing the scenes at the pit-door, and illustrated by a series of sketches, depicting the adventures of "Mr. Straggles," who, appearing first, in all the glories of irreproachable evening costume, passes, afterwards, through a succession of changes which cause him to figure, in the final *tableau*, with his dress coat torn open from top to bottom, the bow of his cravat protruding behind his neck, his *lorgnette* crushed beneath a fellow-enthusiast's foot, and his '*gibus*'—represented in six successive stages of deterioration—reduced to a wiry skeleton.† We are able to testify, from our own experience, that the picture is not overdrawn; but the discomfort—not to say danger—of the nightly struggle, deterred no one from taking part in it, and seemed rather to increase than to diminish the pleasurable sensations of the evening.

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* B. Lumley, in *op. cit.*

† See, the *Illustrated London News* for May 8, 1847.

And, in the meantime, the innocent source of all this furious excitement pursued the even tenour of her way; working diligently, not for fame, or popularity, but for Art; and withdrawing, as far as it was possible for her to do so, from the world in which she had become so great a celebrity. She was absolutely unaffected by the adulation lavished upon her; as modest, as gentle, as thoughtful for others, as conscientious in her endeavour to do justice to the music she sang, as she had been in the early days of her student-life.

Between nine and ten o'clock, on the morning after her *début,* she appeared in Eccleston Street, before her friend had risen; and sat by her bed-side, "with a radiant countenance," discussing the events of the previous evening.

"Are you content with last night?" asked Mrs. Grote.

"More than content," she replied. "What a fine public!"

On the same day, she wrote to her friend, Frau von Jaeger, at Vienna*:—

"London, 5th of May, 1847.

"Dearest Mother,

"It is high time that I should send you a word; and, first of all, that I should thank you for all that you have done for me, and for all your good advice, and assure you that I shall never forget anything, and that my sincere love for you, and for all of you, will remain, through all the time to come, the only recompense that one can give to another, in exchange for such sympathy and friendship as I have received from you.

"You well know that I cannot express what I feel. If I could, then many many words would follow. But, I feel my own weakness; and say, only, 'Thank you, beloved Mother, for the second most beautiful three months in my life!' The first were those I spent with the Wichmanns in the previous winter. These six months have been the happiest for me, and I can offer you no better word than 'Thanks!' But, I must thank my dear sister also, for having always been so kind to me. That she was never jealous is a proof of the goodness of her heart. My father was—my father! I love him, too, as if I were really his daughter. And Fritz can also say whether I have been as a sister to him, or not. There, then, you have my confession of love: and, if we do not see each other again, for fifty years, time can never change my feelings.

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* See Book V., Chapter x.

"Dear Mother! What else have I to tell you! Perhaps you expect to hear that I have lost my personal freedom, or something of that sort? *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* How splendidly has everything gone with me!—the journey included!

"Yesterday, the 4th of May, I made my first appearance here, as 'Alice,' in *Robert*—and it went *so*, that, through the whole night, I could not sleep, for joy! To my astonishment, I found the English public in the highest degree sympathetic and intelligent; and yesterday evening was grand. From the Queen, down to the scene-shifters, all here have been good to me, and so friendly, that I do not feel in the least like a stranger—and this says a great deal, for I am ever thinking of Vienna. Everything has gone with me ten thousand times better than I expected; and I have neither seen, nor heard, anything about Mr. Bunn. I think he will institute a law-suit—only, his position in the matter has taken such a comical turn, that I am almost beginning to feel sorry for him.

"Lablache has been so good to me, that I feel quite moved. He behaves as no one but a great Artist like himself could behave. Lumley's attention, and friendliness, are not to be doubted, and make me hope that my mother, and many others, have been mistaken in him. I hear so much about him—and it all pleases me. But, more about this in the future, if he always acts as he is acting now.

"Louise was so frightened, yesterday, about my first appearance, that she has a headache which confines her to bed. But she sends you hearty greetings. But, my calmness was quite wonderful! What a joy, to be able so to conquer one's five senses! How can I ever sufficiently thank God for it, Mother!

"We live most delightfully, rather far from the city, where all is still and restful, the air splendid, and a garden in which the birds are singing the whole day long. And the trees are so fresh and green. I have a house all to myself, and a first-rate man-servant, who speaks German, and an Englishwoman who does the other work of the house—Lennie, and his sister, and her husband, who are everything that is good to me. Friendly faces, wherever I look. So, you see, mother, that I want for nothing.

"I think so much of Vienna. I feel certain that it will not be long before I once more visit the Imperial City. It is too dear to me; and Germany is my second Fatherland, and Vienna, my favourite home.

"But I must leave off now; for I believe some people are coming to congratulate me.

"I have one thing to beg of you, mother. Do you personally know the Countess Schönborn? Ah! Go to her, and tell her, and her sister, the Countess Ruenburg, that I send them my best remembrances, and have ever the liveliest recollection of their kindness to me. And tell them how well everything has gone with me. I know it will interest the two Countesses, to hear this; and I will soon write to them, myself, about it. Tell them this.

"And I beg my good Herr Julius Pechvill to call upon my good Signor Battaglia, and to tell him that my Italian pronunciation has been so successful, that Lablache was quite astonished at it.

"And now farewell! farewell! Remember me to all—all who are yours, and all who are not yours. With joy, and thankful love, thinks of you all

"Your daughter,

"JENNY.

"Will my mother, or Augusta, soon write to me? I long so for news of you all." *

To Judge Munthe she wrote, five days later:—

"London, May 10th, 1847.

"It is always a pleasure to write to my good guardian and fatherlike friend; but, this time, I write with a lighter heart than usual, because I have succeeded so well in this my last undertaking, which was, to make my way here in London, in spite of all the difficulties and intrigues that people have tried to throw in my way.

"I appeared, as 'Alice,' in *Roberto il Diavolo*, on the 4th of this month, and I cannot describe the sympathy and enthusiasm with which I was received—and, to my astonishment, well understood!

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* Translated by permission, from the original letter, in the possession of Fräulein Jaeger von Jaxthal.

"I am so happy, and find things so pleasant, that there is perhaps no being under the sun so happy as I."

It is pleasant to see, that, by this time, the dark shadow had so completely lost its terrors that it could be mentioned even with playfulness; and, that poor Mr. Bunn's position had become so "comical" as almost to inspire a feeling of sorrow for him. And it is pleasant, too, to find that, notwithstanding the sinister influence exercised by that dark shadow in Vienna, it had not been dark enough to cloud the happiness, or sadden the memory of the bright sojourn in the Austrian Capital—a sojourn so fraught with tender recollections, that it could be looked back upon with longing, even in the midst of a still more hearty and affectionate reception in London. A letter, written to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, on Thursday, the 6th of May—two days after the *début*—contains a still more touching allusion to Vienna than that addressed to Frau von Jaeger, and speaks so pleasantly of London, and its climate, and inhabitants, that its contents can scarcely fail to interest the reader.

"London, the 6th of May, 1847.

"GOOD MOTHER,

"It is a long long time since I have heard anything from you; and I am longing earnestly for news.

"You must not be angry with me for writing so little to you from Vienna. For, my only excuse is, that I was simply torn to pieces, there.

"But, you are ever in my heart, as of old, good mother and friend.

"The day before yesterday, I made my first appearance here, at the Italian Opera, as 'Alice' in *Robert*, and *never*, perhaps, have things gone better with me, *in every way*, than here. What do you say to that?

"I am so glad, so happy, so thankful, that I hardly know what I am doing.

"The theatre is splendid, and I have never been in such good voice. The climate is—for me, at least—very good; and, apart from all this, I am so glad, because every one here is so friendly to me that I am quite touched.

"Lablache is like a father to me; and Mr. Lumley, like a good and true old friend.

"So, you see, I want for nothing; and I hope I may soon hear the same about you, dear Mother.

"Many waves have passed over our lives, since we last saw each other—but, we will talk about that, by word of mouth, for I am coming to Berlin, in the autumn.

"Are you going to Vienna? If so, remember me to Herr Pokorny and his amiable wife, and my other friends; and tell them that I thank them, from my heart, for all their kindness to me.

"And to the Imperial City, say, amidst the still silence, that there lives a maiden, born in Sweden, who would gladly call Vienna the City of Her Fathers. Oh! my Vienna! Oh! my Viennese! Oh! my heart swells, when I think of all that happened to me, there!

"In sincerest love and gratitude, I remain, for all time,

"Your

"JENNY LIND.

"P.S. My address is—Old Brompton, Clairville Cottage, London." *

Never, in any of her former letters, had the "maiden, born in Sweden" spoken so warmly as this, of her love for the "Imperial City." We knew that she had found firm and devoted friends there; but we did not know, till now, how deep an impression they had left upon her mind. Vienna had, indeed, proved itself well worthy of her love. As she herself had told the Viennese, when they called her before the curtain, they had "understood" her. And now, already, the Londoners had "understood" her, too—"understood" her so well, that they were doing all that in them lay, to win her

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* From Frau von Hillern's collection.

deep affection, as the Austrians had won it before them. And they won it, loyally and bravely. She had a heart large enough to make room for all who truly loved the Art of which she herself was so devoted a worshipper; and she gave as freely, and as largely, as she had received—gave, not to the public only, but to every true and earnest spirit, capable of appreciating, at however great a distance, the spirit by which she herself was animated, in her heroic endeavour to advance the work she had undertaken, in her attempt to raise the Operatic Stage to the highest level she believed it capable of attaining, in spite of every adverse influence that was brought to bear upon it by the ever-changing vagaries of the popular taste, or by the half-hearted work of artists who weighed their own interests in the balance against those of Art itself. To all who really loved the Art to which her life was devoted, she gave, whether in public or in private, the best she had to give.

In a letter written to her from Leipzig, soon after her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre had been finally ratified, Mendelssohn had asked her, when she visited London, to sing to a friend of his, who had long been laid upon a bed of sickness.* This lady was Mrs. Seth Thompson, the daughter of the well-known Organist and Glee Composer, Mr. William Horsley. Well knowing how dearly Mrs. Thompson would prize such an act of kindness, Mendelssohn, as the time approached, sent her the following letter:—

"Leipzig, 19th January, 1847.

"MY DEAR DEAR FRIEND,

"Some weeks ago I intended to write you a long letter, but, just then Madame Moscheles returned from Hamburg, bringing the news that you were again suffering, and I could not then make up my mind to begin, but hoped from day to day for better news. Thanks to God, they have come to-day, from Klingemann. He tells me that you are *much* better;

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* See page 10.

and I sit down at once, in the joy of my heart, at my little Carl's writing desk, and wish above everything that the letter may reach you at a good and cheerful moment.

"I have two special subjects to write to you about, though no special reason would be necessary—but I have two. I have, namely, to announce to you one of the most glorious works of art ever achieved by the brush (I am the brush!), a landscape which I have painted for you, and which is so beautiful that one might take the earth for heaven, and the reverse. My own composition—a fantastic convent, in cheerful early dawn; a cloudless heaven; some bushes; some distant mountains (wretchedly coloured); an impenetrable wood (too green); a ruin (too brown); a cross by a pathway; and something besides to be seen in it. Since I have promised to send you a picture, it must needs be grand; and it has become so. Very shortly a parcel will be sent off to Klingemann and I shall pack this up in it. But do not lose this description, otherwise you might be unable to guess what it represents.

"I wanted first to announce this picture to you; and then something even better—namely, Jenny Lind. You showed so much interest in her before, and wished so much to make her acquaintance, that I determined to write to you immediately it was decided that she would come to London, and give you that pleasure. Now, however, I am too late, as I hear it is generally known; but *this* you do not yet know, that I have made it a condition that she should not be long in London without coming to Seymour Street, and singing you all her songs, and then you will hear her better than the whole public in the Theatre.

"That she will punctually do this, and call as soon as she arrives, I do not in the least doubt. I only wish I could be present and accompany on your little 'pony' when she sings you her Swedish songs, or hear you both talking together — which would be better than the Swedish songs, etc., etc. And I am not quite without hope that this may come to pass, as I have a very great desire this spring to come to London, for some weeks. True, it is not certain yet, but I wish it very much, and therefore I fancy it will happen. Cécile would certainly come too, and then you must invite us, and the Klingemanns, and Jenny Lind together, and then we shall be happy; and I will put three pieces of American ice into my wine, and make a 'speech,' in spite of its not being quite the right thing.

"But, first of all, your health must improve more and more. I could have had no greater joy to-day than Klingemann's good report. I trust another will soon come quite as good, or rather still better!

"We are all well here, and think of you with the most hearty friendship. Cécile joins me in greeting you and your dear husband, many thousand times; and

"I am, and ever remain,

"Your friend,

"FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY."*

The remembrance of Mdlle. Lind's visit to the invalid lady, and of the songs with which she cheered and comforted her, is still affectionately cherished by her family, and that of Mr. Horsley. It was not the first time that she had given of her best to cheer a bed of sickness—as we have already seen, in Copenhagen—nor was it destined to be the last, by very many. Whenever the opportunity for such an act of kindness presented itself, she was ready to take advantage of it; and many a grateful heart remembered her, in the distant towns through which she passed.

But what a change had passed over her life, within the last few weeks! How different her thoughts, now, and at the moment at which she took leave of her Austrian friends. She had conquered her fears, and was already reaping the rich reward of her moral victory. The fate of Her Majesty's Theatre no longer hung in the balance. She had saved its Manager from ruin. For the remainder of the season, the position of the "Old Italian Opera" was impregnable; and she alone had made it so. All doubts as to her reception by an English audience had been set at rest. The dread, the suspense, the cruel threats that had caused her such torments of anxiety, had vanished like a dream. For a time, at least, the "sable cloud" had "turned forth its silver lining on the night"; and all around was light, and joy, and peace, and hope for the happy future.

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* Translated from the original letter, kindly furnished by one of Mrs. Seth Thompson's nephews.

CHAPTER V.

"LA SONNAMBULA."

From this time forward Mdlle. Lind was greeted in London, by all classes of society, with the most flattering marks of esteem and admiration. "The Queen received her with marked attention. The Queen-Dowager invited her to visit Her Majesty in private. The Duke of Wellington was most sedulous in his demonstrations of respect and admiration, and, on one occasion, invited her to his country-seat, promising that music should form no topic of the conversation."* Invitations poured in, from every side, in numbers which it would have been quite impossible for her to have accepted, even had her time been entirely at her own disposal. But, though compelled by her duties at the theatre to devote so many hours of the day to study and rehearsal, she did not entirely shut herself out from the pleasures of society. Mrs. Grote, who accompanied her one evening to a private concert at Lansdowne House to which she had been invited as an auditor, gives an interesting account of the excitement caused by her first appearance in the reception-room, when, at the moment of her entrance, all other visitors were forgotten, in the desire to meet her with a cordial welcome.

"I was not a little amused," she says, "to observe the Duke of Wellington approach, with the intention of making his bow to Lady Lansdowne; but, finding it hopeless to catch her attention—so engrossed was she with Mdlle. Lind—he quietly passed unnoticed into the Sculpture Gallery, where a vocal concert was about to commence. I at length proposed to Jenny that we should take our places there, also; and we soon found ourselves in the middle of a brilliant company, whose eyes were frequently bent in the direction of our seats. Jenny, who was always very impatient under this kind of scrutiny, felt vexed at it; but there was no escape. The concert proceeded; the artists comprising all the 'stars' of the two rival houses, herself only excepted. The first part over, I was besieged by persons of my acquaintance, with requests to be introduced to Mdlle. Lind: Lady Pembroke, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Sidney Herbert, Lady Lincoln, with one or two other ladies obtained the privilege, and continued to talk to her, until Jenny, impatient to escape, whispered to me, 'Let us go and look at the pictures.' So we went into the rooms through which we had entered, and looked at the pictures, which interested her far more than the music. Meanwhile, the concert had re-commenced, so that we could not resume our places conveniently; accordingly Jenny begged me to go away, which we presently did. As we drove home to Clairville, I expressed myself highly satisfied with the flattering attentions of which she had been the object during the evening. She rejoined: 'Dear Madame, you are much more proud for me than I am for myself. It certainly was a splendid sight; but I would rather have been rambling with you among the Burnham beeches, after all.' " *

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* Lumley, 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' page 188.

The rambles under the fine old Burnham beech trees, near Mr. Grote's country-house, furnished, indeed, a pleasant and highly needful relief to the fatigues of the season, which were very trying indeed.

No one, unacquainted with the routine of the "business of the stage" can form an adequate idea of the amount of actual labour devolving upon the principal performers, during the preparation of a new Opera, or the revival of an old one. However familiar each one may be, with the details of his or

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* From Mrs. Grote's MS. Memoir.

her own part, the difficulties connected with the *tout ensemble*, in the case of artists who have not previously sung together in the work, are as great as if every scene were a new one. Of course no such difficulty arose with regard to the second and third performances of *Roberto*, for which all concerned were already fully prepared, and the success of which fully equalled—if it did not even exceed—that of the previous Tuesday. But, with *La Sonnambula*, announced for performance on Tuesday, the 13th, the case was different. All the performers, from "Elvino," and the "Count," down to the humblest singer in the chorus, knew their own parts, by heart; but, not one of them knew what to expect, with regard to the new interpretation of the *rôle* of "Amina." Yet, with that interpretation, it was indispensable that all the rest should be, in the highest degree, *en rapport*; and, by dint of careful and laborious rehearsal, under Mr. Balfe's experienced and sympathetic *bâton*, so close a sympathy was established between the "readings" given by all the artists concerned to their various parts, that the result left nothing to be desired.

Never, perhaps, was Mdlle. Lind's detestation of all that bore the stamp of unreality more strongly marked than in this charming Opera. She could not endure a sham—though, the temptation to do so, here, must have been very great.

In the last act of *La Sonnambula*, Amina, walking in her sleep, crosses a crazy wooden bridge, spanning a mill-stream, and hanging in the air, directly over a revolving water-wheel. As she reaches the middle of this frail structure, the worm-eaten planks give way—or rather, by an ingenious stage-device, appear to give way—beneath her feet. She starts—lets the lamp she holds in her hand fall into the stream—and then, without awaking, calmly proceeds on her way, down a rude flight of steps, to the front of the stage, where, taking from her bosom the faded flowers that Elvino has given to her, she sings the beautiful air, '*Ah! non* *credea mirarti,*' which forms one of the most attractive movements of the *Finale.*

The danger of crossing the mimic bridge is, perhaps, less real than apparent, when proper precautions are taken to ensure the singer's safety. But, it is a dangerous walk, for a nervous *prima donna;* and very few of our greatest singers have ever attempted it. The usual plan is, to dress up a poor little "supernumerary" in clothes exactly like those of the real representative of "Amina"; to let her perform the perilous feat of crossing the bridge; and, after she has dropped her lamp, and displaced some of the loose stones lying at the edge of her path, to let her pass behind a projecting piece of rock, arranged for the purpose, and there change places with the real *prima donna,* who emerges on the oppo-

site side of the cunningly-constructed screen, and is supposed, by the audience, to have performed the entire journey in her own proper person.

But Mdlle. Lind would never consent to cheat her audience thus. She once told the writer, when conversing with him on the events of that memorable time, that she had never, in her life, let any one cross the bridge for her—not because she was more courageous than other representatives of the village somnambulist; for, she confessed to having been horribly frightened, every time that she had to undergo the trying ordeal—but because, she said, "I should have been ashamed to stand before the audience, pretending that I had crossed the bridge, if I had not really done it."

So, the boards were marked with chalk, to show the exact lines between which Amina was to walk; and a circle was drawn, at the spot at which the bridge was to give way beneath her, so that she might not be taken unprepared. But, these precautions formed a less efficient safeguard than might have been imagined; for, she had heard that somnambulists always walked straight forward, without looking at their feet, and she risked a fall, night after night, in order that she might act her part with perfect truth to nature.*

But her nervous fears did not prevent her from singing her best: for, during the course of the same conversation, she told the writer, that, accidentally looking down at Mr. Balfe, while she was singing '*Ah! non credea*,' she saw that his face was bathed in tears. And he, we may be sure, was not the only listener thus moved by her rendering of that most lovely movement—one of the purest and most touchingly plaintive strains of melody that the modern Italian School has produced. Who, among those who heard her sing that night, does not still remember, with undiminished emotion, her infinitely pathetic delivery of the beautiful phrase in C major, '*Potria novel vigore?*' Who does not cherish still the recollection of that wonderful shake on the D sharp, *pianissimo,* more like a tremulous whisper from the far-off dreamland in which the peasant maiden is supposed to be wandering, than an artistic grace introduced into the performance of a well-known song? Such music as that, once heard by those who have a heart to feel it, can never be forgotten.

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* Mdlle. von Zandt—to her honour be it recorded—crossed the bridge, at Covent Garden Theatre, in 1889, exactly as Mdlle. Lind had crossed that at Her Majesty's Theatre, forty years previously.

We have already, in a former chapter, quoted the opinion of a thoughtful German critic upon her impersonation of this charming *rôle,* when it was first presented in Berlin. There is no lack of English critiques, written in language equally warm and enthusiastic. We will not, however, weary our readers by recapitulating opinions which are, in many points, absolutely identical, and which they can read for themselves, in the journals of the period; but will content ourselves with setting before them one notice only, selected from the abundant *répertoire* at our command; and, if any among them have thought the language of the *Vossische Zeitung* exaggerated, they will certainly not think that of the *Times* less so.

"On the first night of Mdlle. Lind's appearance in *Robert le Diable,* we thought we had seen the extent to which the excitement of a theatrical audience could go. We found we were mistaken. The enthusiasm produced by her 'Alice' was not to be compared with that which she created, last night, by her 'Amina' in *La Sonnambula.*

"Her very appearance showed that she had taken an original view of the part. The costume, and way of wearing it, conveyed a new impression. A simplicity, almost to childishness, is at once assumed, and admirably preserved throughout. The spectator feels that innocence is written in the very aspect of the young creature, and that she is not a being about whom any doubt can be entertained. Venturing, as she does, into the highest regions of vocalisation, she never loses sight of this simplicity of character, which gives the tone to her whole performance. The air, *Sovra il sen,* took the audience by storm. The boldness and truth with which she treated her intervals was marvellous. Her delicious *pianissimo* thrilled to the heart, while the whole effect was heightened by a dramatic passage executed to perfection.

"Great anxiety was felt as to how she would render the chamber-scene. She did it to perfection, still retaining the simplicity of manner, which she infused into the character, amidst the most violent heart-rending despair. During the first few moments after she had risen from the couch, she seemed scarcely to have returned to consciousness. Half scared at the multitude, she cast around enquiring, wondering glances, in the most natural manner possible. The truth at last revealed itself to her; but with the full knowledge that she was suspected came the full sense of innocence, and the finale *D'un pensiero,* was given with a firmness of tone that argued Amina's sense of her own right. The struggle with Elvino, at the close of this finale, was given with the resoluteness of one who feels that all happiness depends upon the possession of that single object—that, if the lover is lost, the whole world becomes a blank. Nothing could surpass the intensity with which she held him; and, when he broke from her struggles, she fell, corpse-like, from exhaustion.

"We describe the action only. It would be in vain to set forth how all the emotions of the situation were represented by the vocalist—to indicate the variety of expression given by that wonderful organ. The last scene abounded in new beauties. The mournfulness of manner and tone with which the young girl held the flowers at the air, '*Ah! non credea mirarti,*' and the lengthened *pianissimo* passages, in which the voice seemed to fade away through the heart's sorrow, were indescribably touching. '*Ah non giunge*' was an inspiration—the sudden exultation of innocence in its own triumph. The voice soared grandly and fully through the charming melody, and the ornaments were executed with a joyous fidelity, the impulse causing an oblivion of the difficulties.

"The curtain fell, leaving the audience in a state of sympathising rapture. An *encore* was at once demanded.

Up rose the curtain again, and the finale was sung, if possible, more charmingly than ever.

"Then came an unprecedented scene of excitement. The pit rose, in a body! Never was triumph more complete." *

No one witnessed Mdlle. Lind's first performance of 'Amina' with more rapt attention than the Queen. She was there from the beginning. The '*Come per me sereno*,' with its brilliant opportunities for showing off the voice, was a little too full of ornament altogether to satisfy Her Majesty's taste; but she expressed unbounded admiration of all that followed, dwelling strongly, according to our information,† upon "the exquisite shake, the wonderful clear, sweet *piano* way of singing in the very highest tones, without losing any of their fulness and freshness." The '*Son geloso*' and '*Prendi l'anel*,' were felt to be full of a new beauty. But a charm, as exquisite, as it was novel, was recognised by the Royal listener in the soft, touching, half-whispered tones in which 'Amina' sang in the scene where she enters the Count's apartment asleep. Again, the dignified way in which she delivered in the subsequent scene the words, '*Rea non sono, no, la fui giammai*' giving as it did the idea of complete innocence, was noted as exceptionally fine. In this, as indeed throughout the whole performance, the singer was recognised by the Queen as speaking from the heart to the heart.

Great and sympathetic artist as he was, Lablache could not fail to see in Mdlle. Lind the true dramatic instinct without which the finest voice may charm the ear, but cannot penetrate the heart. Her acting he pronounced to be original, and unlike that of anyone else, as, indeed, great acting always will be. Of her singing of the Recitative and Adagio, "*Ah!*

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* From the *Times*, May 14, 1847.

† See note †, p. 71, *ante*.

non credea mirarti," he said to the Queen, "*Je dois dire que je n'ai jamais rien entendu comme cela.*" In this opinion, according to our information, Her Majesty heartily concurred. She was present, along with the Prince Consort, when *La Sonnambula* was performed for the second time on Saturday the 15th of May. All Her Majesty's first impressions were more than confirmed. She spoke with enthusiasm as Lablache had done of the '*Ah, non credea.*' "It was all *piano,*" she said, "and clear and sweet, and like the sighing of a zephyr, yet all heard. Who could describe those long notes, drawn out till they quite melt away, that shake which becomes softer and softer, those very piano and flute-like notes—and those round fresh tones which are so youthful?" *

Who, among that crowd of enthusiastic listeners, did not feel as Signor Lablache did, on that delightful evening? Who had ever heard or seen anything like it? To an English, no less than to a Continental audience, *La Sonnambula* had ever been welcome. The refreshing simplicity of its plot, its triumphant vindication of insulted innocence, its striking contrast to the passionate, and too often impure *libretti* of so many modern Operas, had made it a special favourite in this country, ever since its first production, at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1831, with Madame Pasta in the principal part; and the nameless charm with which that part was now invested, the enchantment thrown over it by the perfection of Mdlle. Lind's vocalisation and the pathetic truthfulness of her acting, the indescribable purity in which it was clothed, throughout, by her ideal interpretation of each change and phase of sentiment, each touch of maiden modesty, each shade of delicate expression that aided the delineation of Amina's gentle character and rendered its impersonation more life-like and complete, seemed to make the work a greater favourite than ever. The audience were never tired of it. New beauties were observed, at every fresh performance. Throughout the season, it was given, again and again, with the certainty of a crowded house, and a triumphant success; and it was not until after its fourth performance, in alternation with four performances of *Roberto il Diavolo,* that the management thought it necessary to announce the production of another Opera.

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* See the note † already referred to on page 71. '*Ah! non credea,*' with Mdlle. Lind's embellishments, will be found, entire, in our *Appendix of Music*, at the end of the present volume.

CHAPTER VI.

LA FIGLIA DEL REGGIMENTO.

The new Opera was one entirely unknown, at that time, in England; though we have had occasion to mention it, more than once, in connection with other countries, during the course of our narrative.

It will be remembered, that during Mdlle. Lind's short but serious illness, at Berlin, in February, 1845, *Die Regimentstochter* had been presented, with Fräulein Tuczec in the principal part.

Before that time, Mdlle. Lind herself had never undertaken the part of "Marie"; but, as we have already seen, she appeared in it, at Stockholm, on the 9th of June, 1845, with such success, that the Opera was redemanded on every remaining night but one of the summer season—in all, eight times.* Since then, it had become a special favourite, in almost every town she visited; and, though the critics of Berlin had not yet had an opportunity of passing their verdict upon it, it had created an absolute *furore*, both at Munich and in Vienna. It remained, now, to test its capability of attracting the sympathies of an English audience, already predisposed to regard it with favour; and, if it were possible to invent a stronger word than *furore* for the purpose of describing the result of the experiment, such a word would certainly not be misplaced.

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* See Vol. i., p. 264.

The history of the work is, in some respects, an exceptional one. It was first produced, in Paris, at the Opéra Comique, on the 11th of February, 1840; and soon became popular, not only in France, where light music is always acceptable, but in Germany also, where its memory can, even now, be scarcely said to have entirely died out. In England, however, it has so long been forgotten, that a sketch of its plot will probably be not unwelcome to the present generation of subscribers to the Opera.

The scene of the story is laid in the Tyrol, during the time of its occupation by the French. The heroine is a foundling, named Maria, who, in her infancy, had been saved from perishing on a deserted battle-field by Sulpizio, a Sergeant in the 11th Regiment of Buonaparte's *grande armée.* Touched by the helpless innocence and forlorn position of his *trouvaille,* the worthy veteran had presented the child to his Regiment, which had formally adopted her as its daughter. Since that time, she had never been separated from it. She had accompanied it, through all its campaigns; and, some time before her introduction to the audience, had been invested with the office of a *Vivandière,* in which character she makes her first appearance on the stage.

At the time the story opens, Maria, while fulfilling her duties with the Regiment in the Tyrol, has just been saved from falling over a precipice, by a young peasant named Tonio, who naturally falls in love with her, and is rejoiced to find his affection returned. The Regiment, however, refuses its consent to the union of the lovers; and threatens to have Tonio shot, as a spy, if he perseveres in his suit. He does persevere; and the Regiment, relenting, consents to his union with Maria, on condition of his joining the Regiment as a recruit. To this he agrees. But, at this juncture, a certain Marchesa di Lauffen appears upon the scene; and Sulpizio remembers that a letter addressed to this lady was found upon the child, when he first discovered her. As in duty bound he delivers this letter to the Marchioness, who then discovers—or pretends to discover — that Maria is her niece; the daughter of her sister, who had married a Captain in the French army. Upon the strength of this discovery, she claims the guardianship of the child; and, at the close of the First Act, takes her away, to be educated as a *grande dame.*

The Second Act opens, four years later, at the Castello di Lauffen, where the Marchesa, sitting at the pianoforte, is giving Maria a singing-lesson, which is grievously interrupted by the sly tricks of Sulpizio, who, in the midst of a slow air by Paisiello, tempts his adopted child to break off into the merry songs of the Regiment. Drums and trumpets are now heard, approaching the castle; and, Tonio, who has been promoted to the rank of Captain, presently makes his appearance, at the head of his company, and demands the hand of Maria. The Marchesa refuses her consent; and, when Maria denies her right to interfere, explains that she is really the girl's mother; that she was, in fact, the wife, and not the sister-in-law, of the Captain who had addressed the letter to her, when dying on the battle-field; and that she had only misrepresented her true relationship to him, in order to conceal a *mésalliance* which offended her family pride. On hearing this, Maria yields to the higher duty of obedience; and this proof of filial devotion so touches the heart of the Marchesa, that she consents to the union of the lovers, and thus brings the story to the usual happy conclusion.

Upon this poor pointless plot—elaborated by the combined genius of MM. Bayard and S. Georges—Donizetti risked his first attempt to captivate a Parisian audience: and the success of the experiment was incontestable. The piece was welcomed as warmly as if it had proceeded from the pen of a native composer; and it retained its place upon the stage far longer than is usual in such cases.

It was not a great work—nor did it pose as one; and it certainly did not show the composer at his best. But it furnished a remarkable proof of the versatility of his talent. Forsaking, in obedience to the demands of the occasion, the vein of passionate melody that had always been his strongest point—the most attractive feature in the best and most popular of his Italian operas—he plunged, at once, into the lighter strains with which all Paris had been for so many years familiar at the Opéra Comique and in the popular Vaudeville, and showed himself as much at home in that as he had formerly been in the more melodious and expressive style of his earlier works. And it was this new style, relieved by the sprightly grace and sparkling vivacity which formed part of his nature in his lighter moments, that, in the first instance, invested *La Fille du Régiment* with its chief, if not its only charm.

This bright and captivating quality forms a prominent, and particularly pleasing feature, in the overture; which is not a mere unmeaning prelude, as in so many light pieces of the modern school, but a real overture, in the popular French style of the period; constructed in fairly regular form; using, for its subjects, some of the best and most pleasing themes in the opera; and blending these together in such sort as to awake the listener's interest, even before the rising of the curtain, and, if his taste should happen to lie in the direction of light and sparkling music, to give him real pleasure.

But, the work betrays no higher aim than this; no true nobility of purpose; no trace of poetical inspiration, in any one of its scenes, from first to last. Its best melodies, its rattling Rataplan, its graceful Tyrolese, are trifling to the last degree. It left the hands of its creator, a body, without a soul.

How then, it may fairly be asked, did Mdlle. Lind succeed it making it one of the most charming and deservedly popular of her parts? How could she, whose ideal conceptions were so lofty that she invested the parts of "Norma," and "Amina," and "Alice," and "Julia," with a depth of meaning which had never before been associated with them—whose genius raised the dignity of every character she impersonated to a level it had never previously attained—who clothed every scene she enacted with poetry, and lent a new nobility to every personal characteristic she delineated—how could an Artist capable of all this, and more, find a fitting subject for the exercise of her admittedly exceptional powers, in the scenes of *La Figlia del Reggimento?*

The question is a very natural one — and the answer equally so.

She breathed a living soul into the form that had left the laboratory of its inventors without one. The soul of a bright little maiden, who, amidst the altogether exceptional temptations by which she had been surrounded from her infancy, had kept herself unspotted from the world—the soul of an honest-hearted merry-minded *Vivandière,* whose childlike innocence, and unsullied reputation, had won the reverence, as well as the affection, of the rude soldiers to whom she owed all that she had in the world; a girl with a loving heart, and a dauntless spirit, and a sense of duty strong enough to impel her, in the end, to give up all that could have made her life happy, at the call of filial piety. This was the character she substituted for the jointed lay-figure, the soulless automaton, embodied in the score. This was her *Fille du Régiment,* as opposed to the *Fille du Régiment* of the Opéra Comique—her ideal conception of a real *Vivandière,* conforming in all external particulars to the familiar type, but never conventional, never commonplace, for the simple reason that it was never untrue to nature.

And, in her impersonation of this bewitching little heroine the whole interest of the Opera was absorbed. She did not—as the critics would have said—content herself with "creating the *rôle* of 'Maria';" she "created" the whole work. No one gave a thought to the other members of the *dramatis personæ*. The piece was absolutely devoid of attraction, when she was absent from the stage. But, the moment she appeared she held her audience spell-bound. The artless simplicity of her manner; the pretty mocking ways; the captivating *bonhomie;* the frank acceptance of a difficult situation which the slightest trace of self-consciousness or affectation would have marred; all this formed an attraction absolutely irresistible. And then, the fire of the soldier-songs! The pathos of the parting scene at the close of the first act! The long succession of brilliant passages, the difficulties of which might well have appalled the greatest singers living! These artistic achievements certainly did not count for nothing, when the merits of the performance came to be weighed in the balance. Throughout the whole of the First Act the impersonation of the little soldier-maid was marked by the truest, the most natural simplicity. In the duet with Sulpizio, the fiery '*Apparvi alla luce*,' breaking, in the *coda*, into the characteristic *rataplan*, she was all life and excitement; and the swelling pride with which she delivered the concluding sentence of the recitative, '*D' un militare io chiudo in petto il core*,' gave, at once, and unmistakably, the clue to the military side of the character. The feats of vocalisation with which the whole of the movement was crowded—the rich *cadenze*, and the long chain of shakes, beginning on a protracted D, and rising, step by step, with ever-increasing brilliancy, to the G which introduces the *reprise* of the melody—were marvellously executed. Later on, when Tonio appeared upon the scene, and the soldiers threatened to shoot him as a spy, the righteous scorn with which she cried, '*Che! la morte a colui che mi salvo la vita!*' rang out with a power which rendered it impossible to doubt, that, from that moment, the captive lover's safety was assured. The actual language of the *libretto*, at this point, is so miserably poor, that Maria's rescue by Tonio is robbed of every particle of the interest it should naturally have commanded. But Mdlle. Lind's conception of the situation carried everything before it; and made misunderstanding impossible, by bringing the incident into the prominence necessary for the full development of its dramatic import. And then, when the Regiment had given its consent to the union of the lovers, the triumphant pride with which she sang the praises of *L' Undecimo*, in the well-known '*Ciascun lo dice*,' gave even to that poor hackneyed tune the value of a priceless gem.

The love-scene that followed was delicious in its simplicity; and, in the *Finale*, the singer again triumphed over the poverty of the material supplied to her, and threw into '*Convien partir*' a pathos which certainly is not inherent in the music itself, and could only have been transfused into it by the irresistible power of genius. In the transition from F minor to F major by means of a long-drawn *portamento* between the upper E and F, the melting of the voice into the higher note was so perfect, that, while the audience were listening to it, in breathless suspense, the change seemed to make itself felt, rather than heard, to the remotest corner of the house. The effect of this passage baffles all attempt at verbal description. It was one of those artistic miracles which no other vocalist of the period could have wrought. Yet, *portamenti* of this kind are common enough. One listens to them every day. In what, then, did this particular one differ so much from those to which the audience had been previously accustomed, that, to this day, it haunts the memory of every one who heard it? We cannot tell. We only know that the management of such passages by Mdlle. Lind was different—essentially different—from that practised by any other singer; an art so peculiarly her own, that no later vocalist has ever attempted to imitate it.

In the Second Act, the whole sentiment of the impersonation was changed; and the heroine was presented to us amidst influences which had materially affected her childlike nature.

Less than half tamed, as yet, by the educational processes with which the Marchesa had tormented her, Maria, in the famous singing-lesson with which the act opens, was as vivacious as ever. Yielding, only too readily, to the mischievous temptations of Sulpizio, she burst through the trammels of Paisiello's old-fashioned little ditty, first with the *rataplan,* and then with the *refrain* of '*Ciascun lo dice,*' with a mirthful defiance of courtly etiquette which roused the audience into a very fever of excitement. The *fioriture* introduced into this half-comic scene were more brilliant, and more marvellously executed, than any that had preceded them. Never was a more astonishing display of purest technical skill attempted. But the real merit of the performance lay much deeper than this—in its subtle delineation of character—its perfect mastery of the art of dramatic portraiture. The wild and impulsive *Vivandière* had been compelled to imitate the manners, and adopt the external usages, of the new grade of society into which she had been forced against her will. But the change was upon the surface only; and the delicacy of detail by means of which this fact was impressed upon the mind of the spectator was, perhaps, the most masterly feature in the performance. For, it showed that the heart of the girl was unchanged. She was bored to death by the stiffness with which she was surrounded; but endured it patiently, to please the old Marchesa. She was as good-natured and as mischievous, and as true to the traditions of her childhood as ever; and wore the mask imposed upon her so loosely, that even the heavy old soldier, Sulpizio, was able to peer behind it. He saw no change in his beloved foundling. But there was a change. Her character had gained in nobility; and, when her sense of duty was put to the test, she showed herself equal to the occasion, and, by her filial obedience won the prize she had so long and so ardently coveted.

These delicate traits were painted with a perfection of detail to which no poet's numbers could have added one single charm; and the brightest light in the picture found its natural expression in the joy of the last *Finale*, which, deriving no assistance whatever from the bare verses of the *libretto*, and with no framework of delicate embroidery, like the passages in '*Ah! non giunge*,' to add to its beauty, depicted a happiness little less rapturous than that of Amina herself.

Never, we may safely say, in the whole history of Art was so brilliant and so legitimate a triumph produced, with such slender means for its foundation. All that was beautiful and attractive, all that was natural and touching in the part, was infused into it by the genius of its interpreter—a genius strong enough to create its own opportunities for the display of dramatic power, or musical effect, where no such opportunities were furnished in the score—imaginative enough to invent a *rôle*, full of piquant prettinesses, and abounding in points of perfectly legitimate interest, as a substitute for one that was absolutely colourless—and bold enough to present this charming ideal to the public, with such power of truthfulness, such variety of dramatic effect, such marked individuality of character, that, from first to last, the audience never felt the slightest temptation to wish that the plot of the story, or the *libretto* founded upon it, or the music adapted to the *libretto*, had been in any respect other than they really were.

Wherever the Opera was represented, the effect was the same. We have spoken of its reception in Munich, and Vienna. In London, the excitement it produced was in no degree less enthusiastic than that which had been manifested on the evening of the *début*. The calls before the curtain were more boisterous than ever; and, at every repetition of the piece—which was given for the first time on Thursday, the 27th of May—the house was crowded: filled, not merely by visitors who went to be amused, but, by a more than ordinarily appreciative body of listeners, who made a nightly study of the technical perfections presented to them.

> "One circumstance," says a London journal of the period, "we must not omit to notice—the number of artists who go every night to Her Majesty's Theatre, when La Lind performs. We commend them; for every *trait* she gives is a *chef-d'œuvre;* every gesture, a model to be studied." *

No portrait of a dramatic artist, in a favourite character, was ever so freely circulated as that of Mdlle. Lind, in the part of "Maria." It was to be seen in every print-shop; on the counter of every music-seller; in the illustrated journals; on every stall on which a print could be exposed for sale. It was familiar to everybody—and is so still. The charming little picture we presented to our readers when speaking of the performance of the Opera at Vienna, is as well known to them already, as the portraits of their own ancestors. Of whom else can this be said? To how many among us is the portrait of Madame Malibran in *La Sonnambula* familiar? Not many of us would even recognise it. Yet, every one recognises Mdlle. Lind; and, strange to say, she is better remembered, even now, in the character of "Maria," than in any of her other impersonations. Can any reason be assigned for this? Assuredly; a very strong one.

The parts of "Norma" and "Amina," "Agatha" and "Alice"

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* See the *Illustrated London News*, for May 30, 1847.

—all the parts in which she accomplished her greatest triumphs—were in the highest degree romantic; dim pictures of the past, appealing to the imagination of the poet, to the painter's sense of beauty, to the musician's love for rich and varied composition. One and all, they addressed themselves to the cultivated mind: to the man of taste, and knowledge, and refinement; to the artist, whose own studies had enabled him to seize upon, and fairly appreciate, their exceeding beauty.

But this more homely manifestation of dramatic truthfulness addressed itself to all the world; to the ignorant, no less than to the learned; to gentle and simple; to rich and poor; to each and all alike. So true a Child of Nature was Maria, that she had something to say to every one. And so it came to pass, that, of all the Operas in which Mdlle. Lind appeared in London, *La Figlia del Reggimento* was the one that spoke most plainly to the general public, and became the greatest favourite with the outer world—with that mixed multitude, which, unable to comprehend the imaginative phase of her artistic character, could hear, and love, and understand the voice of Nature, and bow the head before its resistless power.

We have heard the Germans speak of her, as the "Priestess of Art." It was as the "Priestess of Nature" that she won the hearts of "the people."

CHAPTER VII.

THE QUEEN'S STATE VISIT TO THE OPERA.

THE evening of Tuesday, the 15th of June, 1847, was a memorable one, in the annals of Her Majesty's Theatre.

On that night, the Queen and the Prince Consort honoured the old historic Opera-House with a State visit; and, "by Royal command," Mdlle. Lind appeared, for the first time in England, in the part of "Norma."

Every conceivable care had been taken, by the management, to prepare a fitting reception for its august visitors. No expense had been spared, and no artistic detail neglected, which could add to the convenience of the Royal guests, or the magnificence of the entertainment.

"Those," says the *Illustrated London News*, "who were fortunate enough to be present at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday evening, will long remember the splendour of that 'Temple of Lyrical Art,' which was *décoré* (as our French neighbours say) for *deux solennités:* the State visit of Her Most Gracious Majesty, and the triumphant success of Mdlle. Jenny Lind in the *chef-d'œuvre* of Bellini, as 'Norma.'

"The decorations of the Royal boxes were magnificent. The box usually occupied by Her Majesty (immediately over the front of the stage, to the left of the spectator), that of the Queen Dowager, and the boxes on the right and left of the Queen's, were hung on the outside with draperies of rich crimson Genoa velvet, trimmed with gold lace and broad bullion fringe, and blue velvet, trimmed with silver lace. The Royal Arms were displayed on the front of the box, on blue velvet; the top was surmounted with a gilt crown; and, at the corners, were war trophies; the whole being surrounded with richly-carved gilt pillars. A platform covered with scarlet cloth was placed on the stage, on which stood, according to custom, two of the Yeomen of the Guard.

"The inside of Her Majesty's box was as remarkable for taste and elegance, as the outside, for gorgeous display. It was lined with white satin, covered with light blue *tulle*, and ornamented with richly-carved gold mouldings. The antechamber was hung with pink silk, over which was white *tulle*, trimmed with a profusion of Valenciennes lace. There were several pier-glasses, ornamented with wreaths of artificial flowers, which had a most brilliant effect.

"In the refreshment-room, and in the passages, were bouquets of rare exotics. The passages were hung with rich blue velvet, and wreaths and festoons of artificial flowers; and were brilliantly lighted with lustres.

"As early as half-past three o'clock, several parties had assembled at the various entrances of the theatre; and the doors were opened half an hour earlier than usual. Crowds of Her Majesty's loyal subjects thronged Pall Mall, and greeted the Queen *en route* to the theatre, where Her Majesty was received with a flourish of trumpets, by the band of the Guards, and with cheers, by those assembled at the doors.

"Precisely at eight o'clock, the Queen entered the Royal box, with His Royal Highness, Prince Albert, accompanied by their suite; when, instantaneously, the band struck up 'God save the Queen,' which was sung by the leading members of the *troupe melodieuse*, Madame Castellan singing the last verse. The applause at the conclusion was genuine, and enthusiastic. Her Majesty, having gracefully acknowledged the cheers and plaudits of her loyal subjects inside the house, sat down: and the performance commenced.

"For twelve years, Bellini's *Norma* has been deservedly popular in this country. A charming strain of melody pervades it, and delights every true lover of music.

"The admirable performance of Jenny Lind, on Tuesday evening, as the 'Druid Priestess,' was as remarkable for her superb vocalisation, as her beautifully impressive reading of the *rôle* of 'Norma.' On her *entrée*, she was received with the same marks of genuine approbation as on other occasions, which were renewed, on her concluding the first movement of the celebrated '*Casta diva*,' when one of those notes was heard, so pure, so full, so bell-toned, and continued for such a length of time that everybody present was equally astonished and delighted. The second movement was remarkable for a new reading of the text, in which she introduced some dramatic *fioriture,* which were executed with the greatest precision, truthfulness of intonation, and most brilliant effect. At the conclusion of the first movement of the popular duet, '*Deh con te,*'—in which she was ably seconded by Madame Barroni, the 'Adalgisa' of the evening—a new *cadenza* was most effectively given, in which Mdlle. Lind seemed to revel in all the exuberance of her exquisite taste. The beauties of Mdlle. Lind's acting and singing are so numerous, that, to do her justice, we should have to mention every piece in which she had to perform, throughout the Opera. However, we must not omit her exquisite reading of the duet '*In mia man al fin tu sei*'; and the celebrated '*Qual cor tradisti,*' which were triumphs in the lyric as well as the dramatic art.

"Immediately after the *Divertissement,* the National Anthem was again sung, when Her Majesty, her Royal Consort, and their suite, left the theatre." *

While fully agreeing with every word of the above criticism, it is our duty to say that the opinion expressed in the *Illustrated London News* with regard to Mdlle. Lind's interpretation of the part of "Norma" was not shared by the press generally; nor was it entertained by a large proportion of the general public. The subscribers to Her Majesty's Theatre had been so long accustomed to Madame Grisi's conception of the part—which, as we long ago explained,† differed, *toto cœlo,* from that of the new *prima donna*—that it was prepared to accept no other. For them, "Norma" was not a woman, but a Pythoness; not a human creature, with a human heart, but a savage Priestess, mad with the passion of the senses. When Mdlle. Lind placed a human heart in her bosom—a heart susceptible to love, to pity, and even to sympathy, large enough to rise to an act of noblest self-abnegation—the public simply failed to recognise her. The "Norma" they had known so long, and so intimately, was altogether different from this; and they did not want a different "Norma." They were perfectly satisfied with the beautiful tigress presented to them, season after season, since the year 1835, by Madame Grisi; and they would accept no other reading of the part.

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* From the *Illustrated London News,* June 19, 1877.

† See vol. i. page 212.

Who could blame them? Madame Grisi's "Norma" was a splendid creation. She both sang and acted the part magnificently. She had adopted the conception first formed of it by Madame Pasta, who had herself sung it on that self-same stage, fourteen years previously, in 1833; and it was certainly open to two such accomplished artists to believe, if their careful study of the *rôle* led them to do so, that true womanly feeling was incompatible with its histrionic demands. Mdlle. Lind thought otherwise; and, in every Continental town in which she had impersonated the Druidess, the critics had agreed with her. The English critics did not; and even Mr. Lumley was compelled to own that, in London, her "Norma" could not be called an "unquestionable triumph." Comparing her successes in the *rôles* of "Maria," and "Norma," he says:—

> "The acting of Jenny Lind, as the simple-minded and impulsive '*Vivandière*,' struggling against the trammels of conventional fine-lady life, established the character as one of Jenny's triumphs.
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> "In the same category can scarcely be placed the 'Norma,' which shortly followed; being first given, 'by Royal command,' on the occasion of a State visit of the Queen to Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday, the 15th of June, 1847.
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> "Doubtless, there was a great charm in the new version given to the character by the gifted young singer, who made unextinguished love for the faithless 'Pollio' more conspicuous than the rage of the deceived and slighted woman. In the bursts of emotion, which were rather those of anguish and reproach than of implacable revenge—in the mercifulness rather than the passion of her despair—and in the tardy resignation of her self-sacrifice—there shone the great artist. But the English public, ever loyal to its idols, had been

accustomed to another delineation of the slighted Druid Priestess. It had long gazed with emotion upon the burning passion, the withering indignation, and the imposing grandeur of Grisi, and could not be taught to relish a 'new treatment.' The interesting picture of womanly devotion, womanly anxiety and suffering, even of womanly forgiveness, as painted by Jenny Lind, however touching to behold, was evidently contrary to stage tradition. *Dilettanti* disputed, with psychological accuracy on both sides, as to the respective truthfulness of the rival impersonations of Grisi and Jenny Lind; but the public remained comparatively unimpressed. The attempt, in face of a recognised and familiar type, was thought to have been a mistake. At all events, 'Norma' could hardly be counted among Jenny Lind's unquestionable triumphs." *

Nothing can be fairer than this unbiassed analysis of the causes which led to the abandonment of the part of "Norma," after Mdlle. Lind had appeared in it three times. The language of some of the leading journals, and especially, of those which were devoted, with heart and soul, to the interests of the rival Opera Company at Covent Garden, was far less tolerant than this. The *Times*, however, criticised the performance with keen perception of its import and intention.

"The peculiarity in Mdlle. Jenny Lind's *Norma* is, that she makes the ferocious features of the character less prominent than her predecessors, but the portions that illustrate the tender affections, more so.

"*Norma* may be interpreted in two ways. The jealous rage into which she breaks when she discovers that Adalgisa is the object of Pollio's love, the frenzy which tempts her to kill her children, may be so brought forward, that the ferocious notion is almost forgotten—and still, a very fine and impressive performance may be the result.

"But Norma, in spite of her violence, is a tender mother, and an affectionate daughter. Her last wish, before death, is, to be reconciled to her father, and obtain his promise to protect her children. These are the peculiarities which

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* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' pp. 190–191.

Jenny Lind seizes; and hence, the great delicacy of her reading. She gives the Keltic Priestess a deep impress of mercifulness. She makes you think more of the pain she is forced to endure, than of the implacable resentment she harbours. Nothing could be more deeply sorrowful than her *Qual cor tradisti,* in the Finale. It was the perfection of intense reproach. The by-play, throughout, was most refined, and all illustrative of the softer treatment of the character. The famous *sostenuto* which immediately precedes *Casta Diva* brought out all the effect of her wonderful bell-like voice. The calm equal manner in which this Air was executed, and the charming play of the voice in the cabbaletta, *Ah! bello a me ritorno,* took the audience by storm, and she was called forward enthusiastically, at its conclusion.

"After the fall of the curtain, Mdlle. Lind received a shower of bouquets, which covered a great part of the stage. And, let it be added, that, among her applauders, none were more enthusiastic than the Queen." *

Nothing can be fairer, or more justly discriminating, than this critique. Let us hear what the *Athenæum* has to say of the performance.

"*Norma* was given, on Tuesday evening, by command of Her Majesty, who visited the theatre in State. Many, besides ourselves, were surprised by Mdlle. Lind's personation of the heroine. This had been described to us, throughout Germany, and has been chronicled there, in many a long piece of elaborate criticism, as an entirely 'new reading' of the part—something softer, tenderer (more *maidenly* has been the epithet), than any previous representative has given. We have never been able to conceive what such a treatment could be—however, the fact was authenticated by the specification of certain passages and new effects; since, to ourselves, it has always appeared that there are few characters in the range of Opera so clearly marked as that of *Norma.* Pride, passion, horror, despair, contempt, expiation, and their influences upon Women, make up the story of the faithless Priestess—the Oracle, who uses her powers of domination to doom herself. More or less of tenderness will be thrown into the character, in the proportion as the artist is a Pasta, a Malibran, a Grisi, or a Kemble; but, the root thereof is strength. A simple Lady Macbeth—an Amina who should walk in effrontery—a Rosina, who should sing the Willow-Song while Dr. Bartolo was being shaved—would hardly, we think, be a more signal mistake than a girlish and gentle *Norma*. Yet, such has been the praise which heralded the Druidess, as impersonated by Mdlle. Lind.

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* From *The Times*, June 16, 1847.

"Great, therefore, was our surprise at the reality—to the point that the lady must have suddenly changed her reading, and adopted the familiar one followed, with some variations, by all her predecessors. By Mdlle. Lind, as by the four great artists whom we have named, the grand, the forcible, and the intense, are now aimed at—the dignity of the priestess, the rage and scorn of the jealous woman, the remorse which precipitates the rival into self-sacrifice, and the final outbreak of the mother's agony and shame. These things, we say, are now attempted—and it is in the 'high German fashion,' with those perpetual set attitudes, and sedulous changing of draping, called by our neighbours *Schleierspiel*, which are amongst the least agreeable peculiarities of the German school of tragic acting—Mdlle. Lind's earnest and serious countenance lending itself well to the task.

"The whole thus produced is elaborate and conventional, rather than moving: an effort not only beyond the limits of natural execution, but also involving numerous inconsistencies, and bit-by-bit readings, such as we can only account for on the theory of reconsideration.

"Nor can we subscribe to the lady's treatment of the music. Her idea of impressiveness involves delay; and her first Recitative was too long-drawn and heavy. She is also apt, in moments of emotion, to resort to an almost speaking tone—a device carried to its utmost by Madame Schrœder Devrient, which is anything but artistic.

"We missed point, measurement, and motion, throughout the entire opening Air, the Trio, and the Duet with the Tenor. More finish might have been given to the executive passages. Mdlle. Lind's voice, too, was suffering, under the anxiety of the occasion. Having been the first in welcoming her as a first-rate artist, we cannot see her wandering wide of the highest honours without regret. When acting and singing *Norma*, as she did on Tuesday last, she is out of the right path." *

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* From the *Athenæum*, June 19, 1847.

We must leave the reader to reconcile these remarks in the *Athenæum*, as best he can, with the glowing words written to Mendelssohn and Mrs. Grote by Mr. Chorley, from Frankfort.* But the language of the *Musical World* is even stronger than Mr. Chorley's.

"At length, amidst the most breathless silence from the whole audience, appeared Norma, attended by her priestesses.

"The first glance at Mdlle. Lind was enough to convince anybody present that her reading of the part would be not merely different in some particulars, but altogether opposed to the *Norma* created by Pasta, and developed to perfection by Grisi. To begin, the costume which Mdlle. Lind assumed was at variance with the stage directions. There was nothing Druidical in it, but something that bordered on the studied *negligé* of a modern fine lady. Whether this infraction of dramatic propriety be defensible admits of question. However, our business is with Mddle. Lind's singing and acting, and not with her manner of attire.

"In the opening Recitative, *Sediziose voci,* Mdlle. Lind was evidently discomposed. Her voice trembled, her intonation was faulty, and there was a want of dignity in her bearing, and of force in her declamation. Moreover, the veiled quality and weakness of her middle notes, of which we have already spoken, were exhibited to disadvantage. The long note B♭ at the end of the Recitative preceding the Aria, *Casta Diva,* in E♭,† failed of its usual effect. *Casta Diva* itself presented some exquisite points of vocalisation, but, on the whole, it disappointed us. The embellishments introduced into the first delivery of the theme, though sparing, were superfluous. The florid passages accompanying the choral *refrain* of the Druids, *A noi volgi,* were unsteady, and the shakes were equivocally intoned. In the resumption of the theme, the embellishments, though slight again, were again superfluous. In the *cabbaletta, Ah! bello a me ritorno,* the *mezza voce* delivery of some phrases was delicious, but the whole was deficient in brilliancy.

"Here, let us say, in defence of the charming artist—who, in her own sphere, is incomparable, and who should not be persuaded by any consideration to move in a different one—that the circumstances of the moment were enough to paralyse powers, if possible, greater than her own. The extent of public anticipation, the immense crowd, the presence of Her Majesty in State, and the presence of Mario in the stalls, were enough, in all conscience, to overwhelm her. We are quite convinced that her *Casta Diva* ought to be a charming, nay! a faultless performance; and, on any other occasion, we are sure it would be, and to-night, peradventure, will be. Our admiration for Mdlle. Lind's vocal and dramatic talent is so great, that it is with absolute pain that we feel ourselves compelled to withhold from any performance of hers one fraction of the enthusiasm we have hitherto felt so much delight in expressing. But, where are we to look for perfection?

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* See vol. i., pp. 430, 431.

† This is incorrect; Mdlle. Lind sang *Casta Diva* in F.

"The *bravura* passage, *Ah! non tremare, O perfido,* one of the grandest points in *Norma,* was, in Mdlle. Lind's hands, little more than a display of correct and clever vocalisation. The withering reproach, the insulted dignity, the sublime contempt of the high-souled priestess for the vulgar sensualist, were all absent. Again, the theme of the Trio, *O di qual sei tu vittima,* another unfailing point with the great Normas, though irreproachably vocalised by Mdlle. Lind, for want of the soul-stirring enthusiasm which Grisi so well knows how to infuse into it was altogether unheeded by the crowded audience, who appeared to be unaware that it was one of the capital points of the Opera. The *Ebben! lo compi,* in which the contempt and scorn exhibited by Grisi were nothing short of sublime, was comparatively tame with Mdlle. Lind, while the *Vanne, si, mi lascia indegno,* which should be a torrent of indignation, was, in her hands, a *caput mortuum.* The great point of Grisi, at the entrance of Pollio, when Adalgisa singles him out as the possessor of her heart—*Il mira*—with the pause that precedes the exclamation of astonishment—*Ei Pollione!*—was missing altogether. Mdlle. Lind seemed to be either unaware of, or to disregard, the possibility of the effect deducible from the situation.

"In most of her delineations, Mdlle. Lind is remarkable for the *finesse* with which she conceives and develops all the subtle points of expression offered by the variety of sentiment which belongs to every particular scene; but, in her *Norma,* this fine quality seems almost altogether wanting. In the

Recitative, *Ohi ministri*, where she calls together the Druids, and in the *Son io*, when she confesses herself to be the guilty offender, there was strong evidence of such exhaustion as proved the part of *Norma* to be beyond her physical capabilities.

"The exclamation, *Cielo, e mei figlii*, was the finest point Mdlle. Lind achieved, throughout the entire Opera. The sudden remembrance of her helpless offspring seemed to strike her with dismay, and her whole frame writhed with emotion. The *Deh non vederli*, where she appeals to Oroveso to protect her children after she is gone, was declaimed with the most intense passion; but the way in which she disregarded the melodic rhythm, by lengthening and abbreviating the notes *ad libitum*, destroyed the character of the accompaniment, and so robbed this lovely phrase of more than half its charm. It is this superfluous indulgence in the *tempo rubato* which appears to us to court defeat in Mdlle. Lind's singing. That, 'without rhythm there is no melody, and without melody there is no music,' is a maxim that cannot be too frequently offered to the consideration of vocalists, and it is long since a more appropriate occasion has suggested to us the necessity of urging it." *

These were by no means the only adverse critiques which appeared in the London journals of the period; but they will suffice to show the feeling which prevailed among those who did not share the popular admiration for the new *prima donna*, during the struggle between the rival Opera Houses. Fortunately, there were not wanting critics whose views were broad enough to discover the merits, both of Mdlle. Lind's rendering of the part, and Grisi's, without praising or blaming either, at the expense of the other. We have given the opinions of both sides, leaving the reader to judge for himself how far it is possible to reconcile the discrepancy between them.

One thing, however, is certain. If Mdlle. Lind's "Norma" had been really as poor and nerveless as the *Musical World* asserted it to have been, it could never have won the lofty encomiums and enthusiastic admiration bestowed upon it by the most experienced critics of Berlin, and Vienna, and Munich, and Stockholm, and every other European capital in which she had performed it, before its representation at Her Majesty's Theatre. Every critic of reputation on the Continent had numbered it among her most superb artistic achievements, and as such it had everywhere been received by the public.

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* From the *Musical World*, June 19, 1847.

Which of the two opposing verdicts may we venture to accept as the true one ?

CHAPTER VIII.

LA TEMPESTA.

Though Her Majesty's State visit to the Opera House may be fairly said to have marked the culminating point of interest in Mdlle. Lind's first London season, it by no means represented the last, or even the greatest of her triumphs.

Of her later successes we propose to speak, in our next chapter; but, before describing these, it is necessary that we should interrupt the regular course of our narrative, for a moment, to recur, for the last time, to a subject which continued to excite the interest of the musical world, long after those whom it most intimately concerned had given up all hope of bringing it to a satisfactory conclusion.

When we last spoke of Mendelssohn's promise to compose an Opera for Her Majesty's Theatre, with the principal part assigned to Mddle. Lind, and written expressly for her, it seemed just possible that the idea might be carried out and the work completed in time for performance during the season of 1847. But, as the case now stood, time was becoming a most important object; for her determination to leave the stage, at the earliest possible moment, grew stronger, day by day; and her impatience seemed only to increase, in proportion to the difficulties by which she was surrounded. It was, therefore, only too probable that, if the work could not be got ready in time for the present season, the scheme would fall through altogether. And, at the period of which we are now treating, the once bright prospect had long since dwindled down to the proportions of a forlorn hope—and less.

Still, Mendelssohn was bent upon writing an Opera; and cherished the idea of doing so, to the last day of his life. His difficulty in procuring a *libretto* on which he could work with perfect satisfaction has been discussed, over and over again, by his biographers, with deep and untiring interest; but, hitherto, no satisfactory account of the circumstances has been given to the world. We think, therefore, that our readers will not be sorry to be furnished with some trustworthy information on the subject; and we esteem ourselves fortunate in being able to lay this before them in a form the authenticity of which cannot be doubted.*

Of the three persons most deeply interested in bringing the matter to a successful issue, Mr. Lumley was certainly, at this difficult juncture, neither the least eager, nor the least hopeful. He was, indeed, bound in honour to take advantage of every opportunity that might present itself for the attainment of the desired result, with regard to which his position was sufficiently critical to add no small amount of anxiety to his already heavy share. He had pledged himself, in his prospectus, that the new Opera should be produced before the end of the season; and, in making this promise to his subscribers, he had been fully justified by Mendelssohn's promise to himself. Yet more than one influential journal devoted to the interests of the rival Opera-Company had impugned his good faith, and openly expressed its disbelief in the existence of any arrangement whatever between Mendelssohn and himself on the subject. The *Morning Chronicle* had gone so far as to describe the announcement in the prospectus as "a mere fabrication"; and, when called upon by the solicitors to Her Majesty's Theatre to substantiate the charge, had refused all redress, beyond a promise to ascertain, from Mdlle. Lind and Dr. Mendelssohn, whether the manager's assertion was true, or not—and this, at a moment when all concerned were doing their best to procure the necessary *libretto*, at any cost.

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* From the 'Green volumes.' We have already had occasion to allude to these valuable records, in a footnote on p. 393, vol. i.; but we cannot here refrain from expressing our deep sense of the obligation conferred upon us by the Mendelssohn family, in permitting us such free and unrestrained access to them.

We have seen, from Mendelssohn's letters to Mdlle. Lind, how deep an interest he took in the subject, and how warmly she responded to it, at a period long anterior to the crisis at which we have now arrived. On the 26th of June, 1846, she wrote to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, from Nienstädten:—

> "But, the most important point of all is, how is the Opera getting on? Are you still thinking of it? You can depend upon me, until next autumn; but not longer than that. Do something with it, I entreat you! Mendelssohn is deeply interested in it, and quite agrees with the new idea—as I do, also. I beg you to complete the work, for the sake of all three of us; for it will certainly redound to our honour." *

But, in spite of these earnest entreaties, the poem remained unwritten. No progress was made, even with the construction of a *scenario*. As time slipped away, Mr. Lumley grew even more impatient than Mdlle. Lind herself; and, while Mendelssohn was still hoping against hope that a successful arrangement might be concluded with Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, the active manager was already seeking for a satisfactory *libretto* in other directions. Mendelssohn had discussed the question with him as early as the beginning of October, 1846, while the contract for the performances at Her Majesty's Theatre was still unsigned, and its ratification extremely uncertain. When he entrusted him with the letter which eventually determined Mdlle. Lind to accept the

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* From the collection of Frau von Hillern.

London engagement, he spoke of a *scenario* of Shakspeare's *Tempest* then in his possession; complained that it did not please him; and mentioned M. Scribe as, in his opinion, the only man who could treat the subject satisfactorily. In the beginning of November, he again recurred to the subject, expressing a hope, that, if he could begin to write with the new year, he might complete his work in time for the ensuing season; and, on the 2nd of December, he wrote yet again, with the assurance that he would set all other occupations aside, for the purpose of finishing the Opera in good time, even if the *libretto* were not furnished by the beginning of January.

It was not until the 15th of February, 1847, that Mendelssohn spoke positively, in his correspondence, of the final retirement of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer from the projected scheme;* and in the meantime, negotiations were pending, with more than one dramatic poet of acknowledged talent.

On the 12th of November, 1846, Mr. Lumley had written, from Milan:—

"DEAR MR. MENDELSSOHN,—I have been delayed in Milan, far beyond my anticipation. I have waited the past three or four days, to get the enclosed completed. I have only just obtained it—and I leave, to-day, for Paris.

"I hope you will be satisfied with the general arrangement. Of course, there must be changes in it, dependent upon your wishes and feelings, and the effects you would like to produce, for which the mingling of the Spirits of the Air with terrestrial objects will, I suppose, afford ample scope. In its present skeleton shape, without the ornament of poetry, it will, perhaps, read dryly; but, I think you will feel the situations sufficient for the heroine. For all the gentler sentiments —*naïveté*, surprise, affection, anxiety, pity—all of which she can describe so beautifully, there are many situations; and, for the more dramatic situations, perhaps the scene with Caliban, may be made to afford some scope. The drama itself, following nearly the order in which Shakspeare has arranged it—a great advantage—presents scenes and situations of an enchanting character; and the Bacchanal or the rioting of the sailors, at the beginning of the Second Act seems to me to break well the preceding and concluding scenes of the Drama, which, in themselves, are of a mingled character. But, of all this, you will be, of course, the best, and, in fact, the sole judge.

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* See his letter, of that date, *ante*, page 30.

"When you have considered it, will you, please, write to me on the subject, with any alterations you may wish? I will lose no time about the poem. I have myself a copy; and I will again give it my consideration, on my journey, and on my arrival at Paris if necessary.

"I remain, my dear Sir,
"Yours very truly,
"B. LUMLEY."*

This looked more promising than the comparatively vague and aimless communications of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer. The manager was evidently in earnest; and was by no means averse from entering into negotiations with any number of dramatic authors at a time. His next communication was still more encouraging.

On the 21st of November, he wrote, from Paris:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I sent the business part of the *libretto* from Milan.

"Since I wrote to you, a circumstance has occurred, which I think most fortunate.

"The Chevalier Felice Romani—the celebrated *librettist*, and best living poet of Italy—the author of the best and most successful Italian *libretti*, such as *Norma*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Sonnambula*, *L'Elisir d'Amore*, *Romeo e Giulietta*, *Anna Bolena*, etc., etc.—has been solicited in vain, for the last ten years and more, by all the composers and directors of Italy, to write a *libretto*, but has sturdily refused all kinds of offers. Some time ago, he had led me to hope that, from good feeling to me, he would do so. I determined, therefore, to use every exertion to this end—and there is no one to whom I could with so much satisfaction devote that promise as to yourself. I took Turin on my way home; and, having at heart this affair, I used every entreaty, and he has consented to furnish the *libretto*. I have left with him a copy of the *scenario* you have; and he will let me have a portion of the poem, by the end of December, and the rest shortly after. That is the most for which I could obtain his promise. Of course, he will change the construction, if he thinks it necessary. The *scenario* is merely to save time. It may be pleasing to you to know that he was delighted with the subject, and thinks it most admirably adapted. Depend upon it, I shall not lose sight of the subject, even in Paris, though possibly it will be hardly practicable to speak to Scribe, as the matter is in the hands of so distinguished a man as Romani; but, I will reflect upon it, and, if it can be done with ordinary delicacy, it shall—to meet the wish you have expressed. I shall be glad, however, to hear from you as soon as possible, with your views and wishes generally.

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* From the original letter, preserved in the 'Green-volumes.'

"It is absurd for me to suggest—but having the poem of Shakspeare before you, would it not be possible in some way to economise time, should your other occupations allow?

"I remain, my dear Sir,
"Yours very faithfully,
"B. LUMLEY." *

The puzzled manager *did* reflect upon the possibility of speaking to M. Scribe; and communicated the result of his deliberations to Mendelssohn, in the following letter:—

"Paris, December 13, 1846

"MY DEAR SIR,

"A day or two after my letter from Paris (as, on reflection, I thought it would be more satisfactory to you), I saw Scribe; and he undertook to consider the subject, and draw out the business of each scene.

"I have seen him several times; and he enters heartily and takes great interest in it, and has promised me to complete it by the end of this week, having placed other things aside.

"I have also hastened the departure of a poet from Italy; and he will do the needful under the eye and direction of Scribe.

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* From the 'Green volumes.'

"You are quite right in your appreciation of Scribe. His knowledge of the scene, and his life of mind as applicable to it, and to its connection with music, is extraordinary; and he is a most agreeable and painstaking man. I will send you a copy of the *scenario* as soon as I get it. I have just heard that the plans for the ventilation have reached London. Within a few days from my arrival, I will give them my attention.

"I shall leave Paris, as soon as the plot, or *scenario*, is completed; but it will be more satisfactory to me to get it settled, if possible, before I leave.

"With best compliments, I remain,
"My dear Sir, yours very truly,
"B. LUMLEY." *

This letter shows a great advance in the preparation of the *libretto;* and the next, written a fortnight later, announces its completion.

"Paris, December 28, 1846.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I send you, with this, the poem, by Scribe.

"I think he has completed it in a way that will give you pleasure. He himself is in raptures with his work. As to myself, I can assure you that I have spared neither time nor trouble, nor allowed any consideration to interfere with its satisfactory termination; and it is with peculiar satisfaction that I have been able to consummate our wishes, in a way which, while it secures to me the assistance of your genius, will, I trust, be pleasing to you personally.

"You will, of course, observe that, instead of a mere *scenario*, he has traced out all the material parts for music, in compliance with my wishes, in a way which will at once enable you to carry out your intentions.

"You will receive this, I hope, either on the 1st or 2nd of January, as arranged.

"I remain, my dear Sir,
"Yours faithfully,
"B. LUMLEY."

"P.S.—Please to return me the letter of Scribe. I leave, to-morrow morning, for London.

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* From the 'Green volumes.'

"The following is the proposed distribution:—

"'Prospero'—Lablache.

"'Caliban'—Staudigl.

"'Fernando'—Gardoni (recommended by Scribe. We have also Fraschini).

"'Miranda'—J. L.

"'Ariel.' (I have a contralto, a mezzo-soprano, and a soprano).

"Our chorus is very complete.

"I have just received your letter of the 22nd, for which many thanks. It is more than gratifying to me to think that the course I had taken has met your approbation." *

So, the conditions were fulfilled, at last; and, by the beginning of the new year, the long-sought *libretto* was in Mendelssohn's hands—if not completed, at least so nearly so that there could be no doubt whatever as to the possibility of producing it by the time it was needed.

But, at this point, a new difficulty arose—a difficulty which proved to be insurmountable.

Mendelssohn was not satisfied with the way in which M. Scribe had treated the subject. He could not reconcile himself to the poet's view of the second part of the drama—which was compressed into two acts—and felt no sympathy with it, in the form in which it was submitted to him; while, on the other hand, M. Scribe expressed his firm determination to adhere to his own idea. A long correspondence ensued, between the author and the composer; but, although the former was ready to give way within certain limits, he could not bring himself to yield so far as to satisfy the scruples of Mendelssohn, whose artistic conscience rebelled against the changes which the French librettist proposed to introduce in the construction of a drama consecrated by the genius of Shakespeare. This difference of opinion proved fatal to the long-desired scheme. After a time, Mendelssohn abandoned all thought of *La Tempesta*, and again turned his attention to a German *libretto*, prepared for him, by his friend, Dr. Geibel, on the subject of *Loreley*, with results which are too well known, and too closely connected with the saddest years of the great composer's life, to need repetition here. M. Scribe completed *La Tempesta* in his own way; and his *libretto* was set to music by Halévy, and performed, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the 8th of June, 1850, with Madame Sontag and Signor Lablache, in the principal parts. And, in the meantime, in order that he might not wholly break faith with his subscribers, Mr. Lumley—who had certainly done his best to secure the fulfilment of his promise—turned his attention, as the season of 1847 advanced, to another composer and another work, of a very different kind.

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* From the 'Green volumes.'

CHAPTER IX.

I MASNADIERI.

Mr. Lumley's managerial talent never showed itself to greater advantage, than when brought face to face with some apparently insurmountable difficulty; and the failure of his endeavours to procure a new Opera from Mendelssohn, for the season of 1847, served only to excite him to greater exertions than ever, in the cause of his beloved theatre.

If Mendelssohn could not provide him with a finished work, in time for immediate production, some other composer must be found who could.

And the composer fixed upon was Verdi.

The Italian *Maestro* had not yet reached the acme of his popularity; but he was already well known as the composer of *Nabucco, I Lombardi, I due Foscari, Ernani,* and *Macbeth.* Two of these operas—*Nabucco* (under the name of *Nino*) and *I Due Foscari*—had been performed at Her Majesty's Theatre, during that very season, with some show of success; and negotiations had been set on foot for the production of a new one, on the subject of *King Lear,* the *rôle* of the unhappy monarch being destined for Signor Lablache. This project was, however, abandoned; according to Mr. Pougin's account on the ground that the moving spirit of an Opera must necessarily be "*la passion amoureuse,*" though Mr. Lumley himself ascribes the failure of the scheme to Signor Verdi's serious illness. Be this as it may, the idea of *King Lear* was rejected; and the plot of Schiller's well-known play, *Die*

Räuber, substituted for that of Shakespere's tragedy. A *libretto,* founded on this subject, had already been prepared, by the popular Italian poet, Andrea Maffei; and Verdi had fortunately completed the music in time to meet the manager's great need of a new work—failing the production of which, he would not have fulfilled the promise made to his subscribers at the beginning of the season.

The new Opera was produced, on Thursday, the 22nd of July, under the title of *I Masnadieri,* Mademoiselle Lind taking the part of "Amalia"; Signor Gardoni, that of the Robber, "Carlo"; Signor Coletti, that of his brother, "Francesco"; and Signor Lablache, that of their aged father, "Massimiliano." The rehearsals were directed by the composer himself, who came to this country for the sole purpose of bringing out his new work, and himself directed the orchestra on the first two nights of its performance.

As no performance of *I Masnadieri* has taken place, in this country, since the year of its production, and as it has long since been forgotten, even on the Continent, we subjoin a brief sketch of its plot.

The scene is laid in Bohemia during the progress of the Thirty Years' War. The two sons of Maximilian von Moor, an old Bohemian nobleman, are at variance; and the younger, Franz, has so far poisoned his father's mind against the elder, Karl, that the stern parent has disinherited his first-born, and banished him from his home. Karl joins a band of robbers, and becomes their chief. Franz, impatient to seize upon his brother's inheritance, tells his father that Karl has been killed in battle, hoping, by this terrible news, to hasten the aged nobleman's death. Maximilian, however, survives the blow; and Franz then employs a follower, named Herrmann, to shut the old man up in a tower, and then to starve him to death. Herrmann, however, relents, and carries food to the prisoner, while Franz, openly proclaiming his father's death, makes an offer of marriage to his cousin, Amalia, the betrothed of Karl. Amalia indignantly rejects his suit; and, in the meantime, Karl returns, discovers his brother's infamous plot; and sets his aged father free. Burning for vengeance, he promises to give himself, heart and soul, to the robbers, if they will assist him in burning the ancestral castle—now claimed, and occupied, by Franz—to the ground. The robbers consent; and Franz perishes miserably, while crying to Heaven for pardon and mercy. Karl now confesses his connection with the robbers to his father and Amalia; and, after a harrowing scene, the latter overcomes her horror, and consents to be his wife, in spite of the guilty past. But, at this moment, the robbers enter; and, reminding Karl of his oath, claim him as entirely their own. Amalia, in despair, prays for death as her only relief from shame and misery; and Karl, in desperation, plunges a dagger into her heart.

This terrible story was not very cleverly treated by the librettist; and, notwithstanding the highly dramatic situations presented in Schiller's romantic and—as we should now say—sensational play, the Italian version is decidedly weak. Moreover, the part of the heroine is entirely subservient to that of the aged nobleman, in whose cruel wrongs the whole interest of the story is centred. All this told strongly against the success of the piece; yet, strangely enough, the journals of the day pronounced it a splendid triumph.

"The Opera was highly successful," says the *Illustrated London News*—the most important, and the most impartial Art-journal of the day. "The talented *Maestro*, on appearing in the orchestra to conduct his clever work, was received with three rounds of applause. He was called before the curtain, after the first and third acts, and at the conclusion of the Opera, amidst the most vehement plaudits. The house was crowded to excess, and was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty, Prince Albert, the Queen Dowager, and the Duchess of Cambridge.

"Nothing could be more perfect and admirable than the way in which *I Masnadieri* is got up, and performed. All the four artists, gifted with voices rarely equalled, with music and dramatic skill of the first order, play with an *ensemble*, spirit and genius which brings every point of the *libretto*, every happy thought of the composer, into prominence, while the orchestra and chorus seem as if inspired by one spirit, and work together in perfection.

"The best parts of the Opera are, Gardoni's first air, which is exceedingly dramatic, and was rendered by him with a force and energy in which one hardly recognises the tender melancholy voice and style of the admirable young artist; "Amalia's" two airs, '*Lo sguardo avea*' and '*Carlo vive*'; the *Finale* to the first act; the duet between Jenny Lind and Coletti, which is more remarkable in a dramatic point of view, however, and as a display of genius on the part of these two artists, than in any other respect; and the duet of Gardoni and Lablache, which is beautiful, and was beautifully performed, and which many consider the gem of the Opera.

"Lablache, as the old Bohemian noble, is splendid, as he always is; both from his majestic appearance, his glorious voice, and his noble pathetic acting.

"As for Jenny Lind, the effect she creates is what it could not fail to be. Her acting; her exquisite perception of the character; her delicious execution of music, written, we suspect, rather with a view to its performance by *prime donne* of a less extended compass of voice, and therefore not embracing her higher notes, but to which she gives an inexpressible charm; all this would afford matter for a long dissertation, into which our space will not allow us to venture. Her execution of the splendid '*Carlo vive*' was received with thunders of applause, and was encored; and the charming duettino in the third act '*Ma un iri di pace*,' between Jenny Lind and Gardoni, obtained the same honours. The principal artists were recalled several times; and bouquets innumerable were thrown to the Swedish songstress." *

It will be noticed, that this critique, when read "between the lines," is pervaded by a cautious tone, very different from that in which the same reviewer indulges in his account of *Norma*. Read by the light of future events, this reticence becomes clearly intelligible. Mr. Lumley, in his account of the performance, speaks more plainly.

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* *Illustrated London News*, July 24, 1847.

> "On Thursday, July the 22nd, he says, *I Masnadieri*, after many rehearsals conducted by the composer himself, was brought out, with a cast that included Lablache, Gardoni, Coletti, Bouché, and, above all, Jenny Lind, who was to appear, for the second time only in her career, in a thoroughly original part, composed expressly for her.
>
> "The house was filled, to overflowing, on the first night of the representation. The Opera was given with every appearance of a triumphant success; the composer, and all the singers, receiving the highest honours. Indeed, all the artists distinguished themselves, in their several parts. Jenny Lind acted admirably, and sang the airs allotted to her exquisitely. But yet, *I Masnadieri* could not be considered a success. That, by its production, I had adopted the right course, was unquestionable. I had induced an Italian composer, whose reputation stood on the highest pinnacle of Continental fame, to compose an Opera expressly for my theatre, as well as to superintend its production. More I could not have done, to gratify the patrons of Italian music, who desired to hear new works.
>
> "It may be stated, in confirmation of the judgment of the London audience, that *I Masnadieri* was never successful, on any Italian stage. The *libretto* was even worse constructed than is usually the case with adaptations of foreign dramas to the purposes of Italian Operas. To Her Majesty's Theatre the work was singularly ill-suited. The interest, which ought to have centred in Mademoiselle Lind, was centred in Gardoni, while Lablache, as the imprisoned father, had to do about the only thing he could not do in perfection—having to represent a man nearly starved to death." *

The opinions here expressed are confirmed, with singular exactitude, by another English critic, who sent an account of the performance to a journal published in Paris—the *Gazette Musicale*; an account that does full justice to Mademoiselle Lind's noble conception of the part of "Amalia," without in the least disguising the fact, that, in spite of deceptive appearances, the reception of *I Masnadieri* could only be regarded as a *fiasco;* an account, moreover, peculiarly interesting, at the present time, as an indication of the attitude of a certain school of musical criticism, forty years ago, to a composer who, in his later works, has entered upon an entirely new phase of his long Art-life.

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* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' pp. 192, 193.

> "*I Masnadieri*," says the anonymous reviewer, "is, as you know, the name of the new Opera produced by Verdi, at Her Majesty's Theatre; but you do not know, perhaps, that the piece is only another imitation of Schiller's too famous *Robbers*.
>
> "I should have preferred, I confess, another title, and another subject. I well remember, that, twelve or thirteen years ago, Mercadante also treated the same subject—which brought him no good fortune. He wrote the score of *I Briganti*, for the Théâtre Italien, at Paris (when it was produced on the 22nd of March, 1836) as Verdi wrote his for that of London; and I shall never forget the roar of laughter that greeted Lablache, as he emerged from a dark tower in which he was supposed to have languished, for many long years, the victim of starvation. This was the only impression produced by the music of Mercadante![*]
>
> "As for the work of Verdi, I tell you, frankly, that I share the opinion of the critics, who are far from regarding it as his *chef-d'œuvre;* and I have no need to tell you what I think generally of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of Verdi. Paris and London are unanimous, on this point. The *Maestro* has succeeded no better in one city, than in the other. Be it prejudice, or bad taste, or injustice, as certain people pretend, so let it be. I do not care to contradict them. They can appeal to the future, if they please; I confine myself to the present.
>
> "But," you will say, "the present is an immense success, an incomparable effort, an enthusiasm without an equal! Have you not heard the thunders of applause which began at the moment of Verdi's appearance in the orchestra, and never ceased until the fall of the curtain? Do you count for nothing the tempest of furious encores—the frantic recalls

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[*] It was a strange coincidence indeed, that the herculean basso should have played the same part, in the *Briganti* of Mercadante, and the *Masnadieri* of Verdi!

with which Jenny Lind, Gardoni, Lablache, and Coletti were assailed ?" Ah! yes; my friend, I have seen it all, heard it all, considered it all. But, I am so much accustomed to these things, that, with the best intentions in the world, I find it impossible to be completely their dupe. Mithridates arrived at a point at which no poison could possibly kill him.

"You know the style of Verdi's music well enough. There never yet existed an Italian composer more incapable of producing what is vulgarly called, 'a melody.' If you add to this, that he never writes an overture, you will understand the full extent of his faculties, in the direction of inspiration, and science.

"In his new Opera there is no overture, as usual; but, in place of it, a kind of 'Introduction' distinguished chiefly by a phrase recited in masterly style by the violoncello of Piatti. The first chorus of *Masnadieri*, or Brigands, sung behind the scene is in no way remarkable. I should have said the same of Carlo's aria, '*O mio castel paterno*,' if it had not been sung with so much warmth and verve by Gardoni. Gardoni represents the nobly criminal brother—the heroic brigand; Coletti, the cowardly and hypocritical brother, who also sings an air, with violoncello obbligato. Then 'Amalia' appears, in her turn, impersonated by Jenny Lind, and preceded by a little piece for wind-instruments, much better than the air which follows—'*Lo sguardo avea degli angeli.*' Jenny Lind is truly to be pitied, for having been induced to sing such an air as this, which is neither written for her voice, nor for the voice of any one else. I willingly pass an eulogium on the duet sung by the father, 'Massimiliano Moor' and 'Amalia.' The father being Lablache, and 'Amalia' Jenny Lind, you can readily understand that they executed this duet with a rare perfection. The quartet which terminates the act also contains some very good things. The singers, and the composer, were recalled with *fracas*.

"In the second act occurs the principal piece, the grand scene sung by Jenny Lind, in which I must say that Verdi has shown himself more vocal than usual. The piece begins with a largo, full of expression—'*Tu del mio Carlo al seno*' —and ends with a triumphant Cabaletta—'*Carlo vive.*' One must have heard Jenny Lind, in order to form an idea of the talent she displayed and the effect she produced, in these two strongly-contrasted portions of the scene, in which, on learning that Carlo lives, she passes from the most profound sorrow to the most lively joy. It would be impossible to carry dramatic energy farther than this, and at the same time to practise the *finenesses* of Art with a mastery more exquisite and more certain. Here, the enthusiasm, the delirium, the fury, could no longer restrain itself; the whole audience rose, to recall the cantatrice, and to compel her to repeat the air, however fatiguing, however impossible might be such a *tour de force*—and Jenny Lind had simply to resign herself to it. She could only accept her triumph in patience, happy, twice happy, to be able to carry it out to the end.

"After this air, comes a duet for 'Amalia' and 'Francesco': then follow choruses of Brigands which resemble the quadrilles of Musard; and these choruses finish the second act.

"After the second act, there is a third; and, after the third, a fourth; but I will ask your permission to say nothing about these, because it seemed to me that they were pervaded by a *decrescendo* throughout, and that I should be compelled to recur too frequently to the same *formula*, which, in the end, would be equally wearisome to my readers and myself.

"The final trio, sung by Jenny Lind, Gardoni, and Lablache, is mere moonlight, compared with the final trio in *Ernani*—if you admit that to be the sun." *

It is evident, from the consentient tone which underlies the whole of these critiques, that *I Masnadieri*, though it furnished Mademoiselle Lind with the material for one of her most brilliant triumphs, was, in itself, a *fiasco*. In *La Figlia del Reggimento*, she triumphed so completely over the inherent weakness of the *libretto* and the commonplace character of the music, that the piece retained its place on the stage as long as she herself remained to sing in it. But, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, she represented the entire Opera. She was its life, and soul; the whole interest of it was centred in her impersonation of the little *Vivandière*; the other characters were merest puppets. The public thronged the theatre, to hear Jenny Lind—not to see Donizetti's Opera.

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* Translated from the *Gazette Musicale*. (Paris, Aug. 1, 1847.)

In the *Masnadieri*, the case was widely different. She could have saved it, no doubt, if she could have absorbed the whole interest of the piece in her own part. But this was impossible. In so far as the plot of *Die Räuber* is concerned, the part of "Amalia" is of very secondary importance, compared with that of "Massimiliano," or even with that of "Carlo" or "Francesco." Schiller himself has invested his heroine with no predominating traits of character which could raise her to a position of all-absorbing interest in the development of his story—no strongly-marked individuality which could enable even the genius of Mademoiselle Lind to save the Opera, by clothing a comparatively colourless part with a nobler conception than it was intrinsically capable of assuming.

And so it was, that *I Masnadieri* survived but the three representations courteously accorded to a *succès d'estime*, and furnished but a sorry substitute for the promised *Tempesta* of Mendelssohn.

CHAPTER X.

LE NOZZE DI FIGARO.

THE last new part in which Mdlle. Lind appeared, during the London season of 1847, was that of "Susanna," in Mozart's ever-welcome *Nozze di Figaro.*

The change, from the sombre gloom of Schiller's ghastly tragedy, to the airy brightness of the most perfect lyric comedy that the school of Vienna had ever given to the world, was a startling one indeed. A more convincing proof of the versatility of the singer's genius could scarcely have been given, had such a proof been needed. The contrast between the sorrows of the sorely-tried "Amina," and the brave fight of "Maria" against the storm of adversity with which she was threatened, was marked enough to bring to light a thousand delicate shades of individual treatment of which the most accomplished delineator of character in the world might justly have been proud. But, what was that, compared with the opposite colouring needed for the illustration of two such characters as those of "Susanna" and "Amalia"! Two true women, so differently moulded, by the circumstances under which they were placed, that they could scarcely be supposed to entertain a thought or feeling in common; to be moved by a common sympathy; or yield to the dominion of a common passion. Two human creatures, so separated by the accident of their lives, that they could scarcely have been more unlike each other, had they been born on different planets.

To the commonplace actress, these distinctions of character present no difficulty at all. Such an interpreter finds it as easy to paint, in commonplace colours, the external characteristics of two stage heroines belonging to different categories, as to dress for their respective parts; as easy to simulate the ravings of despair, as to laugh at the perpetration of a successful practical joke.

But, the actress who identifies herself with the character she impersonates; who feels the horror she pretends to feel; enjoys the fun she laughs at; forms her own ideal of the inner life of which her action supplies the external expression; how is she to paint, on two successive evenings, two characters so diametrically opposed to each other?

No one knows. The question is one that genius alone can answer. Certain it is, that the most terrible impersonator of tragedy is frequently the brightest and most genial comedian. That the features capable of expressing the deepest horror, can also wear the sweetest and most winning smile. That the merriest laugh may be uttered by the voice which, no longer ago than yesterday, melted us to tears by its sorrowful wail. It was so with Lablache. It was so with Jenny Lind. And never were these opposite qualities more strikingly illustrated than in *I Masnadieri*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro.*

The music of Mozart needs a special talent for its perfect interpretation. The purity of its melody, its depth of expression, and the tender grace of its delicate inflections, are qualities which call for no ordinary, no coldly conventional treatment, though there are not wanting singers, and players, who would have us believe that the slightest deviation from the rigidity of mechanical precision is an unpardonable fault, in the interpretation of music of the purely classical school.

Mdlle. Lind did not think so. She sang the music of Mozart, as she felt quite certain that Mozart himself would have wished to hear it sung. She had studied it profoundly, and frankly identified herself with its spirit, both in connection with the stage, and with the concert-room. So great was her admiration of the master, that she always spoke of him as "the divine Mozart" (*der göttliche Mozart*). Of her reading of the part of "Donna Anna" we have already spoken, at some length, in the words of a German critic well able to form a just and accurate opinion upon the subject. Her interpretation of that of "Susanna" was not a whit less perfect, less original, or less conscientiously true to nature. She had formed her own idea of the character that best befitted the confidential waiting-maid of the Contessa Almaviva; and, from the first scene to the last, she accommodated every look, every gesture, every tone of her voice, to its consistent and logical development. "Susanna," as she understood the part, united in herself the faithful servant and the loyal friend — the honest-hearted domestic, whom no amount of specious persuasion could induce to betray the mistress she served from pure affection, and the virtuous maiden who herself would brook no betrayal on the part of the lover to whom she had solemnly plighted her faith. It was a difficult character to reconcile with the fun that pervades so many scenes of the comedy. But, the two features were reconciled, with a success that could not be doubted.

A critic who carefully analysed *Le Nozze di Figaro* some forty years after its production, arrived at the conclusion, that Mozart had "changed into real passion the trifling incidents which, in Beaumarchais' comedy, only amused the amiable inhabitants of the Castle of Aguas Frescas."

A later writer says: "In the comedy of Beaumarchais, we find the adventures of the inmates of Aguas Frescas infinitely amusing, and we are delighted with their lively manners, and the wit and satire of their conversation; but we care as little for them as they seem to care for one another. Mozart has given them *hearts,* and made them the objects of our sympathy, by inspiring them with feeling, and passion."

Whether we admit the truth of these hypotheses or not, it is certain that Mozart has invested the characters with a tenderness of expression to which it would be difficult to do full justice in the spoken dialogue even of Beaumarchais. And it was upon this tenderness that Mdlle. Lind seized, as the basis of her conception; bringing it prominently forward, at every fitting opportunity, yet without entirely sacrificing to it that lighter vein of feeling in the treatment of which Beaumarchais was inimitable. And we cannot doubt that, in adopting this course, she fulfilled Mozart's intentions, both in the spirit, and the letter.

Though never entirely lost, there can be no doubt that "Mozartian tradition," as it is called, has, for many years past, been very much on the decline, both in Germany, and in England—the only countries in which it can be said to have ever really flourished. If not actually forgotten, in Vienna, and in London, it is only by a hair's breadth that it has escaped oblivion. Setting aside all questions concerning the inner life of the music, how many singers, at the present day, know how to render the *appogiatura* of the eighteenth century, as Mozart and his contemporaries intended it to be rendered? How many *maestri* know how to instruct them in difficult or doubtful cases? In 1825, the only surviving member of the original cast of *Le Nozze di Figaro* was the English tenor, Michael Kelly, who sang the part of "Don Curzio," under Mozart's personal direction, when the Opera was produced at Prague, in 1786. "I have seen it performed, at different times, in other countries," he says, "and well, too; but no more to compare with its original performance than light is to darkness. All the original performers had the advantage of the instruction of the composer, who transfused into their minds his inspired meaning. I shall never forget his animated little countenance, when lighted up with the glowing rays of genius. It is as impossible to describe it, as it would be to paint sunbeams." *

Michael Kelly, though he had his faults, was an enthusiastic lover of Art; and he did his best to diffuse, in England, in a very difficult age, the teaching he had received from Mozart, in Vienna. In Germany, the traditions were preserved, with equal purity, by Rochlitz; who was seventeen years old when *Le Nozze di Figaro* was produced in Vienna, and quite able to appreciate its beauty. Rochlitz died in 1842, bequeathing the true Mozartian traditions to a younger generation of critics, foremost of whom stood Rellstab, and the two firm friends, Franz Hauser, and Moritz Hauptmann —as "Handelian tradition" was bequeathed, in England, by Joah Bates, to Sir George Smart. On the stage, it was preserved by certain singers of highest type; notably, by Mesdames Milder-Hauptmann, Nanette Schechner, Stoeckel-Heinefetter, and Schroeder-Devrient. On the Italian stage, as represented in London and Paris, it held its ground with honour. Lablache was never known to deviate, by a hair's breadth, from its purity; and if Rubini, and Tamburini, and Madame Persiani, were a little bolder than he, in the matter of ornamentation, it must in justice be conceded that their *fioritura* was always in strict accordance with the spirit of the text. And Mdlle. Lind, in her turn, studied the subject *au fond*. Not once did the true nature of an *appoggiatura*, or the scope of a *portamento*, or the need of a change of *tempo*, or the introduction of a fitting *cadenza*, escape her keen observation. All this concerned the letter of the text, her conscientious adherence to the purity of which was as remarkable as her reverence for its spirit. Yet, not for a moment did this rigorous exactitude, this unswerving fidelity to the composer's intentions, prevent her from giving full scope to her imagination—from "making the part her own." Neither as an actress, nor as a singer, did she deviate, in the slightest detail, from the path indicated to her in the score. Every mark of expression, every dynamic sign, every indication of *tempo,* was a law to her. She thankfully accepted its guidance; she was as submissive as a child; no thought of resistance to the written law ever entered her heart. But, the service she yielded was a reasonable one. She could not have submitted more willingly, if Mozart himself had been there to claim her obedience. She could not have been less fettered, or more original, if she herself had composed the Opera.

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* 'Reminiscences of Michael Kelly.' (London, 1825.)

Hear what Mr. Lumley himself says of her:—

> "Since it was impossible to entertain any sound hope of attraction for Verdi's last new Opera—*I Masnadieri*—she returned to her wonted triumphs (as did the theatre to its wonted 'crushes'), by resuming the parts in which, now, as heretofore, she was sure to be rapturously hailed by the public. To them was added the 'Susanna' of *Le Nozze di Figaro,* to which she brought, not only her customary and recognised qualities as an accomplished singer, but the true Mozartian traditions. With these, her early training had rendered her familiar, and subsequent study had confirmed the lesson.
>
> "It was new to the public to listen to a singer so thoroughly imbued with the genius of Mozart, in one of his *chefs-d'œuvre.* Unlike Italian singers, who considered that, in faithfully executing Mozart, they sacrificed themselves to the exigencies of an old-fashioned English predilection, Jenny Lind revelled in his music. Her whole soul was in the work. Nor did Lablache, Staudigl, Coletti, or Madame Castellan fail to increase, by their valuable performance, the completeness with which *Le Nozze di Figaro* was given during the season." *

Hear what a critic says, in one of the contemporary Art journals:—

> "On Tuesday night, Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro* was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre, in a house crowded to the

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* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' pp. 193–194.

ceiling; Mdlle. Lind filling the *rôle* of 'Susanna;' Madame Castellan that of the 'Countess;' Signor Coletti, that of the 'Count;' Herr Staudigl, that of 'Figaro;' and Signor Lablache, that of 'Don Bartolo.' Mdlle. Lind sang 'Susanna' with classical purity; and acted in her most fascinating manner. The duet, '*Sull' aria*,' and the air, '*Deh vieni non tardar*,' were both rapturously encored; and an unaccompanied *morceau* by Jenny Lind, Madame Grimaldi, Herr Staudigl, and Signor Lablache, in the second act, was sung three times, amidst a *furore* of applause. The Opera was received with approbation which, ever and anon, burst into ecstasy and enthusiasm." *

The "unaccompanied *morceau*," which "was sung three times," was a few bars of *recitativo secco*, really in the third act (according to the original disposition of the scenes), which, as the unaccompanied recitative is scarcely ever printed in any editions of the work save the full orchestral score, is unlikely to be known to the generality of our readers; for which reason we give the passage here, exactly as it stands in the full score published by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel of Leipzig, but, with the *soprano* part transposed into the treble clef, for the benefit of the general reader.†

This seems simple enough—and is simple enough. So simple, that, in the mouths of four commonplace singers, it might very easily pass for a graceful little harmonised cadence, at the close of a passage of ordinary recitative. But, Mdlle. Lind did not regard it in that light. Ably supported by her colleagues, she sang it in conscientious accordance with the indications furnished by Mozart, in the score: that is to say, with gradually increasing interest, from the beginning of the *solo* passage culminating in a pause of moderate length upon the dotted quaver, F; in extreme *piano*, from the part at which the voices first join in

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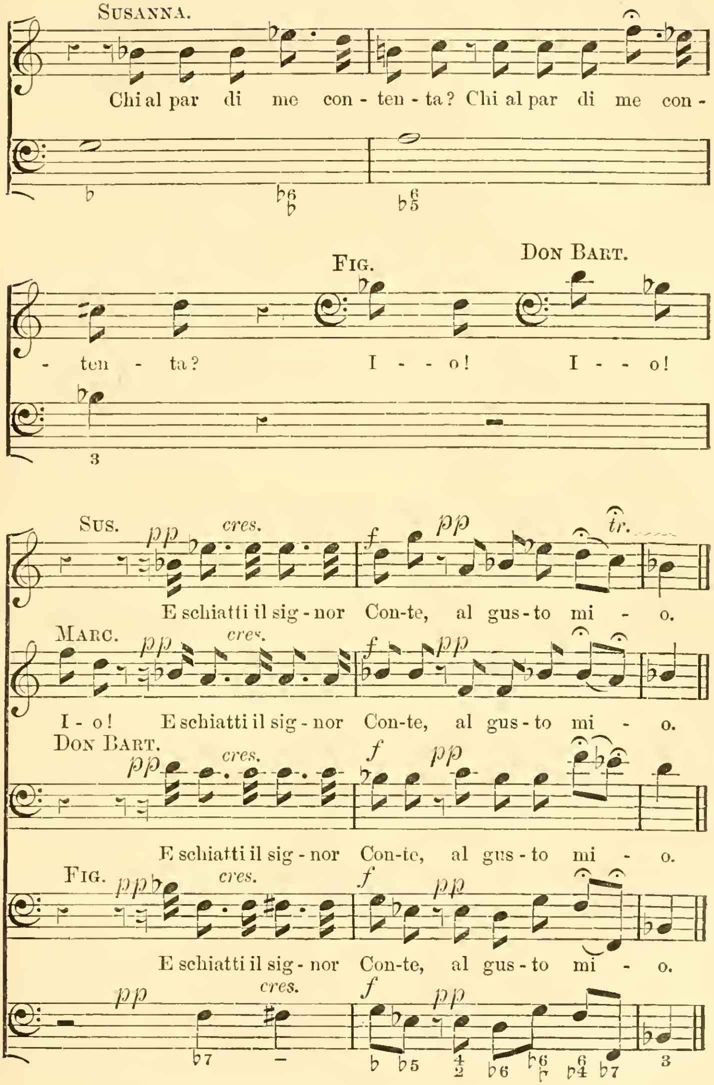
* *Illustrated London News*, August 21, 1847.

† Although the passage was sung without accompaniment, a thorough-bass is given with it in the score.


SUSANNA.
Chi al par di me con - ten - ta? Chi al par di me con -
Fig.
Don Bart.
- ten - ta?
I - - o!
I - - o!
Sus.
pp
cres.
f
pp
tr.
E schiatti il sig - nor Con-te, al gus - to mi - o.
Marc.
I - o!
E schiatti il sig - nor Con-te, al gus - to mi - o.
Don Bart.
E schiatti il sig - nor Con-te, al gus - to mi - o.
Fig.
E schiatti il sig - nor Con-te, al gus - to mi - o.

four-part harmony, with a *crescendo* to the *forte* indicated at the word "Conte"; in extreme *piano,* again, from that part to the end, with a long pause on the antepenultimate D; and, on the penultimate, C, one of those wonderful shakes which she alone could execute—prolonged, to a degree which made it seem as if the supply of breath were simply inexhaustible—beginning *pianissimo,* yet ever diminishing in tone, to the gentlest warble, which, nevertheless, was heard, with perfect distinctness, to the remotest limits of the enormous *salle*—no hazy *tremolo,* of uncertain intonation, but a rapid alternation of C, and D, in perfect tune throughout, and growing ever fainter and fainter, till it faded into the final B flat with a ravishing charm too subtle for description.

The effect was electrical. It lingers in our memory, as we write of it, as clearly as if we had heard it. not four and forty years ago, but yesterday. No one had ever heard the passage so interpreted before—indeed, it was manifestly impossible that it could ever have been so interpreted upon any previous occasion within the memory of man; for, this was the first time that Mdlle. Lind had ever sung the part in Italian, and the place of the *recitativo secco* was supplied, on the German stage, by spoken dialogue. No wonder, then, that the audience were spell-bound! No wonder that the passage had to be "sung three times!" The storm of applause was overwhelming. Cries of delight, of admiration, of astonishment, were heard on every side. Yet, after all, what right had any one to feel surprised? The singer had simply availed herself of the opportunity provided for her in the text. But, what a genius was needed, for the creation of the opportunity, on the one hand, and, on the other, for the intuitive perception which enabled the interpreter to seize upon it!

CHAPTER XI.

BY COMMAND OF THE QUEEN.

THE clause in the Lumley contract which prevented Mdlle. Lind from taking part in any public concerts, during the London season, proved to be a very fortunate one; and the effect of Mendelssohn's remonstrance, and the explanation which followed, gave unalloyed satisfaction, in the end, to all concerned.*

To have added to the fatigue and excitement of the Opera season, even by an occasional concert, would have been in the highest degree imprudent, had an occasional concert been possible. But it was not. Had the outside world been once permitted to believe in the possibility of hearing the beloved artist in the concert-room, it would have tolerated no attempt at compromise. No half measures would have satisfied that not altogether uninfluential section of the British public, to which the difference in price between uncomfortable standing-room in Fops' Alley, and a convenient back seat at the Hanover Square Rooms, was a matter for serious consideration; to say nothing of the crush of excellent people of another order, who would have found the air of Her Majesty's Theatre less congenial than the purer atmosphere of Exeter Hall. In the then excited state of public feeling, a share in the programme of one single concert would have raised a clamour for concerts everywhere; for engagements of one kind or another for every day in the week; demands which it would

* See pp. 8, 12, and 13.

have been impossible to meet, and the refusal of which would have led to infinite dissatisfaction and annoyance.

Happily, all this turmoil was saved, by the exhaustive ventilation of the question which had already taken place, and its consequent settlement before the season began. It was well known that all public concerts were prohibited, by a stipulation duly signed, sealed, and delivered, in the engagement at the Opera.

But Mendelssohn's prudence had overcome another, and a more serious phase of the difficulty, which, though it would beyond all doubt have been removed, when the season for its consideration arrived, was far better settled in advance. He had suggested, in his letter of October 31, 1846, that the prohibitive clause should not be understood to extend to concerts given by the Queen's command. Mr. Lumley had naturally agreed to this, as a matter of course; and, between the 28th of May, and the 9th of August, Mdlle. Lind sang twice, by command of Her Majesty, at Buckingham Palace, and once at Osborne; besides taking part in a concert given by Queen Adelaide, at Marlborough House, at which Her Majesty and the Prince Consort were present.

At Buckingham Palace on the 28th of May Mdlle. Lind sang two of those Swedish songs in which she was unrivalled, accompanying herself upon the piano. They were new to her Royal audience, and by the spirit which spoke through the exquisite softness and finish of the execution, they went, there as well as elsewhere, home to every heart. The depth of the impression she produced was shown by the profound silence while she sang, a silence not accorded to the other singers, talented though they were, and by the murmur of applause which followed, when she ceased.

Twelve days later, she sang at Marlborough House, at a concert given by the Queen Dowager, at which the Queen and Prince Consort were present. It was given in the Hall, in which her voice was heard to great advantage. Here, as at the previous concert, Her Majesty conversed with Mdlle. Lind for some time, and spoke with great warmth both of her singing and her acting. Of Lablache Mdlle. Lind spoke to the Queen in the warmest terms. '*Er ist,*' she said, '*wie ein Vater für uns alle.*'

Again on the last day of June she had the honour of singing before Her Majesty and the Prince at Buckingham Palace. On this occasion the purity, the sweetness and softness of her voice were much dwelt upon by the Queen, as well as the charming and unpretending grace of her manners. Nor did the remarkable delicacy and expressiveness of her touch on the piano escape notice. King Leopold and his Queen were present, and shared in the fascination which the artist and the woman seem to have excited in the Royal circle. King Leopold told her, she must not act with too much feeling, lest she should over-fatigue herself. To this she replied, '*Ich kann nicht anders thun als ich fühle.*' On the same evening she said in reply to a hope expressed by Her Majesty, that she would see her next year, '*Ich will die Bühne verlassen*'—what she desired being to go and work '*für die Wohlthätigkeit,*' as '*une grande carrière,*' had no interest for her.

On the 9th of August, along with Signor Lablache, Mdlle. Lind was invited to sing before the Queen and Prince Consort at Osborne. On this occasion she sang several Swedish songs; four songs by Mendelssohn, '*Ueber die Berge,*' '*Frühlingslied,*' '*Auf Wiedersehen,*' and '*Sonntagslied,*' and with Lablache two duets from '*Le Nozze di Figaro.*' Mdlle. Lind had always refused to take money for singing at the Royal concerts. She was greatly moved when the Queen, calling her aside, presented her with a bracelet, saying, as she did so, "I must again express not only my admiration but my respect for you," words more precious far to her than the costliest present. In the course of the conversation that ensued she again expressed her intention of quitting the stage; but, in answer to Her Majesty's expression of regret at the loss this would be to art, she replied that she would certainly come back again to England, whether she carried her intention into execution or not.*

It is known to everybody; and we need not, therefore, fear to be accused of anticipating later events by alluding to the circumstance here; that, however brilliant her triumphs on the stage may have been—and they were certainly as brilliant in England as at Berlin, or Vienna, if not even more so—they did not represent the whole of her Art-life. However high may have been the level to which she raised the ideal perfection of dramatic singing—of that union of the most exquisite vocal *technique* with the most finished expression of dramatic truth, which, bearing ever in mind the necessary correlation of the twin Arts to one another, embodied the truest and the most exalted conception of the mission of the Opera that has ever yet been formed—however great may have been the work she accomplished in this particular field—it was not here that she won the *heart* of all England. It is quite true that Her Majesty's Theatre was crowded night after night. Delicate ladies fought for their places; and frenzied gentlemen pushed in front of them, touching the very verge of loyalty and duty, in their eagerness to secure for themselves the good position they ought to have offered to the ladies who were as anxious to obtain it as themselves. The enthusiasm manifested on the night of the *début* was, certainly, no ephemeral manifestation of spasmodic excitement, for it continued to the end of the season. The admiration for the artist, the respect for the pure and holy life she was known to be living, the reverence for her as a true and noble-hearted woman, all these were won for her, on the night of her first appearance before an English audience—and she never lost them, till the day of her death. But, the LOVE that made the name of Jenny Lind a "household word" in every English homestead, by every English hearth, in every dwelling in which the English language was spoken — the long-enduring LOVE was won in the concert-room, and at the Oratorio. Not even '*Ah non credea,*' or '*Deh vieni non tardar,*' commanded, on the stage, the depth of affection that was yielded, in an instant, to the 'Swedish Songs,' in the concert-room, or the still deeper feeling born of '*I know that my Redeemer liveth,*' and '*Holy, Holy, Holy,*' in the Cathedral. It was through *Elijah* and *Messiah*, through the *Lieder* of Mendelssohn and Lindblad, and the *Swedish Melodies*, and the thousand treasures that appeared, later on, in the concert programmes—that the beloved "Swedish Nightingale" sang her way into the great heart of the British people; and it is therefore of peculiar interest that it should be through the warm and glowing words of our Queen that we now hear of the first concert at which she ever sang in the country in which she was afterwards naturalised.

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* For our information in regard to these concerts we are indebted to the notes referred to in the note, p. 71, *ante*.

Truly, the privilege that has been so graciously accorded to us—and without which this chapter in the life of the subject of the present Memoir could never have been adequately written—is one for which the most grateful thanks we can offer fall equally short of our duty, our loyalty, and our heart-felt desire.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE PROVINCES.

The business of the season was heavy and exacting, and its excitement fatiguing, even to the strong; but, like the music of a grand dramatic *scena*, it had its " points of repose," interspersed among the *agitato* passages which formed the basis of its general construction. Let us hear what our friend, Mrs. Grote, has to tell us about those welcome little *agrémens*.

" The summer of 1847 passed delightfully," she says, in the MS. *Memoir* from which we have so frequently quoted, " divided, as it was, between theatrical labours and triumphs, and passages of recreation. Among the latter, the most agreeable to her were, repeated visits to our own country home at Burnham, about three miles from Slough, where she essayed riding on horseback; an exercise in which she afterwards came to take so great delight, that she bought a couple of saddle-horses of her own, and rode whenever opportunity permitted.

" When she could not spare time to go to Burnham, we often spent a long summer day in Wimbledon Park, taking a cold collation there, in a kind of *châlet*, placed at her disposal by Mr. Barber Beaumont, the proprietor. On these occasions, my brother Edward, myself, and sometimes Mr. Grote, would accompany her. We all rambled about, enjoying the repose and unmolested retirement the place afforded. The nightingales sang, in May and June, in the copse; and to these Jenny always listened with interest and pleasure. On one fine evening, as we were leaning over a gate, listening to one, the bird stopped.

"'There!' said Jenny, 'he has seen us! Now, that is just like me. I should have done the same, if I had caught anyone intruding on my solitude. And, indeed, those who have compared me to the nightingale were not far wrong; for I have a great deal of the nightingale in me.'

"When at Burnham, she used to study the music of her new *rôles* among the old beeches, where I have often found her, seated on the clubbed root of one, with the book laid open upon her knee, and warbling, in a low tone, the music of the score.

"Mr. Lumley gave a *fête champêtre,* in the course of the season, at his villa near Putney; and Jenny consented to go there, provided I would accompany her as *chaperone.* I accordingly cut short a visit I was making to the Isle of Wight with my nieces, and hastened to London for that purpose. We duly made our appearance at the *fête;* but Jenny was so disturbed and discomposed by the staring and incessant curiosity displayed by the company with regard to her, that she was anything but comfortable during the two or three hours of her stay. Mr. Lumley did everything he possibly could to restore her good humour; even to the setting apart of a pavilion (to which only Admiral Sir Edward Codrington and a very few others were admitted), for our party to dine in. But, she only desired 'to get away'; and we accordingly returned, towards nightfall, to Clairville. No sooner were we within its walls, than Jenny appeared in a new phase. Instead of allowing me to continue my road homewards, she said I 'must stay to tea;' then, 'to supper.' My brother and I were placed in the seats of honour in her little drawing-room. Lights were brought, in abundance. The resources of the *ménage* were strained to produce various refreshments; Jenny doing the honours, and waiting upon us, with infinite vivacity and grace, and in the highest spirits. I was beyond measure diverted by her playful vagaries, which she finished, at last, by sitting down to the piano, and singing her native melodies with bewitching effect.

"The night was now wearing away, but still I was not allowed to depart. A messenger was despatched, who returned, in an hour or so, with my night-dresses; and I was installed in Jenny's own room, which was lighted up with numerous wax candles, while she retired to a small bedroom adjoining it.

"This evening—one amongst many delightful passages of the summer of 1847—often rises to my memory, as exemplifying the humour of this singular being in a very remarkable light."

No one enjoys a holiday so thoroughly as the artist, whose brain has been too long strained at abnormally high pressure. Mendelssohn enjoyed his holidays with the artless playfulness of a child, making no attempt whatever to conceal the depth of his innocent delight—and Mdlle. Lind did the same. But, the work of the "season" had not yet come to an end. Much had already been done; but, much more remained to be accomplished, before she could really take a prolonged and undivided rest.

By a singular anomaly, so frequently repeated that its omission, at this period of our history, would have seemed more strange than its recurrence, the brilliancy of her successes was invariably found to bear an inverse proportion to the depth of her previous despondency.

We have seen her, at Berlin, reduced to the verge of despair, before the evening of her triumphant *début* in the grand new Opera-House.

At Vienna, the appearance of the *salle* of the Theater an der Wien so terrified her, that but for Herr Hauser's remonstrances, she would have fled the city, and left her engagement with Herr Pokorny unfulfilled, in the firm belief that her voice was not powerful enough to enable her to carry out the task she had undertaken to perform.

And again, in London, she had gone so far as to entreat her friend Mrs. Grote to intercede with the manager for the reversal of a contract which, she thought, made a demand upon her powers to which they were wholly unequal.

Yet, at Berlin, she succeeded in convincing the most fastidious critics in the world of the reality of her genius, before the curtain fell upon the first act of her favourite

Norma. At Vienna, the delighted Austrians unhorsed her carriage, in the hope that they might be permitted to drag her home in triumph. And in London, she won her way, in one single evening, to a position which no *prima donna* had ever previously occupied.

But, when the London season came to a close, her successes in this country were only just beginning. Her fame had already penetrated to the remotest corners of the kingdom. The inhabitants of all the great towns were burning with impatience to hear her, that they might judge for themselves whether the rumours that had reached them were exaggerated, or not. And those who had already heard her at Her Majesty's Theatre were longing to hear her again, in the distant counties to which they were returning after the excitement of the season was over. So a long and fatiguing provincial tour was organised without delay; and two days only after her last performance of *La Sonnambula* at Her Majesty's Theatre, on the 21st of August, she made her first appearance in "the provinces" at a concert, at Brighton, on the 23rd; sang at another concert, at Birmingham, on the 26th; gave two performances of *La Sonnambula,* at Manchester, on the 28th, and 30th, and two of *La Figlia del Reggimento,* on the 2nd and 4th of September; appeared once in each of the same two operas, at Liverpool, on the 6th and 8th of September; and followed up these dramatic representations by concerts at Hull, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Perth, Norwich, Bristol, Bath, and finally Exeter, when the tour concluded with two concerts, on the 1st and 2nd of October.

To give a detailed account of these performances, *seriatim,* however interesting they may have been at the time, could only be wearisome, after the innumerable triumphs we have already described; but, Mrs. Grote's general account of the tour is too interesting to be omitted.

"At the end of an engagement of unparalleled success," she says, in her *Memoir*, "Jenny proceeded on a tour in the provinces, in which she was accompanied by my brother, Mr. Edward Lewin, who acted as manager of her affairs, and directed her relations with the concert-speculators, and whose agency, on this occasion, was extremely valuable to her. She knew nothing of the English language, in the first place; so that she could do little in the way of transacting her artistic business. And, moreover, she was wholly ignorant of this country; of its provincial manners: of the mode of getting from one town to another; in fine, she was thoroughly helpless. She would not hire herself to an *impresario*, until she had made the experiment of how far she could succeed by managing on her own account—money being, at that time, so great an object with her. Her attendant could speak only Swedish, which made it the more essential that some friend should accompany the ladies, to serve as interpreter on the journey, and at the inns. Mr. Lewin was perfectly at home in the Swedish language, from having resided for many years at Stockholm; and he likewise spoke French well enough to communicate with the foreign artists included in the company which Jenny had associated with her for these provincial performances. Their intimacy was one of great confidence, and warm admiration for Jenny's many great and engaging gifts doubtless filled the breast of my brother Edward; while the sentiments she entertained towards him partook of the early companion, the able and serviceable secretary, the lively sharer in her new life, the handsome clever cavalier to ride by her side, the 'go-between' with tiresome applicants for her bounty, or with servants. He was her playfellow, as it were, in the hours of relaxation; her escort to and from the theatre, and the concert room. And, beyond all this, *he was my brother*—a title, which, loving me as she came to do during our familiar intercourse, conferred an additional charm upon her friendship with Edward." *

And so it came to pass, that, aided by the business capacities and firm moral support of this trusty friend, Mdlle. Lind devoted the months of August and September to a series of provincial performances, undertaken on her own account, and everywhere successful. She had secured the assistance of Signor Gardoni, Signor F. Lablache and his talented wife, and a competent orchestra, conducted by Mr. Balfe; and, in company with these popular and thoroughly conscientious artists, she extended her journey to Scotland, and delighted her audiences, wherever she appeared. She was *fêted* everywhere; and everywhere made friends. But, in one particular town, the reception she met with was so cordial, and the friendships she cemented were so true and lasting, that we cannot refrain from giving a circumstantial account of the event, which, by its influence upon her later life, attained sufficient importance to merit more careful consideration than we could accord to it in the closing pages of a desultory chapter like the present.

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* From Mrs. Grote's MS. 'Memoir.'

CHAPTER XIII.

AT NORWICH.

WHILE still busily occupied, in London, with her performances at Her Majesty's Theatre, Mdlle. Lind received the following letter from Dr. Stanley, the Bishop of Norwich:—

"38, Lower Brook Street,
"July 10th, 1847.

"The Bishop of Norwich has just heard that Miss Jenny Lind has consented to come to Norwich in September next. He and Mrs. Stanley therefore lose no time in expressing the hope that she, during her stay, will become their guest at the palace.

"The Bishop has only to add, that it will be a great gratification to him to make acquaintance with one whose high character and principles, from all he has heard, are on a par with her superior talents.

"Miss JENNY LIND,
"Clara Villa,
"Old Brompton."

This invitation Mdlle. Lind accepted; and, on the evening of Tuesday, the 21st of September, she duly arrived at the Palace, where she was received with a welcome which is pleasantly described in the following letter, written, by Mrs. Stanley, to her sister, Mrs. Augustus Hare:—

"Palace, Thursday, 23rd September, 1847.

"DEAREST M.,

"On Tuesday evening she was to come. I did not expect her to dinner, luckily; for, in the middle of dinner came a telegraphic despatch from Ely, that Mdlle. Lind was detained, and could not be here before 8.45. We had Mr. Buck and the Choristers, Sedgwick and his party, and others, to take their chance of seeing her. At nine o'clock, Philips came in very solemnly to me, to say that Mdlle. Lind had arrived, and begged to see me, but was too tired to appear. The bells were ringing, and the whole town in an uproar. I went to her room—the Abbey Room—and found a poor creature in the last stage of exhaustion, wiping the dew from her brow, and looking ready to sink into the earth with fatigue—and no wonder! She had sung in Edinburgh, on Monday, till three o'clock, got into the railway at four, and travelled all night. We left her to go to bed, taking her beautiful little black spaniel to quiet the company.

"The next morning, at breakfast, she appeared. Certainly, every word we have heard of her is verified—the respectful manner, the humility, the perfect simplicity. Her first appearance is singularly plain; but, every moment you see her, this lessens. We spent the morning listening on the stairs to the warbling that came out of her room. She has a *dame de compagnie*, a sort of half *femme de chambre*, who sleeps in her room, and goes everywhere with her. They dined together, at three o'clock, and then she retired to repose, (?) and we did not see her again till she came out ready for the concert.

"She looked very nervous, and said she always felt so on first appearing in a new place. S. Andrew's Hall was full, from end to end.

"I never saw anything so beautiful as her manner of coming forward on the orchestra, and receiving the thunders of welcome with which she was received. It was a mixture of modesty, dignity, and grateful feeling: yet perfectly unruffled. And then it was so interesting to watch, each time as she came on, the cloud over her brow raised; and, when she came to her own Swedish melodies, she looked as if she had got home—her countenance lighted up with cheerful fun.

"Her voice was more wonderful than when I heard it before—different from all others, in being like the warbling of a bird. She spoke with delight of the birds in England—how much better they sang than anywhere else; and of her wonder that so small a thing (measuring it with her hand) should have such a power; as if she, better than anyone else, knew how to appreciate the value of what they did.

"She came home before us; and, when I asked her, if she was always received with such enthusiasm, she answered—'*Ah, madame, je suis gâtée.*' And it afterwards came out, that, at Edinburgh, the reception was still more. This morning, she went out in the little carriage, with Catherine and Arthur; and talked to them all the way of her life in Sweden. She told Catherine, that, every morning, when she got up, she felt that her voice was a gift from God, and that, perhaps, that very day might be the last of it.

"To-day, all our company are gone, but Lea, Catherine, and the Bishop of Tasmania. She has not sung here; but she sits down to the pianoforte, and warbles Scotch airs upon it, with such exquisite feeling and taste. There is an expression of deep thought and melancholy in her countenance; and yet she says how happy she is, and what a '*carrière*' God has enabled her to go through. When I said something of the example she was holding out, of what could be done, and also of the effect it had, and the good both might do, she answered, '*Voilà ce que j'espère.*' She looks about her with such wonder, and interest, and reverence. Her manner to the Bishop so reverential. Julius would be indeed in raptures, for the singing is the least part of the charm. It is the real simplicity of genius.

"But I can write no more to-night. She stays till Saturday. She begged to-night to take three maids, and Sarah is gone. "Ever yours,

"C. S." *

When Mrs. Stanley wrote that "the bells were ringing," she gave but a very slight idea of the excited state into which the town of Norwich was thrown, by the arrival of its honoured guest. The leading local newspaper describes the event, with the fervour that never fails to animate a provincial journal, put upon its mettle by the opportunity of making an unwonted announcement. She had been far from well, since her departure from Edinburgh; and, as Mrs. Stanley tells us, in her letter, was suffering from inordinate fatigue. The public had been informed of this, and great anxiety prevailed; "even," says the journal to which we have alluded, "among the working classes, who curiously peered into every carriage, and thronged around the portal by which the great songstress was to enter."

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* This, and the following hitherto unpublished letters from Mrs. Stanley to her sister, have been kindly furnished by Mr. Augustus Hare.

"One o'clock, on Tuesday, and still, no Jenny Lind!

"But, at eight, suspense was relieved by the arrival of the lady at the station, where she was received by Mr. Bolingbroke—one of the directors—and proceeded immediately to the Palace. The managers put an end to all doubt by S. Peter's bells, whose fine peal rang, and fired a *feu de joie,* in honour of the arrival. The Lord Bishop, and Mrs. Stanley, had a large party at the Palace; but her fatigue was too great to allow her to join the circle.

"The difficulty of describing the powers of such a being as Mdlle. Lind consists in the almost impossibility of defining, in words, the extraordinary inspirations with which she is gifted. The voice is a genuine soprano, of power, and flexibility, and has a compass extending from about G below to E *in alt.* Its technical qualities are, a perfectly pure formation, and an execution almost without fault, certainly without the slightest trickery.

"In *natural* facility, Lind is scarcely equal, either to Mrs. Salmon, or Sontag, whose gift of song was pure and liquid, and, as has been said, 'trickled and sparkled, like diamond drops from the brightest fountain,' and to which 'the audience listened, as to the singing of birds,' but in which none of the most powerful faculties of the intellect were brought into action. Mdlle. Lind, on the contrary, is all intellect, all feeling, all expression. She does nothing which bears not on it the impress of these. She is evidently impelled to combat the difficulties, and attain the beauties and refinements of her art, by an instinct beyond her own control; and she has qualities which neither labour nor instruction can impart. In short, she possesses the 'sacred fire.' She has GENIUS, combined with that true worship of art which loves not fame for itself alone, but for the sake of the art she is ennobling.

"Mdlle. Lind's reception was such as might have been expected, from an audience anxious to pay her the homage due to her fame. Unfortunately, the song, *With verdure clad,* a great favourite, was changed for *On mighty pens,* which, we believe, is preferred, in Germany. It was sung, too, in German. The diappointment was general; and, although the style was pure, and great, it was not only not appreciated, but produced, at the outset, an unfavourable impression. Nevertheless it was finely sung.

"*Casta diva* calls forth the highest powers of a singer, both in execution, and expression; and nothing could have been finer. In the slow movement, what could have been more expressive than her address to the chaste goddess—forgetting all else, her own position included, in the solemn appeal. And again, when the recollection of the return of her lover bursts upon her, what could have been more beautiful than the joy and the love which these recollections created. This Song has been one of the great points of comparison between Lind, and her rival, Grisi. Each artist has conceived the character, according to her own powers—Grisi, with the feelings of a woman of strong passions, and a powerful frame, has adopted the conception of those who have preceded her, as being more in consonance with her own character — Lind has read the part differently—and yet, looking at both, it would be difficult to decide on their judgment. Lind evidently sees the character in its earliest purity, and never loses the impression which her office has left upon her mind. Her conception is holier, purer, than the other; and thus she depicts a being more in consonance with the simplicity of her own nature.

"Mr. Balfe's air, *Ah! forse,* has been written for the display of her varied powers of execution. She appeared to trample upon the difficulties with which it was filled, and the passages were not only perfectly delivered, but were sung with an intuitive expression which was wonderful.

"A repetition, with Mdlle. Lind, appears only a re-creation, if not of a different set of ideas, at least, of more varied execution. For instance, in the 'Lesson with the Singing-master,'* she began, on its repetition, with a shake an extra octave higher, and with greater effect, greater power, and greater expression, than at first.

"We cannot more appropriately close our notice of Mdlle. Lind, than in the words in which Georges Sand makes Marcello address Consuelo:—

"'It is reserved for you to let the world hear what it has never yet heard; and to make men feel what no man has ever yet felt.' "[*]

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* *Con pazienza sopportiamo,* the well-known *Lezione di canto,* from Fioravanti's *Il Fanatico per la Musica.*

We have found it necessary to curtail the foregoing critique of three-fourths, at least, of its fair proportions; but enough has been quoted, not only to show the feeling with which Mdlle. Lind was received, in the "provinces," but, to furnish the assurance that, despite their prolixity, her reviewers in the country knew something of the duty that devolved upon them, and were even able to give a fairly just idea of her performances, and to appreciate, at their true value, the differences between her method and that of some other great singers who had fairly made their mark in times gone by.

The scheme for the week included two performances, over and above that already described: viz., an evening Concert, on Thursday, September the 23rd; and, on Saturday, the 25th, a supplementary morning performance, for the benefit of those who were unable to meet the high prices demanded for the original tickets. On the Thursday, the greatest effect seems to have been produced by *Dove sono;* and, on the Saturday, says the local journal, the Swedish songs, "threw the audience into a perfect *furore.*"

It is pleasant to turn from these provincial criticisms to a charming little episode associated with the morning performance on Saturday.

At a service in the Cathedral, on the Friday afternoon, Mdlle. Lind had heard three of the Choristers[†] sing the Trio *Jesus, Heavenly Master,* from Spohr's *Crucifixion,*[‡] with a purity of expression which moved her to tears. So great, indeed, was the effect produced upon her by the fresh young voices, that she afterwards told the Præcentor that she "could never forget the boys' singing," and delighted Mr. Buck, the organist, by saying that she had "never heard children sing so well;" and, in return for the pleasure they had given her, she begged that places might be reserved for all the little Choristers, at the morning performance on the following day. On arriving at the Hall, her first care was, to ascertain that the places accorded to them were satisfactory, no slight privilege, at a time when numbers of the general public were thankful to pay for places from which seeing was impossible, and hearing extremely problematical. But this was not the only privilege the little Choristers enjoyed. They were more delighted still with another, which excited the envy of every one present: for when she came upon the platform, she greeted them with a smile of recognition, "which," says the Norwich newspaper, "will not be readily forgotten, either by the boys, or those who saw the passing brightness."

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[*] From a local journal of the period.

[†] After this honourable mention, it is only fair to say that their names were, E. Bonnett, G. Cartwright, and A. Mann.

[‡] It will be remembered that this Oratorio was composed for the Norwich Festival of 1839.

In another letter to Mrs. Augustus Hare, Mrs. Stanley thus describes the departure of her honoured guest:—

"Palace, September 28, 1847.

"MY DEAREST M.,

"I have been waiting for a quiet moment to send you a detailed account of the last days of Jenny Lind. I quite long to tell all to Julius and Esther; they will be so delighted. What I have told you at present is nothing to the interest of what I have to tell—but I am writing it all out at leisure, and then you shall have it. Arthur is to dine and sleep in New Street to-morrow and will tell it all then. I never saw him so interested. Indeed the effect upon everybody, from highest to lowest, seems *magical;* and she, in the midst of it all, shrinking, retiring, except when it was a question of doing or showing a kindness, and saying to Catherine how fearful she feels her position: '*Moi qui veut toujours être la dernière.*'

"I do not think there is anyone, amongst the thousands who heard and saw her, who thinks otherwise than that it was an honour to the Bishop to have given her the protection of his house. She went on Saturday, and is to leave England for Berlin, to sing to the King and Queen of Prussia (of whom she speaks as they deserve), and by whom *she* is cordially appreciated, on Friday next; but she will return to England next May.

* * * * *

"Ever yours, most affectionately,

"C. S."

"You may think how relieved I am at the result of last week. No! I was really sorry when it came to an end—it was so interesting. I would rather hear Jenny talk than sing—wonderful as it is."

CHAPTER XIV.

AT NORWICH (*suite*).

WE have said enough to show that Mdlle. Lind's reception at Norwich was no ordinary one; and the letters we have quoted would alone be sufficient to prove the fact, if proof were necessary.

But, the most graphic account, by far, of this famous visit, is furnished by a very illustrious pen indeed—that of Mr. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, afterwards dear to so many as the Dean of Westminster.

In a letter, dated September 22, 1847, Dean (then Mr.) Stanley writes:—

"DEAR ——,

"You have perhaps seen in the papers that Jenny Lind has been ill; and that, hence, her arrival here was delayed a day, and the interest consequently enhanced.

"I should also, perhaps, add, that doubts had been entertained whether she could be sufficiently recovered to sing at all.

"Well! the fatal Tuesday arrives, the 4.30 train arrives, bringing guests of ours—but, no Jenny.

"All along the line, people had been standing at the stations, poking their heads in at the windows.

"'No—she's not here.' And so on, till the disappointment communicated itself to the crowd of 100, 400, or 700, which reports, varying in their degrees, represent as assembled at the Norwich terminus. And similar agitations prevail, even within the Episcopal precincts, from the humble inhabitants of the Lodge—who look, with inquisitive glances, into any fly that drives through the ancient gates—up to the circle in the Palace drawing-room, which runs to the window, at every sound, and starts at every opening of the door.

"Dinner arrives—and still no Lind!

"In the midst of dinner—a ring at the door. The dining-room door opens—and, enter an electric telegraph, which is delivered to the Prelate at the head of the table, and read to the listening guests—who numbered, by the way, another Bishop, he of Tasmania—in the following words:—

"'Miss Lind, being detained, will not be at Norwich, till 8.30.'

"The blank faces which appeared at the beginning of the sentence revived at the close; and the only suspense now remained till the actual hour had arrived.

"At that moment, the great bells of S. Peter's Mancroft broke out into their most joyous chimes. Some even say that guns were fired from the surrounding heights. A few minutes more, and the expectant company became aware that the head of the musical world had entered the house.

"Thus far I had written, on the morning after she came; and, as far as the excitement is concerned, it might have been continued in the same strain; how, when it was found that she could not appear that night, from excessive fatigue; and, that she had said, '*J'espère que je pourrai chanter demain; mais j'en doute,*' blank horror overpowered the party; how the choristers were so affected, that one of them burst into tears; how the bells rang till twelve at night, and ever and anon, all day; how her portraits were selling in the streets, at a penny a piece; how the whole town was in one great *Lind-Maelström* of excitement; how Miss Buckland was taken for her, when visiting a factory, and followed by crowds, Sedgewick encouraging the delusion by calling her 'Jenny'; how, on one occasion, when she went into the town with the Bishop, to visit two schools, the moment that her presence became known, the streets were thronged, and windows thrown up, in every direction, with people gazing from them, and turning after her, till their necks were almost wrenched from their sockets; how, when she went to the Cathedral, the whole of the North Transept, through which lies the approach to the Palace, was so densely thronged, that, as I led her—yes, I myself, S———! through the mass she had forced asunder, as when Prince Albert led the Queen up the Senate House;

all this, and much more, I might relate; but I cannot; for, great as was the wonder of seeing a whole population thus bewitched by one simple Swedish girl, it sinks into nothing, before the wonder of herself.

"You have seen her, and therefore you can appreciate the grace, the dignity, the joyousness, the touching pathos of her entrance; her attitude, her curtsies, her voice. For, whatever much beside—as, I doubt not, there is—may be seen in her acting, all *this* is seen in her singing.

"Twice did I go to the concert, merely for the sake of this. For the music, so far as it could be separated from the charm of her manner, and the wonder of her voice, which I, alas! could only admire as a natural phenomenon, was to me wholly lost.

"But, now, you must conceive a character, corresponding to all this, and transpiring through a thousand traits of humility, gentleness, thoughtfulness, wisdom, piety. The manners of a Princess—as I have written to Donkin—with the simplicity of a child, and the goodness of an angel. She is very much plainer, and more homely, than you would suppose from her countenance, as you see it when animated in public; but her smile, at all times, is only equalled by Pusey's.

"She came on Tuesday night, and is gone this evening; and it seems quite a blank, as if a heavenly visitant had departed.

"The parting scene was so deeply affecting, that I prefer, for the moment, to dwell upon her return from the third and final concert, in which the two carriages drove off together from the door, one containing the Episcopal party, with the exception of myself, who rode on the outside of the second, in which sat the wonderful creature herself—the crowd rushing after with enthusiastic cheers.

"I have already written a whole letter, and yet told you nothing, and do not know whether I shall have time to do so till we meet. But, there are numberless things to tell you, which may perhaps regale the Common Room in the long winter evenings of next term.

"Ever yours,

"A. P. STANLEY."

"P.S.—On reading over what I have said, I must begin again, lest you should regard all this as idle raving. And yet, I hardly know where to begin—not to mention that no details can give an adequate impression of the whole.

"(1). I never saw any one so strongly impressed with the consciousness that a natural faculty is *a gift.* '*Ce n'est pas un mérite; c'est un don*' was, in various ways, constantly expressing itself. She said she never sang without reflecting that it might be for the last time; and, that it was continued to her, from year to year, for the good of others.

"(2). In speaking of her profession, generally, it was obvious that it was not only her greatest object—as, indeed, one could not doubt, for a moment—to keep herself unspotted; but, to elevate its whole tone, and character. '*C'est ce que j'espère,*' she said, with enthusiasm, in answer to some suggestion that such might be the result of her career.

"(3). On acting, she said that, on the one hand, she could not leave her own character altogether behind, when she came on the stage; that, to destroy her individuality would destroy all that was good in her; and, that she made it a principle, never to represent such passions as would awaken bad feelings. Hence, for example, her very different conception of *Norma* from that of Grisi. But, on the other hand, whatever conception she did form of the character she acted, she threw herself into it entirely. If, as once or twice had happened, she was unable to do this, she felt she was acting, and telling lies, and then *entirely failed.* One instance she gave of this complete identification was, that the part of *La Sonnambula* fatigued her extremely, from the utter impossibility of moving her eyes, during the sleep-walking.

"(4). The Bishop of Tasmania,* as I told you, being here at the time, was so deeply impressed by her excellence, that, when he went away, not being able to talk to her in French, he left her a letter expressive of his approbation of her course, and of his hopes of the good she might effect. This, combined with the great interest that she herself took in his objects, so deeply affected her, that all her practice for the coming concert had to be thrown aside; and it was with great difficulty that she could sing, when she first began. All this you can imagine as much more moving than I can describe.

"(5). Her attention to all the servants and inferiors was most remarkable—of which let this suffice.

"At the last concert, when she appeared for the second time on the platform, and just before the beginning of her song, the fixed look of vacancy, seeing nothing, and looking at nobody, was suddenly exchanged for one of those enchanting smiles which she cast below. It was the little boys of the Cathedral Choir, whom she had seen at our house, and whose upturned faces she caught sight of, at that moment, and she looked upon them, with this delightful smile, till the song began.

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* Bishop Nixon.

"Last of all, you shall have her impression of *me!*

"On the last day, I told her that there was '*quelque chose d'extraordinaire dans la voix;*' but that, otherwise, her singing, in itself, produced no impression whatever upon me. This, she said, was by far the most amusing thing she had heard; and, that she should never forget it.

"And now I must end.

"Ever yours,

"A. P. STANLEY."*

We shall entirely fail to do justice to this panegyric—for it is impossible to designate it by any milder name—if we forget, when reading it, that it is not the work of a musical critic, or a lover of Art, or even of one accustomed to listen to music with pleasure. It was written by a man gifted with deep insight into character; endowed with keenest perception of, and broadest sympathy with, all that was noblest and grandest in those with whom he was brought into contact in his passage through the world; a man of rare intellectual gifts; of rich and varied learning; but, with no "ear for music." It is not invidious to say this; for he himself tells us that the wonderful singing which was delighting everyone else in Norwich, "produced no impression upon him."

Yet, neither Mendelssohn, nor Rellstab, nor Andersen, nor any one of those whose opinion we have hitherto quoted, wrote in such glowing language as this of the artist whose personality was able, of itself alone, without the aid of music, to inspire its author with a reverence so deep, and an admiration so enthusiastic, that, by his own confession, he is unable to find words sufficiently powerful for its adequate expression. Do not let us forget that it is no professional critic who is writing, here, but an independent witness, whose words are accepted with love and reverence, even by those who do not always agree with him, wherever the English language is spoken. And it is not too much to say, that, in this particular case, his opinion was shared by everyone who had enjoyed the privilege of hearing or conversing with the lady by whose personality he was so deeply impressed.

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* Transcribed from the original letter, by the kind permission of the late Dean's literary executor.

The day on which she took leave of them was a veritable day of mourning. Indeed, the inhabitants of Norwich seem to have looked upon her departure from them as if it had been her actual farewell to England. But, this was not the case. She had yet to sing twice at Bristol, once at Bath, and twice at Exeter, the final concert taking place on the 2nd of October. The events of the last few weeks in England, carried down to the actual moment of departure, are thus described by Mrs. Grote:—

"At the end of September, I joined Jenny at Bath, along with Mr. Lumley. My brother was obliged to leave us on the first of October, and I was induced, by her persuasions, to remain by her side for a few days, first, at Clifton, where she sang, and afterwards at Exeter. Mr. Grote joined us, at the last-named place, and escorted the party back to London.

"On Monday, the fourth of October, Jenny spent the evening in private, with Queen Adelaide, calling on me, in Eccleston Street, about half-past 10 p.m. to arrange about the morrow, which was the day fixed for the departure from England.

"Accordingly, she dined with us, as did also Mr. Lumley; and, at 9 o'clock, p.m., Mr. Grote and I, together with Mr. Lumley, who followed in his own carriage, escorted her to the Custom-House Stairs, whence, taking a small wherry, we conducted her on board the Hamburg Packet, the 'John Bull.'

"It was a very fine autumn evening, though dark; and, as we silently paddled along, among the shipping, and the dim lanthorn lights, I was led to reflect upon the contrast between this obscure termination of Jenny's visit to England, and the prodigious excitement she had produced upon the English public.

"On board the steamer, we took a most affectionate leave of her, the sadness of which was relieved by the hope of meeting again within a few months; Mr. Lumley having induced her to contract a second engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre.

"As we rowed away from the ship, we saw her white handkerchief waving in the darkness, wafting to us her last *adieux!*

"She left behind her, in England, a splendid reputation, and the most extensive personal interest and sympathy which it was possible for a woman to create; and she also carried with her, as the fruit of five months' work, a considerable sum of money—such a sum as, till now, she had not been mistress of." *

And, here, we too must take leave of her for a while, to meet her again, at the end of her journey, surrounded by the beloved friends she had left behind her in Berlin.†

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* From Mrs. Grote's MS. '*Memoir.*'

† The following were the dates of Mdlle. Lind's performances, during the course of her first season in England.

1847.

AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

May 4 (Tu.).	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
,, 6 (Th.).	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
,, 8 (Sat.).	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
,, 13 (Th.).	*La Sonnambula.*
,, 15 (Sat.).	*La Sonnambula.*
,, 18 (Tu.).	*La Sonnambula.*
,, 20 (Th.).	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
,, 25 (Tu.).	*La Sonnambula.*
,, 27 (Th.)	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
June 1 (Tu.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
June 3 (Th.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
,, 5 (Sat.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
,, 8 (Tu.).	*La Sonnambula.*
,, 10 (Th.).	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
,, 15 (Tu.).	*Norma* (State performance).
,, 17 (Th.).	Concert.
,, 19 (Sat.).	*Norma.*
,, 22 (Tu.).	*Norma.*
,, 24 (Th.).	*La Sonnambula.*
July 1 (Th.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
,, 3 (Sat.).	*La Sonnambula.*

July 8 (Th.).	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
,, 10 (Sat.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
,, 13 (Tu.).	*La Sonnambula.*
,, 15 (Th.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
,, 20 (Tu.).	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
,, 22 (Th.).	*I Masnadieri.*
,, 24 (Sat.).	*I Masnadieri.*
,, 29 (Th.).	*I Masnadieri.*
Aug. 3 (Tu.).	*La Sonnambula.*
,, 5 (Th.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
,, 7 (Sat.).	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
,, 10 (Tu.).	*I Masnadieri.*
,, 12 (Th.).	*La Sonnambula.*
,, 14 (Sat.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
,, 17 (Tu.).	*Le Nozze di Figaro.*
,, 19 (Th.).	*Le Nozze di Figaro.*
,, 20 (Fri.).	Concert for the Chorus of the Opera.
,, 21 (Sat.).	*La Sonnambula.*

CONCERTS, "BY COMMAND OF THE QUEEN."

May 28 (Fri.).	At Buckingham Palace.
June 9 (Wed.).	At Marlborough House, for the Queen Dowager.
,, 30 (Wed.).	At Buckingham Palace.
Aug. 9 (Mon.).	At Osborne.

IN THE PROVINCES.

Aug. 23 (Mon.).	Concert at Brighton.
,, 26 (Th.).	Concert at Birmingham.
,, 28 (Sat.).	*La Sonnambula,* at Manchester.
,, 30 (Mon.).	*La Sonnambula,* at Manchester.
Sept. 2 (Th.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento,* at Manchester.
,, 4 (Sat.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento,* at Manchester.
,, 6 (Mon.).	*La Sonnambula,* at Liverpool.
,, 8 (Wed.).	*La Figlia del Reggimento,* at Liverpool.
,, 9 (Th.).	Concert at Birmingham.
,, 10 (Fri.).	Concert at Hull.
,, 16 (Th.).	Concert at Edinburgh.
,, 17 (Fri.).	Concert at Glasgow.
,, 18 (Sat.).	Concert at Perth.
,, 20 (Mon.).	Concert at Edinburgh.
,, 22 (Wed.).	Concert at Norwich.
,, 23 (Th.).	Concert at Norwich.
,, 25 (Sat.).	Concert at Norwich.
,, 27 (Mon.).	Concert at Bristol.
,, 28 (Tu.).	Concert at Bath.
,, 30 (Th.).	Concert at Bristol.
Oct. 1 (Fri.).	Concert at Exeter.
,, 2 (Sat.).	Concert at Exeter.

BOOK VIII.

THE GOAL.

CHAPTER I.

NEW TRIUMPHS AT BERLIN.

How strangely our forebodings are sometimes justified by after events quite beyond conception at the time they were uttered.

While Mdlle. Lind was most painfully under the influence of the terror with which she had once looked forward to her visit to London, she had written to Madame Wichmann:—

"Vienna, March 26, 1847.

"I must really go to London. Will you send me a few words to Munich, by the next mail? I shall soon be there, staying with the Kaulbachs.

"How beautifully everything has gone with me, here in Vienna! And, how nice it would be for me, if I had not to go to London. But, perhaps, even that may have its good side!" *

It had indeed had its good side; and the prophecy that had been uttered in the bitterness of anxiety, had been most gloriously fulfilled — as she herself confessed, when she wrote:—

"London, August 12, 1847.

"How delighted I am that I have finished here! For it is better to look back upon the accomplishment of so great a thing, than to look forward to it. The English public has been unexampled in its kindness to me." †

Truly, it had been very kind to her; and she had richly deserved it. The arrangement had been perfectly fair, on

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* From the Wichmann collection.

† *Ibid.*

both sides. She had proved herself worthy of the recognition accorded to her by the public; and the public had proved itself worthy of her.

We left her on board the *John Bull*; waving an affectionate good-bye to her English friends, Mr. and Mrs. Grote, and Mr. Lumley; and looking forward to an equally affectionate greeting from the dear ones from whom she had parted, in the previous autumn, at Berlin, whither she was now wending her way, in fulfilment of a brief engagement at the Royal Opera-House, before her return to Stockholm.

As early as the 25th of July, she had written, to Madame Wichmann:—

"A few days ago, I received a very nice letter from Küstner. You know how friendly he always was to me. I am quite sure that he is an honest and good man; and I shall write—which is a great deal from me!—to tell him that I cannot stay long in Berlin, or sing more than twice or three times at the utmost, as I leave England so late—not until nearly the end of September. We cannot, therefore, be long together, dearly beloved, as I must get to Sweden before the weather becomes too unfavourable.

"Do you know, the Professor's likeness of me* has pleased the Queen immensely—and now I come to you to ask a very great favour. Lablache is also so enchanted with the portrait, that I have been obliged to promise him that I will ask the Professor to let him have a copy of it. I shall be eternally obliged if my Professor will let me have a little head—you know well what I mean: *my* head—for Lablache. He will be here till the middle of August. Ah! I entreat you, do me this great kindness. He has begged so hard for it.

"For ever thine,

"JENNY."

"P.S. We are quite well. I am altogether beside myself with enchantment for England."†

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* The marble medallion, by Professor Wichmann, described in vol. I., p. 362, and impressed upon the binding of these volumes.

† From the Wichmann collection.

And again, on the 30th of September:—

> "I leave my beloved England, next Thursday, the 5th. I cannot, however, tell the exact day of my arrival in Berlin. I will write again from Hamburg." *

How different was the greeting now awaiting her in the Prussian capital, from that with which she had been received on her first appearance there, in the winter of 1844!

Then, all had been uncertainty. Vague expectation, on the part of the public; despondency, of the most painful kind, on that of the *débutante.* Fame, it is true, had preceded her. Report had had much to say. The critics had heard some marvellous stories. The artist knew something of what she could accomplish. But, who could say how much of the marvel was to be believed; or how far the artist's ideal would satisfy the new audiences to whom it was to be presented? The dull dead pall of doubt hung over all; and it was not until the curtain had fallen upon the first performance of *Norma,* that the mist dispersed, to reveal the prospect in store for the glorious future.

And now, what a change had taken place! There was no more doubt. The triumph was assured. The expected visitor was no longer a shrinking Scandinavian maiden, preparing to make her first appearance before a dreaded tribunal, quick to note every weak point in her performance; but, a finished artist, who had conquered every difficulty; surmounted every obstacle that barred her path to fame; won deathless laurels, not in her own country only, but in every city, every great art-centre, through which she had passed, from Munich and Vienna in the south, to northern Edinburgh, with the triumphs of the London season to form the climax of the whole. So much had she done, since that eventful winter of 1844, that it might well have been questioned whether more laurels were left for her to gather. But more there were, and these, too, she culled without an effort. And fitting ornaments they formed, to the crown she had so justly won, and wore so humbly—a crown, to which new glories were added in every Opera-House in which she sang; for, not even yet had she reached the culminating point in her marvellous artistic career.

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* From the Wichmann collection.

Her reception in Berlin, on this, her third visit, seemed to include within itself all the enthusiasm that had been gradually gaining new strength through the experiences of the two preceding years. The critics—who had never been wanting in warmth of diction—exhausted their vocabulary in the endeavour to find new words sufficiently powerful for the expression of panegyrics for which they found all ordinary language inadequate. We do not propose to translate, *in extenso,* the reviews appertaining to this period; in the first place, because the Operas to which they refer have been fully described in former chapters, in connection with Mdlle. Lind's first appearance in them, either at Berlin, or in London; and, secondly, because they do but reiterate, in stronger language—frequently so transcendental as to defy all attempts at English paraphrase—opinions which have already been expressed, over and over again, and which would certainly gain nothing from recapitulation in terms that an English critic of the present day might possibly be tempted to regard as extravagant. Avoiding, then, all needless repetition, we will content ourselves with laying before our readers Herr Rellstab's account of the final farewell to the Berlin stage, which took place, on the occasion of Mdlle. Lind's benefit, on the 17th of October, 1847, after she had sung twice, in *La Figlia del Reggimento,* and once, in *Der Freischütz,** with such success, that the great German critic's admiration for the lively little *vivandière* exceeded even that expressed by his English *confrères*, while, in the last representation of Weber's masterpiece, he recognised an ideal still higher than that which had delighted him in 1845, and found it impossible to escape the conviction, that, however exalted Mdlle. Lind's conception of the character of "Agathe" might then have been, she had raised it, by the subsequent development of her genius, to a level more worthy still of the composer's intention and her own consummate art.

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* During her third visit to Berlin, Mdlle. Lind sang four times only on the stage, once at a Court Concert, and once at a concert for the

Herr Rellstab's account of the performance of *La Sonnambula*, on the night of the final benefit, is as follows:—

> "*La Sonnambula!* Jenny Lind's benefit! Such a performance—how could it have been otherwise?—must of necessity, through the prevailing feeling in favour of the artist, awaken a sympathy, and attract a concourse, the like of which has not often been recorded in the history of our theatre. She revived, in this character, a lovely picture of the past, which floated before the recollection of many, in still living colours, and the reality of which presented itself to us with fresh and irresistible charm. It is admitted that, for the singer, this part is the most brilliant in which she has ever unfolded before us the depths of her rich and overwhelming talent; while, for the actress, it enables her to turn to the best possible account the twofold advantage derivable from her rare command of the most charming playfulness, and the deepest passion.*
>
> "In so far as the singer is concerned, however faithfully we may have retained the recollection of that which she presented to us on former occasions; however imperishable

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Chorus of the Opera. The dates were October 12 and 14, *La Figlia del Reggimento;* Oct. 15, *Der Freischütz;* Oct. 16, Court Concert; Oct. 17, *La Sonnambula* (benefit); Oct. 18, concert for the Chorus of the Opera.

* Here follows an elaborate criticism of the performance, abounding in details which, having already recorded Herr Rellstab's opinion of Mdlle. Lind's interpretation of the part of "Amina" in our first volume, we will not weary our readers by recapitulating.

the conception may have remained to us; the present reality far outstrips the remembrance.

"The undisguised sentiment of the evening was that of a triumph which nothing short of an artistic appearance of the highest possible excellence could have justified. The joyful excitement of the public manifested itself in involuntarily repeated signs, which accompanied every detail, in the various sections of the piece. It broke out afresh at the end of every act in reiterated calls before the curtain which the singer acknowledged, at last, by repeating the final *rondo*, in return for the rich wreaths of flowers which fell at her feet.

"We should have recorded a deep joy, filled with such splendours, such magnificence, as can only accompany a high festival of highest Art, had it not been that our feeling was, in truth, less that of tumultuous joy than of real sorrow. It was, after all, that which we had been told it would be—the last evening on which this unique, this unapproachable artist, would appear before us on her field of victory, the stage—the last evening, at least, in so far as a German audience was concerned. A winter of rest in her own country; a farewell visit to magnificent Albion, the rich offerings of whose splendour had been laid at her feet; and then—the course of the purest star that has ever guided us by its light to the Heaven of Art will reach its close. Only in narrower circles will its soft rays be henceforth manifested. If anything can give us consolation, in this too early and irreparable loss now mourned by Art, it must be sought for in the divine thought uttered by Goethe, on the occasion of Schiller's death:—

"'It is good for us, that he was taken in the fulness, in the splendour of life; for mortals rest in our memory, as they were when they left the earth. Therefore it is, that Achilles remains with us, an ever-dying youth.'

"That which consoled the great poet for the departure of his illustrious friend is reflected, for us, in relation to our Artist—if, indeed, she have really courage enough, on the summit of conquest, to put an end to the career that she has followed with such glorious results, in the fulness of its grace and grandeur. Let her mould her fate as she may, her remembrance will remain imperishable, with those in whose presence she displayed the empire of her artistic conceptions—with all who have experienced their elevating and ennobling effect.

"And gratefully will every wish for that which is good and best, follow the departing guest; whether the steps of her future life lead to still greater heights of publicity; or, to the still valleys of a retired existence, which often afford a purer, if a less exciting form of happiness.

"L. Rellstab." *

And so, on that memorable night, the great "Berlin period" passed out of the artist's life, like a marvellous, an almost incomprehensible dream. Passed out of her life, and out of the lives of her audience, of her admirers, of her fellow-worshippers at the shrine of Art, never to be renewed, and yet, more certainly still, never to be forgotten.

It was at Berlin that she had achieved her first great successes—successes, comparable only, in their significance, to the later triumphs in London, and at Vienna. There it was, that intelligent critics had first learned to appreciate her genius at its true value; first discussed her merits, with impartial fairness and keenest discernment; and first obtained an insight, however slight, into the inner life of the Art-creations she evolved. In Berlin she first met Mendelssohn, and the Wichmanns, and Tieck, and a host of kindred spirits, with whom her memory lingered long and sweetly—cherished lovingly by all—forgotten by none. And, in Berlin, she had first ascertained the measure of her own powers; weighed them fairly in the balance, and stood face to face with their reality; though her nervousness and diffidence led her, many a time, to undervalue them, in the years to come.

Though we never find her writing of Berlin with the warmth she manifests when alluding to her residence in London, or Vienna, it cost her a cruel pang to bid farewell to the boards she had so often trodden, with so many strange

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* *Kgl. Berl.* (*Voss.*) *Zeitung* (Oct. 19, 1847). See also, *Gesammelte Schriften von L. Rellstab.*, Tom xx., p. 407 *et seq.*

alternations of anxiety, and diffidence, and honest artistic satisfaction. This feeling was touchingly manifested, at the close of a concert which was given at the Royal Opera House, on the 18th of October, for the benefit of the members of the Chorus, and for which Taubert composed the song, *Ich muss nun einmal singen.* At the end of a long and elaborate critique of this concert, Rellstab writes thus:—

> "A profound emotion was to be read in the demeanour of the beloved artist, who had won the hearts, as well as the highest admiration of all."

And the tone of the response, felt, rather than uttered, by the public, in recognition of this "profound emotion," is recorded in a few not less well-chosen words:—

> "If that which life bestows upon her equals that with which she has adorned it in such rich abundance, then will her days be over-arched by Heaven with purer happiness than it is given to many to enjoy. For all that Art has become to us, through her, in beauty, in elevation, in inspiration, be our thanks expressed in this wish for her future life. We know well that thousands will share it.
>
> "L. RELLSTAB."*

And now, the pain of the parting was over. The last note had been sung, and the last word said. But, the word that dwelt longest in the memory of her to whom it was addressed had not been spoken at the Royal Opera-House, but, at the Palace of Sans Souci—not by the people, but by the King of Prussia.

The feeling with which she herself regarded the King and Queen of Prussia had been touchingly expressed, in a letter written to Madame Wichmann from Vienna, on the 26th of March, 1847:—

> "Thanks, a thousand thanks for your last letter. It made me so happy to hear that Their Majesties the King and

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* From the *Kgl. priv. Berl.* (*Voss.*) *Zeitung* (Oct. 20, 1847).

Queen wished to hear me once more, that I was moved to tears. You must know, dear Amalia, that my heart is so bound to these Royal persons, so filled with thanks for the sympathy that I found at the Prussian Court, when I stood there a stranger quite unknown, that, for the Queen especially, I could pass through the fire, if she desired me. To me, therefore, every wish of the King or Queen is sacred, and I beg you to tell Graf von Redern that I will gratefully fulfil this as soon as possible. Ah! to see you and them again, Amalia! and to talk with you in peace! Ah! my heart bounds at the thought!"

And now, following the example of the Emperor of Austria, King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, after a Court Concert given on the 16th of October, appointed Mdlle. Lind his *Kammersängerin*—his Chamber-Vocalist; and wrote, to inform her of the fact, in terms strangely simple, compared with those in which the Imperial decree had been promulgated, at Vienna, some six months previously:—

"I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of adding my own acknowledgment to the universal recognition which your rare talent and perfect mastery over the Art of Song have commanded, and I wish to prove this to you by herewith appointing you my Chamber-Vocalist.

"Sans Souci, October 16, 1847.

(Signed) "FRIEDRICH WILHELM, R.

"An Demoiselle Jenny Lind." *

On the same day, His Majesty made known his command to Graf von Redern in the following brief but expressive words:—

"I have appointed the singer, Jenny Lind, to be my

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* "Ich kann es mir nicht versagen, der allgemeinen Anerkennung welche Ihrem seltenen Talent und Ihrer vollendeten Meisterschaft in der Kunst des Gesanges gezollt wird, die meinige hinzu-zufügen, und wünsche Ihnen dieselbe dadurch zu bethätigen, dass ich Sie hierdurch zu meiner Kammersängerin ernenne. "Sans-Souci, den 16 Oktober, 1847,

(Signed) "FRIEDRICH WILHELM R.

"An Demoiselle Jenny Lind."

Chamber-Singer; and have thought it right that you should be hereby made acquainted with the fact.

(Signed) "FRIEDRICH WILHELM.*

"Sans Souci, October 16, 1847."

The explanation of this memorandum is that, in the natural order of things, the notification of the King's desire should have been formally conveyed to Mdlle. Lind through the agency of Count Redern; but, in this case, as we have already seen, His Majesty, departing from customary etiquette, had enriched the compliment with an additional grace, by addressing the letter containing the necessary announcement to Mdlle. Lind herself.

And, bearing with her this honourable patent, so frankly given, and so nobly won, Mdlle. Lind left Berlin, on the 19th of October; sang once in *Die Regimentstochter*, at the Stadt-Theatre, at Hamburg, on the 20th; and, immediately afterwards, proceeded to Stockholm, in fulfilment of philanthropic intentions which will be described in detail in our next chapter. †

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* "Ich habe die Sängerin Jenny Lind zu meiner Kammersängerin ernannt, und habe Sie davon hierdurch in Kenntniss setzen wollen.

"Sans Souci, den 16 Oktober, 1847.

"FRIEDRICH WILHELM."

† The dates of the last performances at Berlin were:—

WINTER SEASON OF 1847.	CONCERTS IN 1847.
Oct. 12. *Die Regimentstochter.*	Oct. 16. Court concert.
„ 14. *Die Regimentstochter.*	„ 18. Concert for the members of the Chorus.
„ 15. *Der Freischütz.*	
„ 17. *Die Nachtwandlerin.*	

CHAPTER II.

HOME AGAIN.

"I FEEL so strangely content," she wrote on December 15, to Madame Wichmann; "I am so happy and so quiet, at home again. It suits me so well; and the people are my own country-folk; and they love me for that."

Her friends gathered quickly about her.

> "The only thing that gladdened me," writes Fräulein Von Stedingk in her Diary, "was that Jenny Lind came back to Sweden. She was to spend the winter here; not for taking rest, though she greatly needed it, but to enchant us by her unsurpassed talent, and to devote her receipts to the founding of Art Scholarships and to the Royal Theatre.
>
> "I called on her occasionally this winter, in her flat in the 'Haymarket,' but I saw less of her this time than before, owing to her time being incessantly taken up by visitors and business.
>
> "She spoke of England with delight; and she seemed to prefer it to all other countries. I could have wished that she was not to return there!

We must, now, hear what she was doing with these receipts to which Fräulein Von Stedingk refers.

Her first appearance was to be in *La Figlia*, on December 3rd. The price of the tickets for all her appearances was raised 50 per cent. on their ordinary cost; and on December 2nd, in an evening paper, the *Aftonblad*, an explanation of this raised demand was given by Jenny

Lind herself. She wrote a letter, addressed to the owner of the newspaper, Mr. Lars Hierta, a great merchant and distinguished citizen of Stockholm, requesting the insertion in the *Aftonblad* of the following communication:—

"At the moment of reappearing, after an interval of two years, on the stage of my native country, before that public, which, from the time of my first steps on the path of Art, has shown me so much favour, it is the desire of my heart to ask for a continuance of the same rare good-will for the performances, in which I am now going to appear. I am moved to this by a special reason, which I beg respectfully to submit to the attention of the enlightened public; and I also consider myself in duty bound to furnish an explanation of the reason for raising the prices at the representations in which I am now going to take part.

"My most ardent wish is to be allowed to be of some lasting use to Native Art; to offer some kind of souvenir, more lasting than the quickly-passing moments of my appearance on the boards; and to prepare for my countrymen enjoyments of the loftier kind, for the years to come, when my own efforts shall have ceased. I hope to do this by laying the foundations of a College, where young minds should be consecrated to both Art and Virtue.

"Having been, myself, in childhood, a witness to the privations and trials through which the young and needy have to struggle in this profession, which holds so many thorns amongst the roses, I should count it the most beautiful gain of the Singer's gift if, by means of this, I could contribute to help those who are favoured by nature but ill-treated by fortune, to a development of their talent in comparative ease and comfort, and to a culture that will be advantageous alike from a moral and artistical point of view.

"With this intention, I have assigned the whole amount of my portion of the receipts from the representations in which I shall appear, towards establishing a fund, the income of which is to be devoted to an institution for educating poor children who, while specially endowed for the stage, lack the care of parents or relatives without which, in a moral and artistic respect, they either lose, or else fail to reach, the higher development, for which their gifts would give reasonable hopes.

"The money obtained will be received and managed by two Trustees, until the amount of the Capital will allow of the interest being used for the object in view.

"The lenient kindness of the public which hitherto has encouraged my efforts in the service of Art, will—I trust—follow me also now that these endeavours are dedicated to a work, the success of which must be a matter of interest to every friend of Dramatic Art within our Fatherland.

"JENNY LIND.

"Stockholm, 2nd December, 1847."

This communication to the paper signalises an intention which, for some time forward, became one of her primary interests. It was her tribute to Sweden. From the time that she won her place in the European drama, she never sung in her native land again on her own behalf. She would take no penny from it. Rather, she bent herself to repay to it, by gifts, the support and the kindness which it had given her in her youth. She had been "a child of the State," brought up by its fatherly solicitude, at its charge, at its risk. She felt herself pledged by her honour, as well as by her affection, to make to it a thankful, a generous recognition.

Then, too, she had a great desire to find adequate work and interest to occupy her in her northern home. It should not be for idleness, or for uselessness, that she would retreat thither from the big world. If she ceased to do good by her Dramatic talents, as she must, through leaving the stage, she would, yet, find other ways of helping men. "I have no fear of feeling any void," she writes during this very month to Madame Wichmann, "for I can do much good here, and have already begun to set about it."

And there were special reasons, as she thought, for some such effort at doing good. For, profoundly as she loved her people, she felt, on her return this time to Stockholm, an increased sense of their peculiar moral perils. It may have been that the religious influence, under which she had passed in England, had deepened her alarm at all that was superficial, and thoughtless. Certainly, she was at times, during the winter, greatly afflicted at the lack of seriousness which she met on all sides: "I love my fatherland as much as ever," she wrote, on the 14th of February, 1848, to Madame von Jaeger, her devoted Viennese friend, whom she salutes as "Loved and honoured Mother;" but—

> "There is, here, I confess, such frivolousness in everything, that I am sad. . . . . I sometimes doubt whether I can find joy and happiness here. . . . . The last three years have given me a great deal clearer insight. Do not imagine that they do not treat me well; on the contrary: I have nothing at all to complain of, myself: only, it does pain me that our nation should, through French influence, have lost so much of its true self."

So she felt: and, it was in order to attempt to rescue the stage, from these perverting influences which had largely dominated it since the early part of the century, that she set about her present scheme on behalf of her own old Theatre-School.

It was a touching naturalness, which drew her heart towards the scene of her childhood. Her first deliberate act of permanent charity was to be devoted to sparing other children some of the trials and perils, which had been her own lot. As we read the record of her purpose, expressed in this *Aftonblad* with all the innate freedom of her characteristic personality, we see at once, in every word, how it rose up out of her own innermost mind. Her own experience, her own history, her own memories were woven up into the act on which she had set her heart.

And, then, too, with this personal element, we notice that there was included, also, her strong conception of the wide range of the culture necessary to an artistic development. Art must belong to the Life. It must be in living contact with all that constitutes the fulness, the integrity, the nobility, of human nature.

And, above all (as she was convinced), it must draw deeply on the moral springs. Thence rise its nourishing waters. Art and Virtue—these two run down to one root. It is impossible, she considered, for the gifts and talents inbred by nature to spring up into their true estate, unless they be compassed about with moral succours. All her belief, all her self, is pledged to this conviction. A dramatic education must then be a school, also, of virtue, where the powers, given of God, can grow according to God's mind, unchilled by penury, unthwarted by harsh and rough misfortune.

It was a noble conviction; and it was, in her recorded design, most simply and nobly expressed. As years went on, the design itself received a transformation which embodied the mental changes which passed over her own spirit. Our readers will find recorded in an Appendix the remarkable development of this, her primary bequest to Sweden.* Enough now to say that the Royal Theatre was crowded night after night in spite of the raised cost, and that the entire sum of her own gains from the season went to the proposed fund. Her agreement with the theatre was that she should receive a third of the receipts which remained, after the payment of current expenses, on each night of her appearance; and that she should be entitled to name for herself the date of a benefit performance. She was also given the right to select her own pieces. The contract is signed by Count Hugo Hamilton, the Intendant.

Her voice, about which a few suspicious rumours had been flying about, owing to the fatigue and strain of her incessant efforts in Germany, was in its normal splendour. "She is now in her beloved Stockholm," wrote Madame Wichmann, on December 27th, to Madame Jaeger, whom these rumours had disquieted, "and has rested herself, and has appeared in her fullest power and glory, at the theatre."

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* See Appendix II.

She sang in the *Figlia* ten times during the winter and spring months, three of these performances being given for the benefit of (1) the Theatre Pension Fund; (2) the Chorus, and (3) the Conductor, J. F. Berwald.

She gave four performances of the *Sonnambula* in January, and four of *Lucia* in March and April—singing this part for the fifty-sixth time on the Stockholm stage on April 3rd. The *Freischütz* was sung twice, once on behalf of Strandberg, the first tenor at the Royal Theatre, once on behalf of the Chapel at the Deaf and Dumb Institute, near Stockholm. The first of these performances was given on March 7th, the anniversary of her *début* in the part of Agatha on the memorable 7th of March, 1838. She now sang it for the forty-first time on those boards. A little paper left at her death records some souvenir given her by Queen Desideria in memory of this night. She took two new characters so far as Stockholm was concerned—"Adina," in the *Elisir d'Amore*, given five times in February, and Susanna in the *Nozze di Figaro*, which she had sung in Munich in December 1846, and which Hauser had, then, described to Mendelssohn in glowing terms.

Besides this work at the Opera, there were concerts—one at Her Majesty the Queen Desideria's on December 1st;* and all the rest for old friends, and associates; for Mina Fundin, her dear ally in childhood; for Randel, the concert-master; for the Artists' Guild Pension Fund; for Josephson, the composer; for Arnold, an organist and composer; for the Royal Orchestra Pension Fund; for D'Aubert, the concert-leader; for Theodor Sack, the principal violoncellist at the Royal Opera. So it went on.

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* She was made *First* Court Singer by Oscar I. on December 24th of that year; and she retained this special privilege until her death.

And finally, for the thirty-third and thirty-fourth time in Stockholm, she gave *Norma*, first for the machinists of the theatre; and secondly for sundry other persons, now unnamed, on whose behalf the tickets were sold by public auction.

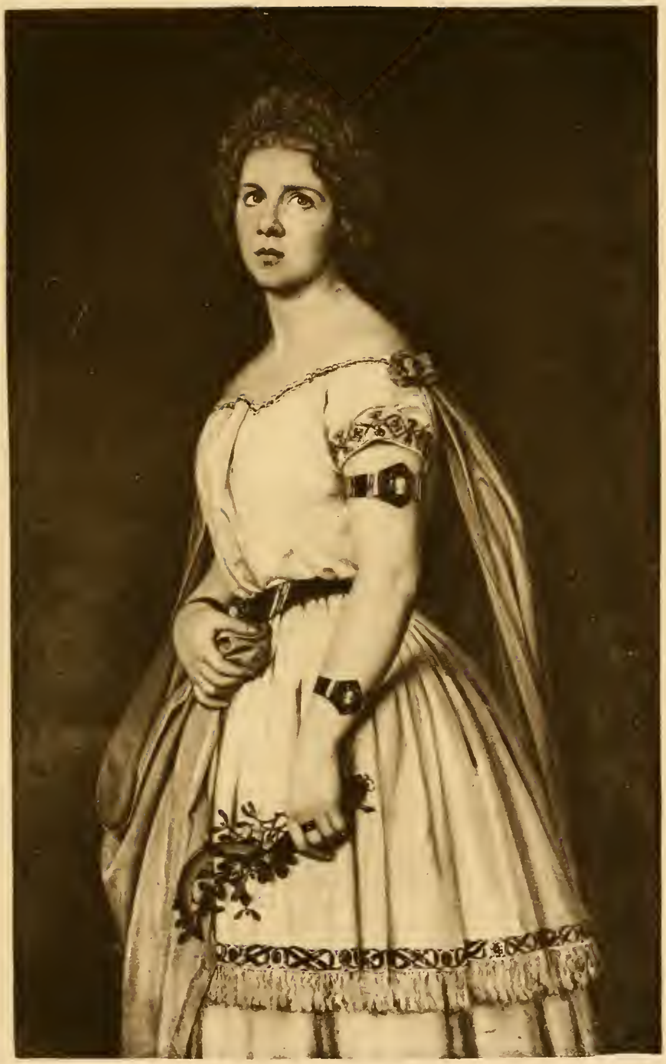
With *Norma*, it all ended, on April 12th. It was her last appearance on the Swedish stage—her last representation in the theatre, which had heard the first notes of her child-voice, as she tripped over its boards, a tiny girl hardly ten years old, bewitching the audience by her astonishing, "almost unnatural" cleverness—the theatre which had thrilled to the revealed splendour of her genius on the historic night when she discovered her power, and "went to bed a new creature." There, on those boards, familiar to her feet as the very floor of home, she had won for herself those early dramatic experiences, with which she had fascinated and enthralled Europe; there she had, step by step, moved from triumph to triumph, until the artistic resources of her native land had been exhausted, and she had been driven, by the impulsion of an aspiring spirit, to seek, elsewhere, for that development which should be level with her fullest powers. Thither she had returned, with the required power, to find the same faithful enthusiasm ready to respond to her, only with more ardent loyalty than ever. So long, so close was the story which knit her to that Stockholm theatre; such deep memories lay about her there: such a record of hopes and fears and wonders: and, now, that page was to be closed for ever. For the very last time, she had waited in those wings for the step forward which should carry her into the roar of welcome. For the very last time within the well-known walls, she had felt the whole body of silent people absorbed into her own masterful and magnetic influence, as she held them, spellbound, within the power of her gaiety, or her passion. It was all over, on that night of April the 12th when the last notes of *Norma* died on the ear.

Fräulein Von Stedingk was present and writes:

> "She surpassed herself. When she came before the curtain at the close, the whole audience rose; and many an eye was wet."

The famous picture of her as Norma, by Södermark, which is the treasured pride of Stockholm, was painted during this season. It was subscribed for by the employés at the Royal Theatre, and presented to the theatre to be placed there, on January 6th, 1849. It put the seal on the belief of her own people, that her delineation of Norma was her most triumphant achievement; and most certainly it was the character which she herself always selected, whether as a challenge to criticism on her entry upon some new boards, or as her best farewell to any familiar stage.

In the middle of all this smooth happiness, came the irritating news of the verdict in the suit of Bunn *v.* Lind. That wearisome tangle had, at last, come to a close. On the 23rd of February, the case was heard in London before Sir W. Erle, sitting in the Court of Queen's Bench. Mr. Cockburn, afterwards Lord Chief Justice, and Sir F. Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chancellor, represented Mr. Bunn; while the Attorney-General appeared on behalf of Jenny Lind. Mr. Cockburn had the cynical audacity to declare that her own absolute denial, in her letter to Mr. Bunn, of any overtures made to her by Mr. Lumley at Her Majesty's Theatre was evidence that those overtures were the reason why she threw over the contract. How absolutely false to fact this suggestion was, we already have heard. He moreover actually asserted that, if she could learn to speak "jaw-breaking German," it was ridiculous to plead her



Jenny Lind in the character of Norma from a picture by Södermark.

inability to get up English in a few months. We may charitably hope that this was meant for a joke; but we may doubt whether a British jury would not take it seriously. The damages claimed were £10,000; and these were based on the standard receipts of Madame Malibran in the height of her fame. The Attorney-General pleaded that the contract had dropped through Mr. Bunn being unable, on his own showing, to provide the music for *Vielka* by the date mentioned in the contract. He argued that, as to damages, all Mr. Bunn could claim of positive loss was the price of a journey to Berlin, and the £150 spent by him in translating the *Feldlager* into English. Sir W. Erle summed up minutely; and the jury finally gave a verdict in favour of Mr. Bunn, with £2,500 damages.

Mr. Lumley had, as we know, made himself responsible for the loss. But the result must have been bitterly vexatious. Of course, she had let the proper date pass before which she was to make her objections to the contract, and so had put herself legally wrong. But we are aware how ignorant she was of all the arts by which to escape the meshes of the law, or to guard herself against the brutalities of managers. She had been trapped into the engagement before she knew what she was doing or the situation into which she was coming. Her reasons against the contract were real: she *could* not have learned English in the time; her nervous dread of failure through singing in a foreign tongue, was profoundly genuine, however improbable it might sound in the atmosphere of a law court. We know the extremity of her self-mistrust, the agony of her diffidence. Bunn treated her appeals with a vulgar insolence, that was bad enough to deprive him of all claim to compensation. As we read his rough letters, it softens our regret that, for conduct of this type, he was once soundly thrashed by Macready.

The jury were, probably, moved by the sense that he had just missed a splendid chance of success, and deserved some practical consolation for his mischance. The Attorney-General moved for an appeal before a higher court; but Lord Chief Justice Denman held that the damages were not excessive on the ground that Madame Malibran's receipts afforded a reasonable standard. It is well to remember that Mr. Bunn had not offered Jenny Lind even half the salary that he had given Madame Malibran; so that his damages were calculated on a far higher scale than the risk which he ran at the time of the contract.

However, so, at last, the tiresome business is over; and we can be thankful to hear no more of it. It was the only occasion, in all her life, in which she ever heard herself accused of motives which it was a degradation to her even to be charged with. To those who ever knew her, it sounds like a silly jest that she should ever have had to endure the accusation of rapacity, or sharp dealing—so incomprehensible and so remote would such motives have always been to her. But, jest as it may sound to us, to her it was cruel and bitter enough; and, no doubt, the verdict stung her like a sharp blow.

Yet no record remains of its effect upon her; and home was kind and tender and soothing; and every trouble there, was clearing; and, in witness of this, we will make one little record which will happily mark this season of farewell to the Swedish stage. The time of her entry upon its boards, in 1829, had been, it will be well remembered, a time of much domestic trouble; and that theatre had been to little Jenny, a refuge and a home, to which she ran for peace. But, now, things were bettered. Her mother, who had, with such a shrinking heart, handed over her child to a scene so alien and so dreaded, was now freed from the conflict of a pinched and broken life, and had softened, and sweetened.

"My own real mother is just come in;" Jenny writes on the 14th of February, to the Viennese lady, Madame Jaeger, whom she always addressed as "mother."

"She and my father live in the country" (in the house she had given them), "and have come in to-day to see the *Elisir d'Amore*, in which I am 'Adina.' My mother begs to send a thousand greetings to you, unknown as you are to her, and as I tell her what you have been to me, her eyes fill with tears of joy . . . My mother is so sympathetic towards me (which, perhaps, was not always the case); and she seems to be so happy, and contented,—a happiness which I had hardly dared to hope for."

In contrast to this home-gladness, there lay heavy on her soul, all this time, the misery of Mendelssohn's death.*

She could not bear even to open a letter to her from Madame Birch-Pfeiffer in which she felt that there would be reference to it: for, as she wrote back:—

"As soon as I am obliged to hear or read anything about him, I get almost incapable of carrying out the great duty which I have taken upon my shoulders.

"Death has lately robbed me of several of my dearest friends: so that I am afraid I shall soon begin to feel cold here in the North! And yet, dear good mother, my heart is tied and chained to this ground, and this people. God be praised for it!

"I am well: though I have no rest. All is right now with my parents. Besides singing in Operas, I sing two or three times a month in concerts, and can thus help some on to a better lot in time.

"To-day the sun is shining brightly. Oh! if you could but see the white sparkling snow on the roofs! From my window I see several mills: and a few churches; and on one of them sits a gilt cock who probably amuses himself. Oh! how I wish that I too could be in the air, for the earth oppresses me. Mother, mother, I do not belong to this world; my heart will not stay in its narrow prison! . . . .

"But, in spite of all this, there is no being who could have more reason to be happy and grateful than I! I am both. Farewell! God keep you all! "Your loving "JENNY."

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* November 4, 1847.

So she wrote to her "German mother" on Jan. 22. In the following month, in the letter already quoted to her "Austrian mother," Madame Jaeger, she wrote:—

> "Ah! mother! what a blow for me was the death of Mendelssohn! That is why I have been silent so long. For the first two months after it, I could not put a word down on paper: and everything seemed to me to be dead. Never was I so happy—so lifted in spirit, as when I spoke with him! and seldom can there have been in the world two beings who so understood one another, and so sympathized with one another as we! How glorious and strange are the ways of God! On the one hand, He gives all! On the other, He takes all away! Such is life's outlook."

For two whole years after that fatal November, she could not bear to sing a "Lied" of Mendelssohn's. With his loss, there had passed out of her life the profoundest and most intimate influence under which she had ever come; for it was an influence which touched her whole being, at once in its most real and its most ideal elements. With him, she felt the same blending of the artistic aspiration with the personal character which she knew in herself; and both with character and with aspiration, she was in innermost sympathy. To both, their art intermingled its potencies with all that was most spiritual and individual in their personalities; their entire natures, in their deepest religious motives, identified themselves with that which issued from them both as music. To both, the artist-life was a reverential trust, endowed with awe, hallowed by mystic responsibilities. Drawn to one another by this vital unity of motive, they responded, each to the other, with a glad and delightful freedom such as belongs only to those whose central selves are in perfect touch. Each word that one or the other spoke was known to be understood. There is a joy in such sympathetic intimacies which is electric. Both had felt it in its most ideal form. And, now, it is this which is gone from her. It left a blank which the slow years could never quite fill; but the loss would have been yet more deadening, were it not that her enjoyment of his influence had been so very, very brief, that the heart was bound to recover its freshness; and nowhere sooner than at home, in the thick of good and happy work.

We have seen to what charitable purposes eight of her special operatic performances, and all her concerts had gone.

There remained the winnings earned by twenty-seven nights at the Royal Opera,—about £2,200—all of which went to the fund which she had planned for the Theatre School. This fund was to be allowed to accumulate by interest until it had reached a certain limit. For the present, there it was to lie, a wonderful witness to the mind which was in her during this visit to Sweden. The mere record of all this charity tells its own tale; and needs no added words to enforce its significance. It is, simply, an illustration, in the most vivid form possible, of her temper.

So the final season on the home boards came to its end. She must leave for England.

> "I delight in thinking of my next London season," she wrote to Madame Jaeger: "for I have so many reasons for being grateful towards the London public that it lays a necessity upon me to make a worthy return for it all! I believe that the coming summer will bring me many joys, for I am taking to London, as my companion my good, old master (Herr Berg) and his wife, and little daughter; and I cannot be better off than with them!"

There was another long-standing friend, besides Herr Berg, who was particularly concerned with her happy hopes at this moment. This was Herr Julius Günther. We do not propose, in this work, to enter into all the private and domestic incidents of our heroine's life, except so far as they touch her artistic career. It is not for us, therefore, to follow minutely the long story, over which we, here, must give a rapid glance. We need but indicate, in the briefest manner, how matters had stood between her, and Herr Günther, before they reached this decisive moment. With him she had sung continually both before and after her visit to Paris—both in Opera, and in the concert-room. The obvious contact, which this involved, had grown into a closer intimacy during her triumphant season, in 1844, at Stockholm; and just before leaving for her great experiment in Berlin in 1845, this intimacy had been recognised as tending to an engagement. This understanding had become strained, and practically suspended, under the busy and wonderful experiences of her long absence on the Continent, and in England. Herr Günther had been wandering, as well as she: he had been in Paris, under Garcia; much had been happening on both sides. But, now, that they were both back again in Sweden, the former relations revived, and culminated. Herr Günther saw reasons to trust that, in spite of his fears lest this European success, this splendid career, should carry her beyond his scope and influence, she, still, would respond to his appeal; and he spoke; and he found favour, and rings were exchanged. She sailed on April 13th.

One tiny and touching memorial of this time was found among her papers at her death; it is a song called "Hemlängtan" (Heimweh), in MS., set to music by Prince Gustav, brother of the Crown Prince, and sent her from himself on the 7th of March. Evidently he knew well what the date signified to her; and he, probably, knew, also, how intimately the subject of his song would appeal to her heart. She greatly enjoyed this friendship with Prince Gustav; the graceful and tender skill of the song proves how much he could enter into her musical sympathies; it was continued in her later visit to Stockholm in 1850; and she grieved profoundly at his early death in 1852.*

When the hour of departure arrived, everything was done to heighten its excitement. The Swedes, touched by her magnificent generosity, were eager to signalize their admiration in a special outburst of enthusiasm. "No one can remember a more solemn farewell offered to any private person," wrote one of the officials at the theatre.

"She left at 2 P.M. by the steamer 'Gauthiod.' Already, as early as twelve o'clock huge heaps of people began arriving, at Skeppsbron, which was filled with foot-passengers and carriages. The ships nearest the 'Gauthiod' were also crowded, even up in the rigging, and so were numbers of rowing-boats, moving about in the port. The choir of the opera were placed in barges near to the steamer, and sang several pieces, conducted by choir-master Wennbom. In another boat, the band of the Uplands regiment had taken their stand, performing airs from the Operas in which she had appeared.

"As the steamer weighed anchor, the multitude gave repeated cheers, men and women waving hats and handkerchiefs, which continued as long as a glimpse of the 'Gauthiod' could be caught. She seemed very much moved; and often had to interrupt her friendly responses with her handchief, to use it to wipe away her tears."

As she reviewed, in her memory, this winter in Stockholm, she was stirred to even more than her usual fervour for all that was Home.

She put her retrospect into words, in a letter from London, written on July 10th, to Madame Kaulbach at Munich:—

"I have been in my beloved country, and have felt most deeply how powerful is the love for it that I have cherished from childhood. My King—the whole Royal Family—the country—the ground—oh! I could have kissed them all! And with tears of profound reverence in my eyes! What a glorious time I have had there! The cordiality, the feeling of home, the language,—all enchanted me. And I was staying so pleasantly with my dear good aunt; and I got together a great deal of money for the poor. . . . See, my dearest friend! This is what I have experienced!"

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* Prince Frans Gustaf Oscar, born 18th of June, 1827; died 24th of September, 1852.

CHAPTER III.

THE RE-APPEARANCE AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

(LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR.)

AND now, the course of our narrative brings us back, once more, to Clairville Cottage, where Mdlle. Lind arrived, after her long sojourn in Stockholm, on the 21st of April; and where, a few hours afterwards, Mrs. Grote found her, "looking well, and in gay cheerful mood, anticipating, with agreeable feelings, the coming months of her stay."

"Jenny Lind arrived," she tells us, "on Good Friday, straight from Sweden, *viâ* Hamburg. I saw her the same evening at Clairville, when she received me with cordial marks of attachment and of pleasure at seeing me again. Her early music-master, M. Berg, and his wife and daughter, have come over to reside with her, during the season, and compose a very pleasant *ménage* for Jenny. She is in good spirits and health; and we have ridden out on horseback together, once or twice, which she enjoys prodigiously."*

The enthusiasm with which her arrival was greeted equalled that which had prevailed in 1847.

"All London," says Mr. Lumley, "knew that Jenny Lind had come; and all London again took up its excitement at the same point of fever-heat at which it had stood at the moment of her departure, in the previous year." †

In so far as the course of her private and social life was concerned, the events of this second season in England were of far greater moment, and exercised far deeper influence upon her future career, than those of the first. In its artistic phase, the second season was, if possible, even more triumphantly successful, in certain points, than the former one; for it showed that she was as great in Oratorio as in Opera. For the sake of clearness, we shall first treat of this memorable season in its artistic aspect, leaving all private matters for our later chapters; but the reader will find, in the sequel, that the two series of events were very closely linked together, and influenced each other very deeply.

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* From Mrs. Grote's MS. Note-Book.

† 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' p. 216.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened, for the season of 1848, on Saturday, the 19th of February, with Verdi's *Ernani*, in which Mdlle. Cruvelli made her first appearance before an English audience.

It was confidently expected that Mdlle. Lind's return to the boards on which she had won so many laurels would take place on Saturday, the 29th of April, immediately after the Easter recess; but, at her own earnest request, the event was postponed, for a reason which is amusingly explained by Mr. Lumley:—

> "Yes! Jenny Lind was amongst us, and the most eager expectations were raised as to her first appearance. When?—How?—What would she play?—were the questions impatiently asked.
>
> "It was earnestly desired that she would appear on Saturday, the 29th of April. But, with the natural tendency of the Scandinavian temperament to believe in occult influences, she laid great stress on the fact that the 4th of May—the ensuing Thursday—was the date of her first appearance on the London boards; and she therefore decided that, on the 4th of May—and not before the 4th of May—she would celebrate her return to the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre." *

The Opera chosen for her reappearance was *La Sonnambula*, of which Chopin, who had just come to London, wrote, at the beginning of May, to his friend Grzymala :—

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* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' p. 216.

> "I have been to the Italian Opera, where Jenny Lind appeared, for the first time, in *La Sonnambula*, and the Queen showed herself, for the first time, to the people, after a long retirement. Both were, of course, of much interest to me; more especially, however, the Duke of Wellington, who, like an old faithful dog in a cottage, sat in the box below his crowned mistress.
>
> "I have also made Jenny Lind's personal acquaintance. When, a few days afterwards, I paid her a visit, she received me in the most amiable manner, and sent me an excellent 'stall' for the Opera, where I was capitally seated, and heard excellently.
>
> "This Swede is indeed an original from head to foot. She does not show herself in the ordinary light, but in the magic rays of an *aurora borealis*. Her singing is infallibly pure and true; but, above all, I admire her *piano* passages, the charm of which is indescribable." *

In the following July, Chopin gave two *matinées* in London; one, at No. 99 Eaton Place, the residence of Mrs. Sartoris (formerly, Miss Adelaide Kemble); the other, at the house of Lord Falmouth, No. 2 St. James's Square. In describing these, a musical periodical flippantly observes :—

> "M. Chopin has lately given two performances of his own pianoforte music at the residence of Mrs. Sartoris, which seem to have given much pleasure to his audiences, among whom Mdlle. Lind, who was present at the first, seems to be the most enthusiastic.
>
> "We were not present at either; and, therefore, have nothing to say on the subject." †

It is gratifying, in connection with Chopin's expressions of admiration for Mdlle. Lind's artistic nature, to know that she felt an equal admiration for his extraordinary genius—an admiration which increased as years rolled on, and as she became better acquainted with his works, of which she never spoke without enthusiasm.

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* From 'The Life of Chopin,' by Fr. Niecks. (London, 1890.)

† From *The Musical World* (July 8, 1848).

When the Crowns of Sweden and Poland were temporarily united, in the year 1587, a Slavonic Dance called the *Polska* became very popular among the Swedes, who have retained its wild melodies among their national music to the present day. Mdlle. Lind sang some *Polskas* to Chopin, on the occasion of his visit; and he expressed the utmost delight at her rendering of the familiar strains. Indeed, so thoroughly did she sympathise with the inner life of the music, to which Chopin's genius lent so beautiful a colouring, that, after her marriage, she introduced into her Concert-Programmes a *Recueil de Mazourkas* selected from his works, and adapted to Italian words, concluding the fourth and last melody with a remarkable *cadenza* founded upon one of its themes which will be found in the *Appendix of Music* attached to this volume. The success of this most original performance rendered its repetition in succeeding programmes almost a necessity. But this did not take place until some years after the period of which we have been speaking, and to which we must now return.

Mr. Lumley was delighted at the excitement which attended the reappearance of Mdlle. Lind at his theatre and thus narrated the attendant circumstances:—

> "The privileged of the Theatre told tales of the appearance of the Swedish Nightingale at rehearsal; of her enthusiastic reception by the members of the orchestra; of her overpowering emotion on facing this tumultuously-flattering welcome; and of her undiminished, nay, increased powers!
>
> "The scenes of excitement in all the thoroughfares leading to the theatre were once more renewed. Again were struggling crowds early at the doors; again were hats doubled up, and dresses torn; and again was the throng of carriages, the clamour and conflict of coachmen, servants, policemen, spectators, and mob, the same as of yore. A 'Jenny Lind crush' had lost nothing of its fervour and

intensity. Words would fail to describe the appearance of the overcrowded house, the tumultuous reception, the enthusiasm which knew no bounds and no limits of time; or, to give an idea of the prolonged cheering that followed every vocal display on the part of this idol of the public, in a house crowded to impossibility, which eagerness and determination had exercised their magic to make possible.

"The Court was present; and an incident, independent of the great event of the evening, is worthy of record.

"It was the first appearance of the Queen, in public, since the famous 10th of April, when English loyalty and English pluck had pretty clearly shown that England could have nothing to fear from the revolutionary elements which were just then rife in Europe, driving monarchs from their thrones. When the British sovereign first reappeared among her subjects, loyalty was not to be baulked of a fitting demonstration; and, in spite of the etiquette of the day, which allowed the Queen, as well as her subjects, to enjoy a dramatic entertainment without interruption, she was received with such universal homage of acclamation, that she was constrained to appear in the front of her box to acknowledge the demonstration, while the National Anthem was sung by the chief singers of the establishment.

"Well might the newspapers of the day preface their record by the phrase, 'The *great* evening of the season has come off, and the result has been most brilliant.'" *

On the 6th of May, *La Sonnambula* was repeated, and again on the 16th; on the 11th, 13th, and 18th, Mdlle. Lind sang in *La Figlia del Reggimento;* and, on the 25th, she appeared, for the first time in England, in Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor.*

Lucia had always been one of her favourite Operas. She had sung in it many times in Stockholm; and, occasionally, in Hanover, and other parts of Germany. The part of Lucy Ashton was, indeed, pre-eminently suited to the display of her peculiar talent. She painted, to perfection, the vacillating character of the timid, shrinking maiden; her love for Edgar Ravenswood, devoted, true, faithful even, so far as she had strength to resist the pressure put upon her; her womanly determination withstanding, for a time, the alternate threats and entreaties of her despicable brother, yet not courageous enough to bear the last dread shock; her passionate despair, when she had broken faith with her lover, and signed the irrevocable contract; above all, her fatal madness, depicted in that last great scene, in which she aimed at, and was admitted by all to have reached, an ideal so high, that its infinite pathos, its ineffable sadness, could only be compared with the touching charm that some of the greatest of our English actresses have, on rare occasions, succeeded in weaving around the gentle hallucinations of Ophelia. The music with which Donizetti has illustrated this trying scene, though it may fairly be ranked among the most successful productions of the modern Italian school, is poor material indeed, compared with the deathless utterances of Shakespeare—but no one felt that anything was wanting. It may be safely said, that there was not a heart among the audience that it did not touch. And in none of her favourite Italian parts was the vocalisation more masterly, more astonishingly perfect, than in this. The brilliant execution, the faultless *trille*, the ravishing *pianissimo;* the stream of sound, now rich and full, now so soft as to be scarcely audible, while yet it filled the theatre to its remotest boundary—the stream of sound itself was a thing of rarest beauty, apart from the sense infused into it by power of articulation, just as the hue of purest ultramarine is beautiful, upon the painter's palette, apart from the form and *chiaro-scuro* into which his pencil weaves it.

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* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' pp. 218–19.

Besides its general charm, there were some noticeable details in the performance, which raised it far above all previous interpretations of the part. The dazzling brilliancy of the *aria d'entrata* baffled all description. Composed, originally, for Madame Persiani, it was in itself little more than a graceful vehicle for the display of faultless execution, and the facility and clearness with which its new interpreter complied with the demands made upon her technical skill, in this department of her art, astonished even those who had heard Madame Persiani at her best. But, beyond this, she threw into it a longing passion, an unutterable tenderness, which at once, and in the very first scene, gave the clue to her conception of Lucy Ashton's character; and this conception she consistently carried out, to the last note uttered by the distraught and broken-hearted "Bride," in the last of her changeful hallucinations. From the opening scene, to the closing one, the character of Lucy Ashton was a consistent whole; and never before had it been illustrated in such sort as to impress the hearer with a sadness equal to that felt after reading the harrowing story of her life as narrated by the sympathetic pen of Sir Walter Scott. Her acting was, throughout, so natural, and so perfectly adapted to the physical demands of the scene, that, some time afterwards, an intimate friend saw her sign an important paper—as real, to her, as the marriage-contract was to Lucy —in the exact position into which she had fallen when signing the mimic contract on the stage—and was struck with wonder at the strange coincidence. Even her most difficult achievements in the domain of technical vocalisation were made subservient to the dramatic consistency of the situation. Again, in the great Sestett—*Chi raffrena il mio furore*—which immediately follows the moment of the fatal signature, and which is accepted, even by the bitterest enemies of modern Italian music, as an inspiration of which any school of composition might have been proud, she was herself inspired by the passion which had animated the composer. Her astonishment at the unexpected appearance of Edgar Ravenswood, her grief, her terror, her shame at her own weakness, were displayed with such perfect truth to nature, that the listener himself felt every changing emotion at the point at which it passed through her own soul. And when, at the climax, she closed on the D flat *in alt.*, instead of in the lower octave indicated in the score, the effect was that of a cry of agonised passion, and not of a brilliant high note reached by the skill of an accomplished vocalist. All thought of skill was forgotten in the perfection of the dramatic effect. Whenever, in later performances, we have heard more or less successful imitation of this *tour de force*, now become matter of tradition, we have involuntarily thought more of the D flat, than of Lucy's agony of soul.

The following critique is one of many which appeared on the day after the performance:—

"Last night was the most remarkable one of the season. Mdlle. Lind appeared, for the first time, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, and raised to the highest enthusiasm the immense audience that had attended.

"In the *scena*, and duet, in the first act, she employed all her vocal resources. The ornaments she introduced showed at once her invention and her fine power of execution, while all those familiar effects of her own—such as the irresistible *decrescendo*—were unsparingly used, and with admirable effect.

"But it was in the second and third acts that she gave the character a stamp that distinguished it from any other rendering, bringing out the distress and madness of the unhappy 'Lucia' with a force that has hitherto remained unknown. The sudden horror that came over her, and paralysed her for a moment, when the letter was placed in her hands, to convince her of the infidelity of 'Edgardo,' was finely conceived; and the effect was heightened by a new point. Snatching the letter from her brother's hands, she gazed at it once more, as if to ascertain that the first impression had been only a delusion.

"The madness was wonderfully interpreted. The eye, glaring and vacant, appeared absorbed by fantasies, and blind to all external objects. The passions by which she is supposed to be influenced, while in this painful situation, are of the most varied kind; but she never for a moment lost sight of the insanity. However eloquent the song, the countenance was never fully lighted up by its meaning. The discordance between the internal and the external world was terribly preserved. To give the scene its full importance, Mdlle. Lind has restored much of the music which is now generally omitted; and, at the conclusion, instead of running off the stage in the usual fashion, she fell senseless, which brought the situation to a more pointed conclusion. Altogether, this mad scene is a rare exhibition of genius, the fine fresh voice of the singer giving a substance to the creation of her mind. The character of 'Lucia' will unquestionably be ranked among Mdlle. Lind's most brilliant successes. The audience were kept in a state of the greatest excitement; and plaudits, repeated calls, and bouquets, marked their unbounded delight." *

In comparing this masterly interpretation of the part of "Lucia" with Mdlle. Lind's other great creations, it is necessary to remember that she could only give free rein to her genius, in fullest measure, when dealing with masterpieces of the highest order, such as *Il Don Giovanni*, or *Der Freischütz*, or *Le Nozze di Figaro*, in which ample material was provided for the realisation of her ideal.

In such cases as these, she clothed the composer's conception with her own individuality, and, without for a moment confusing their mutual identity, produced a whole so homogeneous, that it was impossible to say whether its beauty lay in the music itself, or in her interpretation of it.

But, where the needful material was not provided for her by the composer, she supplied it herself, either wholly, or in part, from her own boundless store. We have seen her, in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, creating a whole Opera out of nothing—drawing forth, as from an inexhaustible treasury, a wealth of interest, expression, feeling, motive of action, of which not the slightest suggestion was furnished in the score.

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* From the *Times*, May 26, 1848.

Here, then, were exemplified two distinct manifestations of her genius, diametrically opposed to each other. But between these were interposed many less strongly-marked phase, one of which was represented in *Lucia di Lammermoor*—a work which, however great its merits, it would be absurd to class among the masterpieces of Art.

Donizetti was not a profound musician. He made no pretensions to learning. But, he possessed strong musical instinct, and was, moreover, a man of high mental cultivation, quite capable of sounding the tragic depths of the story so pathetically told by Sir Walter Scott, and of ascertaining the tone in which he could best illustrate it with his own music.

He did this very effectively. Thalberg, who interpreted Italian airs upon the pianoforte with a depth of feeling that many a singer of reputation might justly have envied, after playing, one evening, his well-known *Fantasia on Airs from Lucia*, said to the writer, "The very first note tells of a fatal catastrophe." And this is perfectly true. Mdlle. Lind felt it too, and acted upon it, and kept that fatal tone so clearly in view, from first to last, that a spectator who had not even read the story could not have failed to understand that a tragic *dénouement* was inevitable. And so in this, as in all her great impersonations, the logical consistency of the whole was maintained from the first scene to the last.

And thus it is that artistic creations must be treated by all who aspire to raise their art to the highest degree of perfection it is capable of attaining.

CHAPTER IV.

I PURITANI.

The success of *Lucia di Lammermoor* was so great, that it was given four times in succession, and seven times more before the close of the season.

It was probably in allusion to her enthusiastic reception in the new part, Mdlle. Lind wrote, in high spirits, to Madame Wichmann :—

"London, Old Brompton,
"21 June, 1848.

"Dearest Amalia,

"I hope you are as well as I am. Things still go splendidly with me.

"I have a charming Swedish family with me here, namely, my first singing-master,[*] and his wife and daughter; so that I am quite comfortable, and in very cheerful company. They laugh and talk all round, even at this very moment; so that I hardly know what I am writing about.

"Your true

"Jenny."[†]

The next new Opera was Donizetti's charming Opera buffa, *L'Elisir d'amore*—a work incomparably superior to *La Figlia del Reggimento,* both in its music and its *libretto,* though happily wanting in the *ad captandum* element which most excites the great mass of the public, and therefore less calculated to excite a general *furore.* It proved, however, a genuine success, and afforded excellent opportunities for the display of the *prima donna's* genius, in its lighter mood, as well as for that of Signor Lablache, whose "Dottore Dulcamara" was one of his most genial *buffo* parts; and his never-failing humour was turned to such excellent account, on this occasion, as to produce the most piquant effects in the scenes in which he and Mdlle. Lind were associated.

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[*] Herr Berg.

[†] From the Wichmann collection.

Mr. Lumley says of the performance:—

> "On Thursday, the 8th of June, Jenny Lind appeared in a second new part—that of 'Adina,' in *L'Elisir d'amore.* Again, the same triumph! the same enthusiasm! The inexpressible charm which pervaded almost all the impersonations of the gifted songstress, gave a new stamp to the character of the village coquette. Of the singing of the part, it would be needless to speak farther. 'Such an "Adina" we have never beheld,' was the judgment of the day." *

Despite its piquant charm, *L'Elisir d'amore* was presented three times only during the course of the season. Though it ranks among the best of Donizetti's lighter works, and its music is uniformly graceful and melodious, it had always found favour with the public rather through the attraction of its innocent fun, than in recognition of its musical qualities. It had been originally written for Lablache, and suited him to perfection in his capacity of humourist; but like *La Figlia del Reggimento,* it stood, in its relation to Mdlle. Lind's imaginative genius, in a light little higher than that of a *moment perdu*—only, how deliciously the captivating moment passed!

The next new *rôle* was of a very different character. Until this year Mdlle. Lind had never sung in *I Puritani.* She had seen it performed, on her first visit to Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1847, and had whispered to Mrs. Grote, "I think I can do as well as that, and perhaps a little better." The time had now come when the faith she then expressed in her own powers was to be put to the test—and we think we may venture to say that it stood it fairly well.

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* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' p. 220.

She first appeared as "Elvira," in Bellini's last and certainly not least attractive work, on the 29th of July; and achieved in it one of her most brilliant successes.

The *rôle* abounds in opportunities for the display of many high and varied qualities which few dramatic artists possess in combination. It is not enough that its exponent should be merely a brilliant executant, or an impassioned actress, or possess a voice of large compass, of unfailing sustaining power, of luscious sweetness, or of unlimited flexibility. She must possess all these qualifications, and very many more, in their highest perfection, and fullest measure of development. These conditions were not hard for Mdlle. Lind; and she complied with them all. But there was another one, very much harder, in the background—one external to herself, and for which she was in no wise responsible.

Not many years previously, *I Puritani* had been placed upon the stage at Her Majesty's Theatre, with a gorgeous wealth of talent, still vividly remembered both by the regular subscribers, and a host of less frequent visitors, and believed at the time to be absolutely unapproachable. Rarely indeed is an Opera performed, as Bellini's last inspiration was in 1835, by such singers as Madame Grisi, and Signori Rubini, Tamburini and Lablache, each provided with a part exactly fitted for the display of his or her peculiar powers, and each determined to exert those powers to the utmost limit within the bounds of possibility. The work was not then dependent for its success upon the attraction of one or two great artists, however talented. Its cast was equally balanced, throughout—and, at what a level of excellence! So great was the sensation it created, that, for years afterwards, the "*Puritani* season" was spoken of as the most brilliant on record. The difficult *Aria d'entrata*;

the lively Polacca; the lovely Quartette—*A te o cara*—in which the rich beauty of Rubini's matchless voice surpassed itself; the fire infused into *Suoni la tromba* by the irrepressible emulation of Tamburini and Lablache; the beautiful melody sung by Rubini in the concerted Finale to the last act; all these, and a hundred other scenes of equal interest and charm, were still fresh in the memory of every frequenter of the Opera-House; and against the influence of their attraction, Mdlle. Lind, with Signor Lablache alone to support her in the first rank, had now to contend. A battle, fierce as that which she had fought, in Berlin, against the memory of Madame Schroeder-Devrient, and Annette Schechner, in *Euryanthe*, and *Die Vestalin*, had now to be fought over again—and she fought, and won it.

Her rendering of *Qui la voce* held all who heard it spellbound; and that of *Vien diletto*—the *Cabbaletta* which follows it—would have amazed her audience, if she had not so lately given proof of her executive power in the equally brilliant *Cavatina* in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. But in one respect Bellini's beautiful *Scena* surpassed even that remarkable performance.

The *cadenza* she composed for the opening movement of *Qui la voce* was one of the finest and most original of the wonderful passages of *fioritura* with which it was her custom to ornament the Italian *arie* that pleased her best. Her talent for the composition of *cadenze* stood quite unrivalled. No other singer, whose achievements in this difficult branch of vocalisation can now be remembered, even so much as approached her, on her own peculiar ground. The number of cadences she elaborated was countless; but she rarely committed them to writing, and most of those that remain on record owe their preservation to the forethought of listeners, who noted them down, in dread lest they should be for ever lost. The example in question is one of these;

and the reader will find it, in the exact form in which she sang it on the occasion we are describing, in No. 2 of the Appendix of Music at the end of the present volume.

Again, in the famous Polacca—*Son vergin vezzosa*—the lightness of her execution was little short of miraculous. And yet, in other scenes, she sang with an impassioned fervour which brought into play the richest tones of the fullest *soprano drammatico.*

The following critique, from the leading journal of the period, is written with so commendable an earnestness, and in so just a spirit, that we think no apology necessary for giving it entire :—

"To those who have seen Mdlle. Jenny Lind in the characters of 'Amina,' 'Lucia,' and 'Alice,' it must be evident that she gives to any part she undertakes a distinctive mark, by which it becomes her own; that, however often a character may have been represented by other artists of eminence, she always does something with it which has not been done before.

"Her 'Elvira' in *I Puritani,* which was performed on Saturday, was another triumph in this respect. It was not like any other 'Elvira' which had been seen on the stage.

"The artlessness of the loving young girl, waiting, with sparkling eyes, for the arrival of her lover, was exquisitely rendered; and when the innocent hilarity of 'Elvira' was interrupted in its course, by the sudden attack of insanity, the change was admirably elaborated. It was not the tranquil madness of 'Lucia' that urges to violent deeds: it was the insanity that preys upon the sufferer alone; so that the impression conveyed was rather mournful than terrific. When, after the supposed infidelity of her lover, she had torn from her neck the bracelet he had given her, there was a sudden pause in the course of her gestures, that had a most striking effect. It denoted the approach of actual madness; and the spectator could observe how all real images were fading away from the mind of the unhappy girl, and how vainly she was endeavouring to arrest them in their flight.

"The vocal triumph was as great as the histrionic. The sparkling *polacca,* executed to perfection, and with a playfulness which was completely illustrative of the character, electrified the audience, and was encored with an enthusiasm which is rarely heard in any theatre. In the mad scenes, an expression of wildness was apparent, even in the crying, and added to the stronger mournfulness of the situation. At the conclusion of the Opera, she was called repeatedly, and bouquets were thrown in showers." *

The success of *I Puritani* was triumphant. Though the season was now far advanced, it was given five times. But it did not displace the old favourites. *Roberto il Diavolo*, indeed, was given but twice; and then in so mutilated a form—compressed into three acts by the total omission of the part of the Princess Isabella—that it deservedly failed to attract the public: but *La Sonnambula, Le Nozze di Figaro*, and *La Figlia del Reggimento*, were as popular as ever, and drew large audiences, night after night, in alternation with the newer representations. Concerning these, however, there remains no more to be said, though, for purposes of reference, we shall give the dates of the several performances, in our usual foot-note, when describing the close of the season.

The performances extended to a much later period than usual; and many ardent lovers of music remained in town beyond their customary time, in order that they might not lose an opportunity which there was too much reason to fear might never occur again.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert continued to the end of the season, and through a hot July, which made hours spent in a crowded theatre a severe penance, to show their admiration of Mdlle. Lind by their attendance at the opera. They appear to have heard her in *La Sonnambula* and the *Figlia del Reggimento* with ever-increasing delight—charmed with her acting, and more and more impressed by her amazing flexibility of voice, and the unusual power of the singer in executing the most brilliant *fioriture* in an exquisitely modulated *piano*.

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* From the *Times*, July 31, 1848.

Mr. Lumley had cause for genuine satisfaction before the performances came to an end. His profits, this year, were far greater than they had been in 1847. It is true that the results of "The Bunn Trial" had been more calamitous, by far, than those best able to form an opinion on the subject had predicted, or supposed even possible. Still, he well knew how to make the best of his improved position; and has himself left it on record, that "the season of 1848 proved, in a financial point of view, far more remunerative than the preceding one, in which so much had been absorbed by the extra expenses entailed by Jenny's vacillation." *

Of the last night, he says :—

> "And now the career of the distinguished artist approached its close for the season of 1848. On Thursday, August the 24th, Mdlle. Lind sang in *La Sonnambula* for the last time. Her welcome on the previous 4th of May could scarcely have been surpassed in the amount of rapture and enthusiasm to which a great theatre could give expression; but yet it was almost 'o'ertopped' by the tumult of applause, the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, and the long, protracted, lingering, and still lingering cheer, which bade farewell to the great singer on this night.
>
> "The curtain fell at last; and in falling, closed a season of unexampled interest." †

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* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' p. 226.

† *Ibid.*, p. 222.

CHAPTER V.

THE CONCERT FOR THE BROMPTON HOSPITAL.

Clairville Cottage, though Mdlle. Lind had chosen it solely for the sake of its retirement from the world, was none the less frequented by a goodly company of trusted and congenial friends, who delighted to sit at rest in the shade of its noble plane-tree, and inhale the sweet perfume of its beloved magnolias, and whose presence, renewed from time to time, effectually prevented its solitude from becoming irksome. We have seen that Herr Berg and his family made a lengthened stay there. Mrs. Grote was a constant visitor. So also was Thalberg, of whose talent Mdlle. Lind always spoke with warmest admiration, and whose manner of interpreting Schubert's songs on the pianoforte initiated her into the true Viennese spirit which is indispensable to their traditional effect. And no less welcome were Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Carter Hall, who occupied a house in the immediate vicinity of the pretty cottage, and were on terms of friendliest intercourse with its mistress.

Within a few minutes' walk of this peaceful habitation rose a pile of buildings which the friends regarded with peculiar interest—the first beginnings of the then but half-completed "Brompton Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the Chest."

In an autobiographical work, which has attained great

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* 'A Retrospect of a Long Life,' by Samuel Carter Hall. (London, 1883.)

popularity, Mr. S. C. Hall makes mention of a concert given by Mdlle. Lind, at Her Majesty's Theatre, for this excellent institution. His account is so circumstantial, that it seems difficult, at first sight, to doubt the accuracy of any part of it. It is, however, inaccurate in certain particulars, as we shall presently show, though the main facts are stated correctly enough.

Mdlle. Lind had visited the hospital, during the height of the Opera season, and had taken a vivid interest in it. It was indeed well worthy of her attention. It owed its foundation, in the first instance, to the benevolent energy of Mr. (afterwards Sir Philip) Rose, who, in the year 1841, formed a nucleus for it in a building known as the Manor House, overlooking the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, and now used as an auxiliary to the general work of the Institution. The present buildings were begun in 1844, and were still far from complete in 1848, when Mdlle. Lind, having heard that accommodation for an increased number of patients was urgently needed, determined to use every possible exertion for the addition of a new wing.

Some interesting particulars concerning her proposal are given in the journals of the period, from which we select one, the authority of which cannot be doubted:—

> "The concert that will be given this day at Her Majesty's Theatre for the benefit of the Hospital for Consumption at Brompton, is a striking instance of the benevolence and generosity of Mdlle. Lind. Not only does she give her own services, but she has made arrangements with Mr. Lumley, providing the society gratuitously with everything required; so that no expense will be incurred, while it is expected that the funds will be materially increased.
>
> "The benefit that is to be done to the society by this concert, is of a special kind—namely, the erection of an eastern wing to the hospital, in which an increase of room for the admission of patients is most desirable.
>
> "The 'Hospital for Consumption and Diseases of the

Chest' has peculiar claims to public support. The incurable nature of the consumptive patient's complaint, and the fact that he must long occupy a bed which might be more profitably devoted to sufferers from other maladies, shut him out from all hospitals whatever, before the establishment of this one. The confirmed consumptive patient literally had no home, before the foundation, in 1841, of a hospital devoted exclusively to sufferers of this class. In aiding this establishment, therefore, the benevolent are contributing towards a purpose that cannot be accomplished by any other charity whatever. They are not merely providing medical assistance in the case of a particular disease, but they are providing a permanent domicile to a whole class of houseless invalids.

"The report of the charity spoke favourably of its progress; but showed that much more remained to be done. In 1847, there were already sixty beds for patients, which were constantly occupied; and it was expected that forty more, which the portion of the building then completed was capable of accommodating, would soon be made available. It is statistically shown that, in this metropolis, 11,000 persons are constantly wasting away, from the attacks of pulmonary disease; and that a large portion of these are working men, totally without the means of providing for themselves, and excluded, as we have already said, from the general hospitals.

"It is hoped that the concert will be one of those instances of the amusement of the rich contributing to the relief of the poor, that have lately been happily frequent, in the metropolis. The conduct of Mdlle. Lind, who, according to the prospectus of the concert, 'generously expressed her desire' to augment the funds of this excellent charity, is worthy of all praise." *

In one point only, the contributor of this interesting article to the *Times* fails to do full justice to a gentleman who behaved, on this occasion, with great and liberal forbearance. It will be remembered that, by her contract with Mr. Lumley, Mdlle. Lind was forbidden to sing at any public concert. She could not, therefore, have made her contemplated gift to the Brompton Hospital without Mr. Lumley's permission; and he not only gave this, but added to it the loan of the "Great Concert Room at Her Majesty's Theatre," for the morning indicated in the advertisements.

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* From the *Times,* July 31, 1848.

The concert was duly announced to take place on Monday, the 31st of July, 1848. The price of tickets for the reserved seats was fixed at two guineas each, that for unreserved places, at one guinea. Nine hundred tickets—mostly reserved—were sold at these high prices, and, the room, (notwithstanding its imposing title), being a comparatively small one, many gentlemen were compelled to stand throughout the entire performance. Mdlle. Lind herself was strongly opposed, on principle, to "raised prices," against which we have already seen her protesting at Vienna; but, on this occasion, when funds were so urgently needed for a sacred purpose, she suffered herself to be overruled by the arguments of Mr. S. C. Hall.

She was assisted in the business portion of her work, by the Honorary Secretary—Mr. Philip Rose—and other officers of the charity; and, at the concert, by Mdlle. Cruvelli, Signori Lablache, Belletti, and Coletti, MM. Remusat and King (Flautists), and Mr. Cooper (Violinist). Mr. Otto Goldschmidt also played, at her request, two solos on the pianoforte.*

The programme, which we transcribe from Mdlle. Lind's own copy, printed on white satin, and still in excellent preservation, comprised the following pieces of music:—

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* Mr. S. C. Hall, writing thirty-five years after the event, and having evidently forgotten its details, gives a very inaccurate account of the circumstances, which we have here described on the highest possible authority. Mr. Goldschmidt had been introduced to Mdlle. Lind, and she very much wished to give him the opportunity of appearing at her concert. But, she had not heard him play; and did not think it wise to render herself responsible for the *début* of a young artist, until she had made herself acquainted with the style of his performance. She therefore invited him to play to her at Clairville; and it was after having heard him there, that she requested his assistance at the concert.

GREAT CONCERT ROOM,

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mdlle. JENNY LIND'S CONCERT

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION.

This accomplished Lady, having generously expressed her desire to give a

MORNING CONCERT,

With a view to augment the Funds for Building the Eastern Wing of the

HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AND DISEASES OF THE CHEST,

IN BROMPTON,

The Public are respectfully informed that such Concert will take place at the

GREAT CONCERT ROOM OF HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE,

On MONDAY, the 31st instant.

PART I.

Duetto	"Per piacere alla Signora" (*Turco*) Mdlle. Lind and Signor Lablache.	*Rossini.*
Aria	"La mia letizia" (*Lombardi*) Signor Gardoni.	*Verdi.*
Reminiscences di *Lucia*	Mr. Otto Goldschmidt	*Liszt.*
Aria	"Non paventar" (*Flauto Magico*) Mdlle. Lind.	*Mozart.*
Scena	"Deh ti ferma" (*Semiramide*) Signor Belletti.	*Rossini.*
Trio (soprano and two flutes)	*Camp of Silesia* Mdlle. Lind, Mons. Remusat, and Mr. King.	*Meyerbeer.*

PART II.

Concerto (violin)	Mr. H. C. Cooper	*De Beriot.*
Romanza	Mdlle. Cruvelli	*Nicolai.*
Aria	"Nuova ferita" (*Reggente*) Signor Coletti.	*Mercadante.*
Terzetto	"Giovinetto Cavalier" (*Crociato*) Mdlle. Lind, Mdlle. Vera, and Mdlle. Cruvelli.	*Meyerbeer.*
Two "Lieder ohne Worte"	Mr. Otto Goldschmidt	*Mendelssohn.*
Cavatina	"Casta Diva" (*Norma*) Mdlle. Lind.	*Bellini.*

Conductor . . . . Mr. BALFE.

Doors will open at One, and the Concert commence at Two o'clock.

Five days afterwards, the following *critique* upon the performance appeared in *The Illustrated London News*:—

> "A more gratifying scene than that presented on Monday, in the Great Concert Room of Her Majesty's Theatre, has seldom been witnessed.
>
> "The most exalted Art was exercised in the cause of charity. When the fact was ascertained, that Jenny Lind had so nobly undertaken to give a Concert in aid of the funds of the 'Hospital for Consumption' in Brompton, we confess we felt no surprise at the offer—it was but an added instance to many similar actions that have signalised her artistic career.
>
> "Every seat in the area, the boxes, and the orchestra, was filled by rank, fashion, and talent.
>
> "The programme was admirable. We had the grand *Aria* from the *Flauto Magico* of Mozart—*Non paventar*, with its wonderful altitudes and intricate passages; and the ornate *Cavatina* of Bellini—*Casta diva;* the *Duetto* from the *Turco in Italia* of Rossini—*Per piacere alla Signora*—with Lablache; and the famous *Terzetto* from the *Crociato in Egitto* of Meyerbeer, *Giovinetto Cavalier*. And last, most marvellous, as exhibiting the extraordinary power, brilliancy, finish, facility, and musicianship of Jenny Lind, the Trio for Soprano and two Flutes from Meyerbeer's *Camp of Silesia*. Mozart's *Aria*, the *Trio*, and the *Cavatina*, were re-demanded. The chief novelty was the Trio from the *Camp of Silesia*.
>
> "Jenny Lind acted as musical directress, giving the *tempi* and indicating the *nuances*, very gracefully and quaintly. MM. Remusat and King were the Flautists, and performed admirably. Mdlle. Cruvelli sang a *Romanza* of Nicolai. Signor Coletti delivered an *Aria* from Mercadanti's *Reggente*—*Nuova ferita;* and Signor Belletti gave the *Scena* from *La Sonnambula*—*Deh! ti ferma*.
>
> "The instrumental portion consisted of Liszt's *Fantasia* from *Lucia*, and two of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*, played by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt; and a Violin Concerto of De Beriot, played by Mr. Cooper." *

A few days after the performance, Mdlle. Lind paid a visit to the Hospital, giving each of the wards a careful inspection, of which we find the following record:—

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* From the *Illustrated London News*, August 5, 1848.

> "Yesterday, Mdlle. Lind visited the several wards and offices of the Brompton 'Hospital for Consumption.' She was accompanied by Mrs. S. C. Hall, Mr. Philip Rose (the Hon. Sec.), Dr. Forbes, and other gentlemen connected with the charity. The committee of management met in the evening, and, after the usual business had been transacted, it was stated that the benefit given by Mdlle. Lind, at Her Majesty's Theatre, on Monday last, afforded a probability of nearly £1,800."*

We can imagine the satisfaction of the generous donor, when, in passing through the wards, between the rows of beds in which so many poor pale sufferers lay stretched on either side, she thought of the augmented number now rendered possible through her exertions. The success of her scheme extended far beyond the sum it actually placed at the disposal of the committee, for it gave a notable impulse to the collection of funds for the work in hand. The Eastern Wing was no longer thought of as a remote possibility. The committee were justified, now, in making the necessary arrangements for its rapid completion; and when it was opened, and made ready for the reception of patients, in 1855, its first floor, containing ten wards for the accommodation of female sufferers, was called "The Jenny Lind Gallery," as the corresponding portion of the Western Wing had been previously named "The Victoria Gallery" in token of gratitude to Her Majesty, the Patroness of the charity; and, at the same time, one of the ten new wards within the "Jenny Lind Gallery" was named after Mrs. S. C. Hall.

In spite of her rooted antipathy to the presentation of testimonials, in recognition of her works of charity, Mdlle. Lind had not the heart to refuse that which was offered to her in the name of the recipients of her bounty at Brompton, in the form of a beautiful silver salver, twenty inches broad, bearing in its centre an engraving of the unfinished building, with the following delicately-worded inscription :—

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* From the *Times*, August 5, 1848.

IN THE NAME OF THE SUFFERERS RELIEVED BY HER BOUNTY,
THIS HUMBLE MEMORIAL OF ONE OF HER NOBLE ACTIONS
IS PRESENTED

TO JENNY LIND

BY THE COMMITTEE OF MANAGEMENT
OF THE HOSPITAL FOR CONSUMPTION AT BROMPTON, LONDON,
AS A SLIGHT TOKEN OF THEIR ESTEEM AND GRATITUDE,
AND IN COMMEMORATION OF THE CONCERT GIVEN BY HER
ON THE THIRTY-FIRST DAY OF JULY, MDCCCXLVIII,
ON WHICH OCCASION, THROUGH THE EXERTION OF HER
UNRIVALLED TALENTS,
ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX POUNDS
WERE ADDED TO THE FUNDS OF THE CHARITY
AND A SOLID FOUNDATION LAID FOR COMPLETING THE FABRIC,
THE UNFINISHED CONDITION OF WHICH HAD EXCITED
HER GENEROUS SYMPATHY.

" BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL, FOR THEY SHALL OBTAIN MERCY."*

On the seventh anniversary of the opening of the Hospital, celebrated in 1849, the late Lord Beaconsfield—then, the Right Hon. B. Disraeli—paid perhaps the aptest and most beautiful tribute on record to the generous action of Mdlle. Lind in relation to the charity, in a speech delivered in presence of the governors, and a crowded audience. As, though printed soon after Madame Goldschmidt's death in a well-known magazine, this eloquent panegyric does not appear to have been quoted in full in contemporary notices, we venture to cite a somewhat lengthy extract:—

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* This beautiful salver is now inherited by Madame Goldschmidt's second son.

"The generosity of Mdlle. Lind to the Hospital," said the great Statesman, "can only be characterised as marvellous. It comes upon us, as it were, in a heavenly burst of music that charms every sense, and touches every heart—a sweet carol of charity that fills the popular ear with bewilderment, sympathy, and rapture.

"I look upon the conduct of this lady as one of the most remarkable features of the age we live in. I know nothing in classic story, or in those feudal epochs when we are taught that the individual was more influential, when character was more forcible—I know nothing to be compared with the career of this admirable woman. Why, gentlemen, it almost reaches the high ideal of human nature when we portray to ourselves a youthful maiden, innocent and benignant, in the possession of an unparalleled and omnipotent charm, alternately entrancing the heart of nations, and then kneeling at the tomb of suffering, of calamity, and of care.

"To me there is something most beautiful in this life of music and charity—a life passed amid divine sounds and still diviner deeds. I honour the power of the artist. We hear of the Kings and Cæsars of the world acknowledging the magic of her spell, bestowing on her the jewels and offering her the gorgeous tapestries of antique courts. But how great is the artist who can say, 'Any morning, in the saloon of a theatre, I can assemble the world together, and can support an institution, or reward an individual, ten thousand times more than any King or Emperor.' I honour the purity of the artist. I think there is something not only unprecedented but transcendental in one living in the affluence of fame, never for a moment the victim of the inebriation of vanity, but when the riches of the world are poured at her feet, and the plaudits of millions ring in her ears, turning aside directly to feel the common sympathies of our common humanity, and of all her treasure instantly appropriating, as it were, her tithes to human nature.

"And, gentlemen, I, for one, honour Jenny Lind above all things, because she has shown that she comprehends her position, and that a great artist, sustained by virtue, upheld by self-respect, and full of the magnificence of her mission, ranks in the highest class of human beings and human benefactors."

And thus, in the midst of her second London season, was inaugurated the first of that long line of noble works which have surrounded the name of Jenny Lind with a halo more bright than even that enkindled by the fire of her genius.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON.

THE London season was now at the zenith of its brilliancy, but its successes did not make Mdlle. Lind forget her friends in Germany. In the midst of the general excitement, she wrote to Frau von Kaulbach:—

"London, July 10, 1848.

"DEAREST FRIEND,

"My best and most heartfelt thanks for your letter, and the remembrance you bore me.

"I have thought of you all so often, so often! And the happy time in your house has the same poetry for me, the same beautiful colouring that it had when I was there. I have often wished to write to you; but I am so horribly lazy about writing—I do not like it at all. For, what is ever so long a letter compared with a look, or a friendly word! Yet, truly, it is always nice to receive letters from one's friends.

"I am so grieved for our good Hauser. Give him my kindest regards. What did he say about that dreadful account of Mendelssohn's death? Oh! my dear Frau Kaulbach, that was my first, my greatest loss, and it made the whole winter quite different to me. It seems to me as if the bond of union between me and Germany were quite destroyed. But, God be praised that he lives no longer, in such times as these! It is almost better to have departed.

"I hope Herr Kaulbach will soon be returning to you. What is going on at the dear home? What are the doves doing? How are the roses getting on? Do the great blackbirds still devour the little fruits in front of the house? Is the good aunt still with you? If so, greet her a thousand times, and her lovely children. Are they thriving? I should hardly know Hermann again.

"It was very hard indeed for me to take upon myself, for this year also, the frightful responsibility of supporting the Opera, here. But it was my duty to do so; for it rested with me, whether Lumley should be ruined, and the whole theatre fall to the ground, or not; and the public rewards me in so many ways, and shows me so much attention, that I have nothing to regret.

"Besides this, I have a Swedish family staying with me —my first singing-master, Herr Berg, with his wife and daughter—known to me from my childhood; and a cousin of this lady is with me, in place of Louise—an excellent and honest person*—so that I feel myself quite at home.

"I go, this year also, to the (English) provinces; but then I shall have done, and shall leave the *grande carrière* behind me, and shall only work in Sweden for my pleasure—that is, for my School.

"There you have pretty nearly all that I shall undertake. If anything very important should happen, I will be sure to tell you; but, till then, believe nothing—and, before all things, do not believe that I have a bad heart. I hope I have grown better; for, since I saw you, I have passed through many things, and have not been without temptations. What reason have I to be vain now that I had not before?

"But you must be tired out by this time, so I will come to an end. You may rest assured that no single word here written expresses so much as I wish, and that all through my life I shall remain

"Your sincerely grateful friend,

"JENNY LIND."†

As the season drew near its close, she wrote to her guardian, Judge Munthe:—

"Clairville, July 27, 1848.

"The people come to the Opera in such crowds, that, this year also, I am happy to be of use."

And again, a noteworthy letter, in which she gave the first hint in writing of a project no less weighty in its bearing upon Art than her scheme for the completion of the Brompton Hospital was in its relation to Charity:—

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* Fröken Josephine Åhmansson.

† From the collection of Frau von Kaulbach.

"Clairville Cottage, Old Brompton, Aug. 14, 1848.

"I am going to sing a few times more this year, and therefore I shall not have done with London before the 24th inst.

"We go to the provinces on the 4th of September, and begin by a concert in Birmingham on the 5th. On my return to London I intend to give, in conjunction with many others, a grand concert for the foundation of a School of Music in memory of Mendelssohn, the object of which will be to receive pupils of all nations and promote their musical training; and we have chosen his last work, *Elijah*, to illustrate it. If this enterprise proves successful I shall be very glad and happpy. If I do not come home this autumn, I intend to work in Germany, for this purpose, part of next winter." *

Truly, there were schemes enough in contemplation, and but little unoccupied time at command for the elaboration of their details.

Her Majesty's Theatre closed, for the season of 1848, on the 26th of August, with a concert for the benefit of the Chorus; and a few days afterwards, Mdlle. Lind started in company with Mons. Roger, the great French tenor Signor Belletti, Signor Frederic Lablache, and some other artists of less celebrity, on a provincial tour of a more decidedly dramatic character than that which she had undertaken in 1847.

And the inhabitants of the provinces were no less enthusiastic in the welcome they prepared for the popular favourite than those of London itself.

"The town could find no tongue," says Mr. Lumley, "but for one object—Jenny Lind—Jenny Lind, to whom the nobility, and gentry, and even the clergy of England, offered their respectful homage, and opened their country houses;

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* From the collection preserved by Judge Munthe's family.

Jenny Lind, the practical and living heroine of domestic drama, the prolific dispenser of world-wide charities, of whose private life every detail was caught up and diffused far and wide, with as much eagerness as was every trait connected with her brilliant public career." *

The *tournée*—as it was called—had been organised in advance, by Mr. Lumley, as part of the engagement for the season; and the boldness and sagacity of his calculations may be inferred from the fact that, though Mdlle. Lind's *honorarium* was fixed at £10,000, he appears to have been by no means dissatisfied with his own share of the profits. Indeed, so triumphant was the success of the venture, that to use his own words: "Her excursion, prolonged into the latter months of the year, wore the appearance of a queenly progress."

She left London on the 4th of September, on which day she wrote to her friend, Madame Wichmann:—

"Clairville, September 4, 1848.

"BELOVED AMALIA,

"I was not a little astonished, when I received your last letter from Interlaken. I was as happy as a Queen, to know that you are now leaving Berlin. My heart bounds with joy, when I think of meeting you in Italy, or elsewhere. Perhaps our long-cherished idea may be realised, after all.

"I have many plans in my head, and, in case rest should again be denied me, I may still have to go on working for a longer time.

"To-day, I begin by going to the English provinces, for two, or perhaps three months. After that begins a matter about which I will tell you.

"I wish, in conjunction with one of Mendelssohn's most intimate friends, to contribute something towards a Music School in his memory; and, for this purpose, I propose, in the month of November, to give a grand concert in London.

"It is quiet in Berlin now; and I might give concerts there also, and so, farther and farther—how far, I cannot say. But I hope, in any case, to have finished all by the new year at the latest.

---

* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' p. 226.

"Now, be sweet, *sota älskade,* and write to me soon, to tell me what you are doing, and where you are going; and send your letter here to London—Clairville Cottage, Old Brompton—and then I shall be able to tell you something for certain.

"God guard you!

"Yours,

"JENNY."*

The tour began with a concert at Birmingham, on the 5th of September, followed by one at Liverpool, on the 7th, and performances of *Lucia* and *La Sonnambula,* at Manchester, on the 9th and 11th.

An English "provincial tour" is, of necessity, devoid of almost every trace of artistic excitement, or even of interest. Its programmes are built up of the pieces which have proved most successful and most welcome to the public, during the preceding London season. The introduction of novelties, however beautiful, would be in the highest degree impolitic; for the country audience desires, before all things, to hear, for itself, the works of which it has read such glowing accounts in the London newspapers. It is with these alone that the manager supplies it; and we have no need to criticise such pieces here, since they have already been fully described in earlier chapters, though for purposes of reference, we have thought it necessary to give the dates of the several performances, in our customary footnote at the end of the section in which their history is recorded.

Suffice it, then, to say that Mdlle. Lind sang in *La Sonnambula, Lucia di Lammermoor, I Puritani,* and *La Figlia del Reggimento,* at Manchester, Hull, Newcastle, Edinburgh,

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* From the Wichmann collection.

Glasgow, Dublin, (where she remained from the 10th to the 24th of October, and sang six times on the stage), and Brighton;* that she gave concerts, with scarcely less success, in almost every place of any great importance in England; and that she continued her work, without interruption, until the 4th of December, on which day she gave a concert, at Leeds, for the Orchestra which accompanied her, realising £640 for division among its members.

Mrs. Grote has left us, in her Note-book, the following graphic account of the last-named entertainment:—

> "Her progress in the provinces was extraordinary; for the intense interest and admiration she excited in the various cities she visited; and the passionate eagerness to get even a glimpse of her, as evinced by the middle and lower classes, were truly marvellous.
>
> "Early in December I was with her at Oxford, where she gave a morning concert in the 'Theatre' or Senate House. Eighteen hundred persons were present, and the enthusiasm of the students was most diverting.
>
> "Next we posted across to Rugby, in order to proceed to Leeds, where Jenny gave a concert for the profit of her own little orchestra, and £640 was realised, each man getting about £36,—a pretty 'wind-up' to a most agreeable and lucrative three months' *tournée.*
>
> "After the concert, and about midnight, Jenny gave a *Soirée* to the band, and we kept it up till 3 A.M., with dancing and a famous good supper, after which Jenny made a speech, proposing Balfe's health; and, after that, another to her band,

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* The entry in Mdlle. Lind's engagement-book of the performance of *La Figlia del Reggimento* at Brighton, on the 3rd of November, is followed by eight notes of exclamation — "Brighton. Regimentets Dotter!!!!!!!!"—and a thick black line is drawn across the page, beneath the entry.

May we not assume, from this, that she was hoping that the performance at Brighton would be her last upon the Stage? As a matter of fact, it really would have been the last, but for the six supplementary performances to be noticed hereafter. An expression in Mrs. Stanley's letter of December 20th, 1849, given at page 258, seems strongly to confirm this hypothesis.

drinking all *their* 'healths,' and bidding them farewell and prosperity.

"Her address was given with feeling and taste, and the effect it had upon her guests was evidently profound. I was very near crying during the response, which was *her* health, with harmonious chords and *vivas* from all lips. Balfe made her a speech, thanking her in the name of the *troupe*, and paid her some lofty, but heartfelt compliments, in neat and appropriate phraseology. The evening was very delightful altogether, and we all parted with regret, returning to London on the morrow with Mr. Lumley."

This generous and graceful act accomplished, Mdlle. Lind returned for ten days, to London, for the purpose of carrying out the great enterprise which, during the last few months, had occupied so much of her attention, and which she now felt sure of bringing to a successful issue.

CHAPTER VII.

"ELIJAH."

THE noble idea of commemorating Mendelssohn's genius, by the foundation of a Music-School in his name, presented itself to some of his most intimate friends, not very many months after his early death.

The exact details of its origin have not transpired. In all probability, it first assumed consistency in the form of an unpremeditated remark, made during the course of some desultory conversation; but, whether by Mdlle. Lind or Herr Klingemann * in London, or in Leipzig by Herr Ferdinand David or Herr Schleinitz, has never been clearly ascertained. It is certain, however, that the thought of using *Elijah* as the medium for the collection of so large a sum of money as was necessary for the realisation of the project originated with Mdlle. Lind; and, this idea once broached, the four friends we have named, together with Sir George Smart, Mr. (afterwards Sir Julius) Benedict, Dr. Hullah, Mr. Buxton (the then proprietor of the publishing firm of Ewer & Co.), and some other zealous fellow-workers, warmly espoused the cause, and gave themselves no rest until they had brought it to a successful issue.

We have seen that Mdlle. Lind first mentioned it in writing, in a letter addressed to Judge Munthe, on the 14th of August, 1848; and again, in another written to Madame Wichmann, on the 4th of September—*i.e.*, exactly ten months after Mendelssohn's death. And now, at last, after four months of careful deliberation, the time had arrived for putting the great design into execution.

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* The friend to whom Mendelssohn was indebted for the poetry of some of his most beautiful songs.

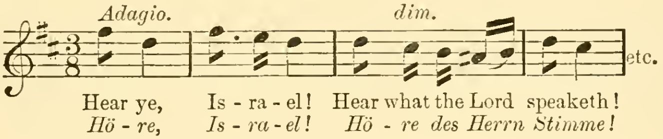
Never, in the whole history of Art, had departed greatness been honoured by a purer or more worthy monument than that now in active and loving preparation. Forty years ago the world was less accustomed to such memorials than it is now. We had no Wellington College, no Keble College, none of those noble institutions, destined, not only to perpetuate the memory of the great ones in whose name they were inaugurated, but to encourage and to teach young aspirants to follow in their steps. The finest statue in the world would have honoured Mendelssohn less worthily than a school in which the principles by which he was guided could be taught to others who needed their guidance, and thus kept in practical remembrance for ever; handed down, from master to pupil, and preserved, from generation to generation, as a precious heirloom of Art.

The idea was a noble one indeed, well worthy of being carried out to its fullest extent, had this proved to have been possible. And what more worthy means could have been devised for raising the funds needed for putting it into execution, than the scheme proposed by Mdlle. Lind—the presentation to the public of his last and greatest Oratorio, in the most perfect form that the united talent of the most accomplished singers and instrumentalists in England could achieve?

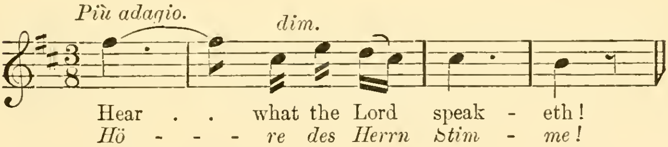
This was her bold idea; and, in furtherance of it, she invited her artist friends to assist her in a grand performance of *Elijah*, at Exeter Hall, on Friday, the 15th of December.

Mendelssohn had composed the greater part of the Oratorio, at a period during which he was in constant correspondence with his friend, and missing no opportunity of hearing her sing. He had studied her voice with microscopic care, and knew the *timbre* of every note in it as well as if it had been his own. As is nearly always the case with an exceptionally beautiful voice, every note had an individuality of inflection, which, to an exceptionally cultivated ear, had something definite to say. We do not mean that one note differed from another in *quality of tone*. But, notwithstanding the perfect equalisation of the several registers, every note had a marked idiosyncrasy which never failed in its appeal to an ear trained with the delicacy to which every true musician aspires. For Mendelssohn, the upper F♯ possessed an irresistible charm. He often spoke with admiration of the wonderful *Fis;* and, in *Hear ye, Israel,* composed in 1846, soon after the Lower Rhine Festival at Aix-la-Chapelle, he used it with striking effect as the initial note of the first phrase, and in many other passages in which it rings like a trumpet-call throughout the Air:—

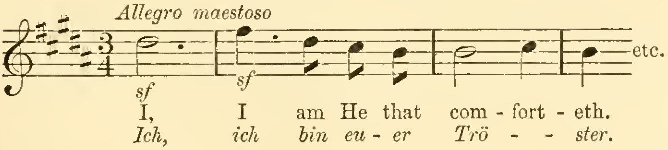
(a)


Adagio.
dim.
etc.
Hear ye, Is - ra - el! Hear what the Lord speaketh!
Hö - re, Is - ra - el! Hö - re des Herrn Stimme!

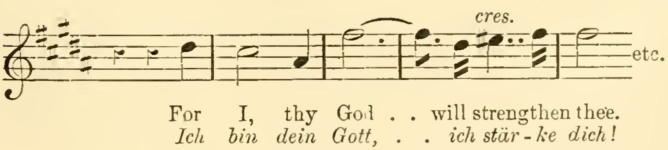
(b)


Più adagio.
dim.
Hear . . what the Lord speak - eth!
Hö - - - re des Herrn Stim - me!

(c)


Allegro maestoso
sf
sf
etc.
I, I am He that com - fort - eth.
Ich, ich bin eu - er Trö - - ster.

(d)


cres.
etc.
For I, thy God . . will strengthen thee.
Ich bin dein Gott, . . ich stär - ke dich!

Scarcely less effective is its introduction into the second bar of the unaccompanied Trio—*Lift thine eyes unto the mountains—Hebe deine Augen auf zu den Bergen*—and other notes and registers are employed, in like manner, in other parts of the Oratorio, with a knowledge of the effect they were certain to produce, when sung by Mdlle. Lind, no less intimate than that displayed by the composer in the pianoforte concertos destined to be played by his own expressive fingers.

When, therefore, Mdlle. Lind chose this as the most fitting work for her memorial purpose, she did so, not only because she believed it to be the greatest work her friend had produced, but because she knew that he would himself have selected it as the one best fitted for the display of her own peculiar powers, since he had composed the soprano part expressly for her.*

But, *Elijah* does not depend for its perfect effect upon the consummate rendering of a single part. It must be treated as a whole. And, penetrated with the certainty of this, Mdlle. Lind not only prepared for the performance of her own part, but studied every bar of the Oratorio with equal care and intelligence; and, at the numerous rehearsals—every one of which she punctually attended—infused such spirit into the artists who assisted her, and directed the preliminary performances with so intimate a knowledge of the composer's own intentions, that, though she had never before sung in the Oratorio, the effect with which it was presented was declared to have been absolutely faultless.

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* It was once currently reported that Mendelssohn had made arrangements for a performance of *Elijah* at Vienna, with Mdlle. Lind as the principal vocalist; but the rumour was entirely groundless. Preparations had indeed been made for a performance of the Oratorio, at Vienna, in the winter of 1847, and Mendelssohn was only prevented from conducting it in person by his untimely death, in consequence of which it was for a time postponed, and ultimately given in the form of a tribute to his memory: but Mdlle. Lind's engagements elsewhere would have rendered it impossible for her to have taken part in it, under any circumstances; and no mention of her name, in connection with the proposed cast, is to be found among Mendelssohn's correspondence, though the names of all the other artists concerned in it are distinctly specified. Unfortunately, the erroneous statement has been openly promulgated in Herr Sebastian Hensel's *Familie Mendelssohn*, in Sir George Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, in Mr. J. T. Bunce's *History of the Birmingham General Hospital*, and possibly elsewhere.

The result of her labours may be gathered from the following critique which appeared in the 'Times,' on the day after the celebration:—

> "The grand performance of the Oratorio of *Elijah*, in aid of the 'Mendelssohn Foundation for Free Scholarships in the Leipzig Musical Conservatory,' took place last night.
>
> "Exeter Hall was filled, in every part, by one of the most brilliant and fashionable audiences ever assembled in a public edifice. His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, with the Duchess and Princess of Cambridge, the Prince and Princesses of Hohenlohe, the Hanoverian Minister, Count Kielmansegge, and suite, occupied the northern gallery, near the orchestra. The Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishops of London and Norwich, the Prussian Ambassador, etc., were in the reserved seats in the area.
>
> "We have already stated that Mdlle. Lind had liberally accorded her gratuitous services for this occasion; and we are now enabled to add that she doubled the value of her assistance, and the obligation of those interested in the Mendelssohn Foundation, by attending every one of the rehearsals, private and public, arriving at the beginning, and remaining until the end, in order to ensure, as far as she was concerned, a perfect execution of Mendelssohn's immortal work, which she has studied expressly for the occasion.
>
> "The performance last night was complete and splendid. The vocal and instrumental arrangements, under the able and zealous direction of Mr. Benedict, were on a very grand scale. The Sacred Harmonic Society, which could not but sympathise with the object of the committee, since Mendelssohn was a brother member, besides the use of its spacious platform, organ, and new orchestral arrangements, accorded the flower of its choral body, to which Mr. Benedict added

upwards of a hundred from Mr. Hullah's upper classes, the strength of the Royal Academy voices, emissaries from the Professional Choral and other societies, and a band of nearly a hundred and twenty instrumental performers of eminence.

"Altogether, perhaps, an orchestra of such united magnitude and efficiency was never before heard in this country; which, added to the fact of its being Mdlle. Lind's first appearance in Exeter Hall, and her first public essay in England in the Oratorio School of Music, rendered the event one of unusual interest and excitement.

"The vocal soloists, besides Mdlle. Lind, were, the Misses Anne and Martha Williams,* Miss Duval,† Messrs. Lockey,‡ Benson, Machin, Smythson, and Alfred Novello.

"The first piece in which Mdlle. Lind had to sing was the Double Quartette—*For He shall give His Angels charge over Thee*—in which she was assisted by the principal singers above named. The transparent clearness of this beautiful composition was most successfully preserved; and it was at once evident, from the manner in which she delivered the melody, that Mdlle. Lind's feeling of Sacred Music was the right one, and that she would not use her great vocal facility to any other purpose than to give the text in its integrity. This was observable throughout her whole performance. The purity of her style almost reached severity. Not one note was altered; not one ornament added, not one point intruded, from first to last. There was Mendelssohn's music, as Mendelssohn wrote it, and sung as Mendelssohn would have delighted to hear it, with a justness of intonation that never for an instant wavered.

"Mdlle. Lind's pronunciation of the English language is remarkably good;§ and her articulation so clear that scarcely a word is lost. This was eminently remarkable in the Recitative, Air, and Duet of the widow and Elijah, which she declaimed with an intensity of expression which gave poignant reality to the anguish of the mother weeping for her son. The passage on the words, *I go mourning all the day long ; I lie down and weep at night*, must have touched any heart open to the impressions derivable from music.

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* Afterwards, Mrs. Lockey.

† Afterwards, Mrs. Noble.

‡ The original exponent of the Tenor part at Birmingham, in 1847.

§ Though we have said, in previous chapters, that Mdlle. Lind's English was "slowly acquired," and that it "would have sounded strangely foreign in *spoken* dialogue," these remarks are not intended to apply to the English she *sang*. In English *singing* her pronunciation was perfect, even at a very early period of her residence in this country. (See Vol. I., pp. 31 and 295.)

"But, it was in the fine Air in B minor, *Hear ye, Israel*, which opens the second part, that Mademoiselle Lind first had occasion to put forth her entire strength. So grandly did she deliver the *Allegro—Thus saith the Lord ; Be not afraid*—that the decorum which the audience had with difficulty observed during the first part was unanimously thrown aside, and applause burst from every part of the hall. The ice once broken, enthusiasm became the order of the day. The unaccompanied Trio—*Lift thine eyes unto the mountains*—and the Quartette and Chorus in C—*Holy, holy, holy, is God the Lord*—in the former of which Mademoiselle Lind was assisted by Miss Duval and Miss M. Williams, and in the latter, by the Misses A. and M. Williams, and Miss Duval, were both encored. The Quartette, one of the simplest and sublimest pieces in *Elijah*, created quite a *furore ;* and this was not to be wondered at, since Mademoiselle Lind sang the first *soprano* part in a style such as we have rarely heard equalled—never surpassed. The clear tones of her voice resounded through all the strength of the magnificent instrumentation with which Mendelssohn has loaded the score of this Quartette. The high E and G with which the opening phrase begins were attacked with wonderful firmness, and sustained with full and brilliant quality. The shake upon D ♯ that finishes the second phrase was deliciously even and in tune. In short, the whole was as near perfection as is compatible with human fallibility, and may be pronounced Mademoiselle Lind's most successful effort during the evening.

"The two beautiful quartettes : *Cast thy burthen upon the Lord*, in the first, and *O come, every one that thirsteth*, in the second part—and several Recitatives, had also the advantage of Mdlle. Lind's execution.

"Altogether, the performance was worthy of the cause for which it was instituted, and a considerable sum will be devoted, by its means, to the advancement of the Mendelssohn Foundation at Leipzig."*

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* The *Times*, Dec. 16, 1848.

No one who was present on that memorable evening, will think the above critique in the slightest degree exaggerated. When the Oratorio was first produced at Birmingham, the performance had been, under the circumstances, a truly phenomenal one. Mendelssohn himself had described it as the best "first performance" that he had achieved for any of his great works. But it *was* a "first performance," and could not fairly be judged in any other light; whereas, on this occasion, the orchestra, the chorus, and the assistant soloists—who all, in conjunction with Mdlle. Lind, gave their valuable assistance gratuitously—were already familiar with the work, many of them having actually taken part in it, under the *bâton* of the composer himself. Apart, therefore, from the altogether unapproachable interpretation of the *soprano* part, the Oratorio was presented under the most favourable circumstances that, since the fatal FOURTH OF NOVEMBER in the previous year, could possibly have been desired. With the sole exception of the original interpreter of the part of *Elijah*—Herr Staudigl—who was not then in England, no artist was missing whose voice could have lent additional interest to it. And it will remain for ever memorable, in its more practical though certainly not less honourable aspect, as the first endeavour to establish a nucleus for the noble fund it was designed to aid.

It would be beside our purpose to trace the history of the "Mendelssohn Scholarships" from this splendid beginning to the final success of the movement. But it is satisfactory to know that Mdlle. Lind's intentions with regard to them have long been carried out, both in the spirit and the letter, and will continue to be so carried out in perpetuity, though only to a certain limited extent, since many modifications of the original plan were found necessary, before the Foundation was permanently established.

The first idea was, that the Scholarships should be united with the *Conservatorium der Musik* founded by Mendelssohn himself at Leipzig, in the year 1843; but this was subsequently found impracticable. The directors of the *Conservatorium,* though they had previously appealed to England for aid, silently withdrew from the project, and the proposal for an amalgamation of funds was allowed to drop. But the English promoters of the undertaking followed up the idea with undiminished enthusiasm. A committee was formed in London, of which Sir George Smart was elected the chairman, Herr Carl Klingemann the secretary, and Mr. Buxton the treasurer. The sum derived from the performance amounted, in round numbers, to a thousand pounds; and the committee were enabled to invest this sum in the Three per cent. Annuities as the much desired nucleus of the fund. The capital thus raised was permitted to accumulate, at compound interest, until 1856, when the Committee considered themselves justified in electing the first "Mendelssohn Scholar." Their choice fell, on that occasion, upon Mr. Arthur Seymour Sullivan (now Sir Arthur) for whom Madame Goldschmidt afterwards entertained a sincere friendship, and for whose talent she felt a warm admiration. How well he justified the choice of the Committee is too widely known among our readers to need remark here. He has been succeeded by other Scholars, elected solely in recognition of their individual merit, and promise of future fruition. The capital of the fund now amounts to more than £2000. The elections take place at irregular intervals; but, every year, on the 4th of November, the Committee meet for the transaction of business, in memory of the anniversary of the great composer's death.

Until the end of her life, Madame Goldschmidt continued to take the deepest interest in the Foundation, and the election of its Scholars; and we cannot doubt that her name will be remembered, in connection with the Memorial she raised to her departed friend, for many a century to come—for the Foundation is legally secured, and remains in perpetuity.

CHAPTER VIII.

FOR CHARITY.

THE tribute to the memory of Mendelssohn, with its careful preparation, its busy work, and its triumphant result, might well have exhausted the powers, both mental and physical, of an artist of no ordinary strength; but Mdlle. Lind had no time for rest. Four days later she was due at Manchester; and, within little more than six weeks, she had engaged to give five more concerts, entirely for charitable purposes, besides a benefit for Mr. Balfe.

The campaign began with two concerts, given on the 19th and 21st of December, for the "Manchester Royal Infirmary and Dispensary," which, like the "Brompton Hospital for Consumption," sorely needed additional accommodation. These two concerts produced a sum exceeding £2,500, which, as will be seen from the following address, written in the name of the "General Committee," was made to serve as the nucleus of a fund for the erection of an additional "North Wing":—

"Manchester, January 1, 1849.

"MADEMOISELLE LIND,

"In the name of the 'General Committee of the Lind Concerts,' we have been requested to convey to you their warmest thanks for the noble and disinterested assistance you have so kindly rendered to the cause of Charity.

"You are already aware that the large sum of £2,512 18*s.* 11*d.* has been raised through your generous aid, and you will rejoice to learn that this splendid result of your exertions has made it no longer doubtful that the erection of an additional Wing to our Infirmary will, at no distant period, be accomplished.

"No words of ours would adequately express our deep sense of obligation for your kindness. We trust, however, that you will receive a better and more enduring return than any we can offer, in the consciousness of having done good, in the future blessings of those whose sufferings you shall have been instrumental in relieving, and in the approval of Him Who has given you the disposition as well as the ability to benefit your fellow-creatures.

"We beg to assure you that, however highly we may estimate those distinguished talents which have gained for you a well-merited celebrity in every country of Europe, we value still more highly that benevolent spirit, and those sterling qualities of the heart, which secure for you the respect and the affection of all who have the happiness to know you.

"One favour still we have to ask of you, and that is, that you will be pleased to accept from the Committee the present of which we are now the bearers. We hope that you will receive it as a memorial of your visit to Manchester, and as a sincere and grateful acknowledgment of your valuable and gratuitous efforts for the alleviation of human suffering.

"Wishing you, in our names, and in the name of every member of the Committee, the enjoyment of many years of happiness,

"We are,
"With every sentiment of esteem,
"Yours very truly and obliged,
(Signed) "J. C. MARTIN,
"R. C. CLIFTON.

"To Mademoiselle Jenny Lind."

The "present" here alluded to consisted of a dressing-case, and a pearl necklace, accompanied by a card, requesting the acceptance of the gift, and an official letter from the Chairman of the Committee, formally acknowledging the donation to the Infirmary. Mdlle. Lind had a rooted objection to the acceptance of presents, on occasions of this kind, and for some time after this period, resolutely refused all that were offered; but, at first, she hesitated to put this resolution into effect, from fear lest its motive should be misunderstood, and her action ascribed to haughtiness.

The next performance took place on the 28th of December, for the benefit of the "Queen's College Hospital" at Birmingham, for which it produced £1,100, and in acknowledgment of which, the Governors of the Institution presented her with a work-box, ornamented with the following inscription:—

To MADEMOISELLE JENNY LIND
FROM THE LORD PRINCIPAL AND COUNCIL OF THE
QUEEN'S COLLEGE AND HOSPITAL, BIRMINGHAM,
AS A SMALL TESTIMONY OF THEIR SENSE OF OBLIGATION
FOR HER VERY NOBLE AND GRATUITOUS SERVICES
AT A CONCERT
HELD IN THE TOWN HALL
ON BEHALF OF THE FUNDS OF THE
QUEEN'S HOSPITAL
DECEMBER 28TH, 1848.

And now came a few days of well-earned recreation—a Christmas and New Year's gathering at Crumpsall, near Manchester, the country-house of Mr. and Mrs. Salis Schwabe.

Mdlle. Lind had accepted the invitation, more than a month in advance, in the following letter:—

"Clairville, November 7, 1848.

"DEAREST,

"I thank you, from my heart, for your sweet letter.

"I will, indeed, stay with you, as long as you can bear with me. I will be ever so cheerful and gay, and favour you with all sorts of nonsense. Do not believe that I shall not feel when it is too much for you. And do not believe, also, that you will not have had quite enough of the *Fräulein* (myself) in a very little while. In the meantime, accept my best thanks for permitting me to enjoy this Festival in your house; and all that I can give you in return for it is a glad and grateful heart, that can certainly never feel lonely, while it is the recipient of such goodness.

"My greetings to all; and believe me your sincerely loving

(Signed) "JENNY LIND."*

A large gathering of relatives and intimate friends had assembled, at the bidding of the kind host and hostess, to keep the "Merrie Feaste of Yule-tide" at Crumpsall, when Mdlle. Lind herself was greeted with a hearty welcome beneath its hospitable roof-tree. No possible arrangement that could tend to increase the pleasure or vary the amusements of the happy *convives* had been neglected. Games, banquets, and pleasure-parties all played their part in the programmes of the daily entertainment. There was to be a mighty Christmas-tree; and a ball, to which all the available dancers in the neighbourhood had long before been invited. But there was to be no music. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Schwabe would have permitted a single word to be whispered which could have led their honoured guest to suppose that any member of the party entertained the hope of hearing her sing—though no one present doubted for a moment that the desire to do so was universal. Mdlle. Lind herself knew this, of course, as well as everyone else; and, while thoroughly appreciating the delicacy which prevented her kind host and hostess from breathing a word on the subject, made up her mind that the general desire should on no account be disappointed, but that it should, on the contrary, be gratified on the evening on which the greatest number of guests would be present to enjoy the treat she had determined to provide for them. The little *ruse* with which she announced her intention was very characteristic.

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* From Mrs. Salis Schwabe's collection.

"There is no piano in this room," she said to Mrs. Meyer —Mrs. Salis Schwabe's sister—when passing through the ball-room, in the afternoon.

"It will not be wanted," said Mrs. Meyer, "as there will be no music."

"Indeed there will," she said. "I am going to sing"— "*Ich werde singen.*"

The delight caused by this announcement may be readily imagined. A piano was placed in the room; and, at a suitable moment, she entertained the company with a selection of her most favourite songs—and not the company only; for a door was set ajar, and, grouped behind it, the servants belonging to the establishment, together with those brought by the visitors, listened with a zest as great, if scarcely so intelligent, as that of the more highly-favoured auditors. All were delighted with the unexpected pleasure provided for them; but it is doubtful whether any one present enjoyed the gift so thoroughly, or so purely, as the giver.

All too soon, the pleasant little holiday came to an end. It had been the delight of all who were fortunate enough to be present at it; and, though she to whose labours it had given so cheerful a respite at that busy time is now no more, it is still remembered by many as a bright spot in the past. It is from the lips of Mrs. Salis Schwabe herself, and those of her sister, that our account of it has been furnished; and though, to some, it may bear the appearance of an unimportant episode in a life of so many grave realities, it really was of incalculable use in bracing Mdlle. Lind for the long list of exhausting engagements that lay before her.

The next appointment was for a concert, to be given on the 6th of January, 1849, for the benefit of the "Southern

Hospital" at Liverpool, for which, with the never-failing success which was now looked for as a matter of course, the sum of £1,400 was raised, in a single evening, and in memory of which the Committee presented Mdlle. Lind with a silver tea-kettle and pair of candlesticks, afterwards bequeathed to her son, and bearing the following inscription:—

To MDLLE. JENNY LIND
IN GRATEFUL TESTIMONY OF
THE MUNIFICENT SERVICES RENDERED TO THE
SOUTHERN AND TOXTETH HOSPITAL OF LIVERPOOL
BY THE EXERCISE OF HER UNRIVALLED POWERS OF SONG.
PRESENTED BY HER ADMIRING FRIENDS
AND THE FRIENDS OF THE INSTITUTION
VI JANUARY, MDCCCXLIX.

And now it was time to prepare for a second visit to Norwich, in which, to this day, the memory of Mdlle. Lind is regarded with greater veneration than in any other Cathedral-town in England.

She arrived there, on the evening of Saturday, the 20th of January, amidst the cheers of the shouting populace, and the pealing of the bells—an honour which, though it had been paid to her on her previous visit, she had expressly wished the authorities to dispense with on the present occasion. She was the guest, as before, of the Bishop and Mrs. Stanley, at the Palace; and, as before, was received by her host and hostess with the most affectionate courtesy, and a hospitality which knew no bounds.

Two concerts were arranged to take place on the 22nd and 23rd of January, for the benefit of the poor of Norwich.

The programmes contained a liberal selection of the pieces which had produced the greatest effect in London; *Qui la voce*, the unaccompanied Trio from *Roberto il Diavolo*, the Trio with the two flutes from *The Camp of Silesia*, Rossini's *Di piacer*, Mozart's *Non paventar*, the *Lezione di Canto—Con pazienza supportiamo*—from Fioravanti's *Il Fanatico per la musica;* and, among the sacred pieces, *With verdure clad*, *Hear ye Israel*, *Lift thine eyes*, and *Holy, holy, holy Lord.* The music was conducted, on both occasions, by Mr. Benedict, who was publicly thanked by the Mayor for his valuable services, and seemed much affected by the tribute so delicately paid to him; and, with the assistance of Miss Dolby, Signor Marras, Signor Belletti, and Masters Mann and Bunnet—two Choristers of the Cathedral—the concerts produced a great effect upon the audience, and realised the net sum of £1,253.*

We have been permitted, as on the former occasion, to narrate the circumstances of the visit in the words of Mrs. Stanley, as she recorded them in her letters to her sister, Mrs. Augustus Hare.

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* No specific plan was decided upon, at the moment, for the application of this sum of money, which was placed, provisionally, in the hands of trustees, in order that the matter might receive due consideration, before any irrevocable step was taken with regard to its ultimate disposal. It was proposed, at one time, to devote the proceeds of the concerts to the building of baths and wash-houses for the poor. This plan, however, was not put into execution; and the question remained open for four years, during which period the money was placed out at interest. A final decision was, however, arrived at, in 1853, when Madame Goldschmidt, in consultation with the Stanley family and other friends, resolved to devote the fund to the foundation of a hospital for the sick children of the poor. Under the name of "The Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children," this institution still exists, in a very flourishing condition. The original nucleus was by no means the last donation that the Foundress contributed to its endowment. She continued to take deep interest in it, until the day of her death; and so largely has its sphere of usefulness increased, that, in the year 1890, it relieved no less than 1230 "out-patients," in addition to the 257 little sufferers who were admitted as "in-patients" into its wards. (We are indebted, for the verification of these details, to the courtesy of Mr. J. J. Winter, who has acted, for many years, as Hon. Chairman of the Committee of Management).

The first of these communications — a fragment, for which we are indebted to the courtesy of the present Dean of Westminster—was written a month before the visit, of which it announces the probable date:—

"Norwich, December 20, 1849.

"Jenny Lind will come about Jan. 20. The Bishop saw her at her own house on Saturday. She had had overtures from the Norwich musical people but declined all that would be profit or speculation to anybody, would have nobody to benefit but the poor. She hoped the tickets would not be too high. The Bishop proposed £1 for the reserved seats. 'Would not 10*s*. be better?' she said, 'and then I could sing twice!' He hesitated about overtasking her. She said 'Never mind, if the people wish to hear me.' She repeated what she had said before, of her having left the stage, and that she was free—raising up her eyes and hands as if she would have flown up into the air like a bird."

The following fragment, which is undated, was evidently written on Sunday, January the 21st:—

"Jenny Lind came last night, and was more charming than ever. All our previous impressions were confirmed, and all change in her is for the better. She did look so happy, so free, so delighted to be amongst us again; and her knowing English better made her enter more into all that was going on."

The next letter was written on the morning of the day on which the first concert was to take place:—

"Palace, Norwich, January 22, 1849.

"DEAREST M.,

"You will be glad to hear that we are all doing very well so far.

"As was threatened, all Norwich turned out to receive Jenny, and the horses taken off the carriage and dragged up to the Palace; but knowing what it was last time, we were able to take precautions, and these were so well circulated, that all was quiet and orderly.

"The Mayor met her, and brought her to the Palace in his carriage. We had some of the Committee to dinner, and the Adeanes came by the same train. I had to prepare Jenny for the reception of various gifts, which she did not like at all. She said, when she came to sing for charity, she did not wish to receive anything for it—it was not *convenable.* However, I told her the truth, that, in the presence of her gifts, others liked to give of theirs; and this morning there came six different manufacturers, each unknown to the others, having prepared their choicest articles, and one man having actually found out her milliner in London, and got the dress made up for her to wear to-morrow morning. One of them made her a very good speech, which she begged the Bishop to answer. She had told him before, that the only condition on which she would receive the presents, was, that when she came again on the same errand, as she hoped to do many times, there should be no more.

"There was an immense crowd in the Cathedral yesterday, to her great annoyance; but precautions had been taken there to prevent them passing into the north transept, and while every head in the choir was straining to see her, there was she standing back as earnestly wrapped in the Service and her book, as if there was not a creature there. I had a long talk with her in the garden afterwards, and she told me all her affairs quite openly. She says she is free; but I can see she feels a dread of being worked upon to save her company and her director from ruin. I hope we may just be in the right moment for supporting her in her determination. All she said was frank, noble and simple. Her companion is the best that could be for her; and as Jenny said, 'She has lived so much with clergymen, she is so clever at explaining to me the Bible, and we talk all out of it on Sundays.

"Ever yours,

"C. S." *

The next letter, written five days later, is chiefly of a personal character, but the following extract from it will be read with interest:—

"January 27, 1849.

"On Sunday, after the Evening Service, we turned into the garden, and I asked Jenny Lind at once to tell me about

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* Kindly furnished by Mr. Augustus Hare.

Lumley. She described the trouble she had been in, and how Mr. Lumley never would believe, that she could have the heart to leave him. Otherwise, he knew, a year and a-half ago. She had told him then, what her determination was, that she would help him with concerts, which would be a sacrifice, for she had new engagements she would like much better."

Three days later, follows a letter, full of deepest interest throughout:—

"Palace, Norwich, January 30, 1849.

"DEAREST M.,

"We greatly enjoyed our interval of quiet before the fresh business of this week; but nothing could be more satisfactory than the impression left upon our minds by this last visit.

"We took leave of Jenny with the comfortable feeling that there was a prospect before her of peace and leisure and happiness, and that we may see her perhaps when she has outlived her voice and her fame; and, as I told her, that was what I should like, to have her without the disagreeable feeling, that you are selfish in not calling in others to partake the enjoyment.

"I was glad to hear her say to Mary, that though she had never kept a journal, her memory was strong, and that there was not a single thing that had ever happened to her, of which she had not the most distinct recollection. On the 7th of March, eleven years ago, she said she got up one person, and before she went to bed that night she was another person—her power had come to her—she had made her *début* on the stage and found she could act. She looked round the library and said, how the different parts of it reminded her of what the Bishop of Tasmania had said to her—many things which she did not understand at the time; from her imperfect knowledge of English, but which came to her now in their full meaning.

"Ever yours very affectionately,

"C. S."*

Though the following undated fragment—communicated by the present Dean of Westminster—clearly belongs to an earlier period, we have thought it desirable to insert it here, in order to show Mrs. Stanley's deep appreciation of the effect produced by Mdlle. Lind in the Opera in which she had won so many laurels. It is, indeed, peculiarly valuable, as the only record we have met with of an occasion on which that lady witnessed her friend's performance at Her Majesty's Theatre:—

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* Kindly furnished by Mr. Augustus Hare.

"(Friday.) We finished our last London night with the *Sonnambula.* Lady Stanley said truly that no one had an idea of what the singing was till they had heard her there. I wished to hear her in that, and only in that, and it was indeed perfect. In the first part the joyousness, the manner in which she went round asking for and receiving the congratulations of the villagers on her marriage.—the fine matured expression of love and happiness in her whose manner and countenance were what one felt she would be herself in the position—the simple curiosity when the foreign Count comes in, the doubt, the gradual dawning fear and suspicion of him, her ingenious avoidance of his attentions—then the surprise, indignation, and agony of finding her betrothed lover jealous, and the earnestness of her appeals to him, were most touching; and then the change to the awful calm of the *Sonnambula,* when she comes in through the window, in white, with her night-lamp in her hand, her eyes open, her voice as it were muffled, and so exquisitely sweet, as she sank down upon the couch, and lay motionless, her voice seeming to die away in the distance—the last scene, where she comes out upon the roof and walks over the mill-wheel on a plank which cracks under her, and thus solemnly and slowly comes down through the crowd to the front, resumes the same kind of muffled song, and feels for the flowers her lover had given her—the manner of her separating them and tearing them to pieces was beautiful, and then her waking from sleep, and her return to happiness. I am very glad we have seen it. There was nothing which grated against our feeling of her character—quite the contrary: she was herself throughout. The house was crowded to the utmost extent, yet in the different points it was all as still as if there had not been a living creature in the place, besides Jenny herself, and the faintest sound of her voice possible to be uttered."

CHAPTER IX.

THE STAGE AND THE DRAMA.

The next concert at which Mdlle. Lind sang, after taking leave of her friends at Norwich, was one given in London, on the 29th of January, for the benefit of Mr. Balfe, whose warm artistic devotion as conductor at the Opera she spoke of, to the end of her life, with grateful recognition.

This was followed, four days later, by a performance of great importance in aid of the "Royal Infirmary," at Worcester.

The Bishop of Worcester had written to Mdlle. Lind, in November, 1847, requesting her to sing at the Worcester Festival—the triennial performance in connection with the "Three Choirs"—in August, 1848; and she had consented to do so, if she found it possible to make the necessary arrangements. But, when the time for the fulfilment of her conditional promise drew near, Mr. Lumley, whose engagement with her did not expire until the end of the year, not only refused his consent, but announced her for a concert at Birmingham, on the very day on which the Worcester Festival began. In order to atone, as far as she could, for this disappointment—a very grievous one indeed for the Worcester Committee—she sent the sum of £50 from her own private purse for the charity, in aid of which the Festival was given—the "Society for the Relief of the Widows and Orphans of the Clergy"; and, as soon as she had completed her engagement with the theatrical manager, offered to give a concert for any other charity in the diocese that might stand in need of her help. While gratefully accepting the generous offer, the Committee decided in favour of the "Worcester Royal Infirmary," as the recipient of its benefits; and, on the 2nd of February, 1849, Mdlle. Lind gave a concert, in the College Hall, at which the sum of £840 was raised for this purpose, and devoted to the erection of a chapel for the Institution. The Committee was very anxious to record its appreciation of the gift by offering to the donor a present of Worcester china; but this she firmly but courteously declined to accept; for, as we have already seen, she had always been most unwilling to receive any sort of acknowledgment in return for her charitable performances.

And thus, between the 4th of December, 1848, and the 2nd of February, 1849—a period of less than nine weeks—Mdlle. Lind had, at nine concerts, (not including that for the benefit of Mr. Balfe), succeeded in raising the noble sum of £8,740, in aid of five hospitals, one artistic memorial, and the orchestra which accompanied her on her tour; and, if we add to this the receipts of the concert given for the Brompton Hospital, in the previous July, the sum amounts to £10,500.

	£	s.	d.
For the Brompton Hospital (July 31, 1848) .	1,766	15	0
For the Orchestra (Dec. 4, 1848)	640	0	0
For the Mendelssohn Scholarships (Dec. 15, 1848)	1,000	0	0
For the Manchester Hospital (Dec. 19 and 21, 1848)	2,500	0	0
For the Queen's College Hospital, at Birmingham (Dec. 28, 1848)	1,100	0	0
For the Southern (Toxteth) Hospital, at Liverpool (Jan. 6, 1849)	1,400	0	0
For the Norwich Charities* (Jan. 22 and 23, 1849)	1,253	0	0
For the Worcester Infirmary (Feb. 2, 1849) .	840	0	0
Total	10,499	15	0

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* Applied, in 1853, to "The Jenny Lind Infirmary for Sick Children." (See page 257.)

And now, after this long period of unselfish work for charitable purposes, followed the last portion of the tour, undertaken, of necessity, for private profit.

Into the details of this it is unnecessary to enter at any length, though one or two little circumstances connected with it are not devoid of public interest.

Mendelssohn's *Elijah* was given, at Manchester, on the 6th of February, and repeated, at Birmingham, on the 8th. Then followed concerts at Huddersfield, Liverpool (*Elijah*), London (for Madame Dulcken), Shrewsbury, Chester, Derby, Wakefield, Sheffield, Nottingham, and almost every place of any importance in England.

At the concerts given in the three last-named towns Mr. Benedict officiated as Conductor, and Mr. Goldschmidt as Solo-Pianist; and, at the close of one of these performances, an incident occurred, of so interesting a character, that we cannot resist the temptation to relate the circumstance in detail.

The programme had been a long one, still farther lengthened by several *encores*; and Mdlle. Lind had retired to the "artists' room," more than usually fatigued by her exertions. The audience, however, knew nothing of this. It had heard so much, and been so well pleased with it, that—perhaps, not quite unnaturally—it was tempted to ask for more.

The period was a trying one. The political horizon had never been more darkly overclouded. The revolutionary spirit was abroad, throughout the length and breadth of Europe; and almost every European throne, with the exception of our own, had been more or less shaken by it.* But events upon the Continent only seemed to bring the loyalty of England into stronger relief than ever.

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* Hence the remark, in Mdlle. Lind's letter to Madame Wichmann (page 237): "It is quiet in Berlin now." The storm, in Prussia, had passed over.

The audience at the concert was a very loyal one; and, at the close of the performance, it gave proof of the fact, by calling for *God Save the Queen*. But, Mdlle. Lind was really too much fatigued to sing again. The public knew her too well, to doubt the reality of the exhaustion from which she was evidently suffering, and accepted her mute acknowledgment of its frantic call with perfect courtesy. But, it could not give up the *National Anthem*. A courageous amateur, with a powerful voice, intoned the opening notes of the well-known strain; and, in an instant, it was taken up on every side. The audience determined to sing *God Save the Queen* for itself; and, rising simultaneously, in accordance with time-honoured custom, shouted out the familiar chorus, with a vigour which penetrated even to the sacred recesses of the "artists' room."

With the almost morbid tendency to self-reproach, even when quite undeserved, which formed so conspicuous an element in her character, Mdlle. Lind accused herself of not having done her whole duty. Forgetting her fatigue—or, rather, mistaking mental excitement for bodily strength—she hurried back to the platform, and sang the stately solo at her best, while the audience still joined in the chorus. The people were in raptures; and never, perhaps, was the prayer for our beloved Sovereign's safety sung with greater spirit, or more loyal enthusiasm.

After the concert at which this loyal demonstration took place, there remained but three more engagements for the completion of the *tournée*; a concert at Cambridge, followed by performances of *The Creation* at Manchester and Liverpool. And then, for the first time in presence of a London audience, Mdlle. Lind sang in *The Creation*, at Exeter Hall.

This last performance needs a more detailed notice than we have thought it necessary to give of most of the provincial concerts; for, we are now rapidly approaching the period at which our great *prima donna,* relinquishing her operatic career, attained in the Oratorio a supremacy no less absolute than that which she had so long maintained upon the Stage.

And now it behoves us to be more than ordinarily careful in the choice of fitting terms for the expression of our critical analysis, and to demand an equal amount of caution on the part of our readers, since the employment of an inappropriate word, or the misinterpretation of a doubtful one, could scarcely fail to lead to infinite confusion.

We speak, then, of Mdlle. Lind as relinquishing her *operatic* —not her *dramatic*—career. And we do so, of set purpose; for, though she ceased, after the year 1849, to appear before the public in the character of an *operatic* singer, she cultivated the *dramatic element,* in so far as it can be cultivated apart from the Stage, with undiminished power, to the end of her public life.

To those who have not entered very deeply into the study of Dramatic Art, in its historic and philosophical aspects, this assertion may perhaps call for some little explanation.

The perfect Drama, as we find it manifested, in its noblest and most artistically-developed form, in the Trilogies of Æschylus and Sophocles, long centuries before the Christian era; as revived—in so far as its revival was possible—in the year 1600, by Emilio del Cavaliere in Rome, by Jacopo Peri and Giulio Caccini at Florence, and, later on, by Monteverde and his successors at Venice; as purified from the abuses with which conventional stiffness had disfigured it, by Gluck, in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and again, by Wagner, in the latter half of the nineteenth—the perfect Drama, unchanged in the essential characteristics of its inner life since its first appearance in the history of Hellenic Art, needs many and diverse *media* for the full expression of its æsthetic import: notably the following:—

(1.) The Stage, with its scenery, decorations, "properties," and other accessories necessary for the pictorial representation of the locality in which the action of the Drama is supposed to take place.
(2.) Costume appropriate to the characters impersonated.
(3.) Action—the *Mimik* of the German critics—including facial expression, pose of limbs and body, the motions of the dance, and other analogous gestures.
(4.) Poetry, in all its forms, and with all its varied attributes.
(5.) Music, in the form of orchestral colouring, employed, either alone, or as an accompaniment to the voice.
(6.) Declamatory power, governed by strictest accuracy of verbal emphasis and rhetorical delivery.
(7.) Vocal expression, adapted to every varying shade of passion or emotion, yet, like every other legitimate means of effect, held in absolute control by—
(8.) Dramatic truth—the one unchanging principle, in the absence of which, obedience to the logical demands of the "situation," the expression of natural feeling, and the portrayal of individual character in the conduct and development of the parts impersonated, would be alike impossible.

The ideal Drama—if we may accept the theory now taught in almost every School of Art in Europe—demands the employment of all these means of effect, in its service, and many others of less importance; but not necessarily their *simultaneous* employment. In certain cases, one alone may suffice; in others, many are needed—perhaps all. The three first, in the list we have enumerated, constitute what may fairly be called the external body of the Drama—that part of it which is equally intelligible to the adept, and to the outer world. The rest may, with equal truth, be said to represent its soul—the inner life of the Dramatic Element. The three first, Mdlle. Lind renounced, for ever, after her last performance at Her Majesty's Theatre, in the year 1849. The rest she retained, with undimmed lustre, to the last.

Had it been otherwise, she could never have reigned supreme—as she undoubtedly did—in her new domain. For, the Oratorio is, in the best and fullest sense of the word, no less a dramatic creation than the Opera. In their infancy the two Art-forms differed from each other only in the mere accident, that the subject of the one was drawn from the records of Sacred History, and that of the other, either from those of Profane History, or from the dreams of Mythology or Romance. Both originated in Italy. The first true Oratorio—Emilio del Cavaliere's *La Rappresentazione dell' Anima e del Corpo*—was produced at Rome in the self-same year in which the first true Opera—Jacopo Peri's *Euridice*—was produced in Florence—the year 1600. Both were represented with the usual accessories of scenery, dramatic action, and appropriate dresses; the only difference between them being, that the Opera was enacted upon a temporary stage erected in the interior of a Florentine *palazzo*, while the stage for the Oratorio was temporarily fitted up in the Oratory attached to the Church of S. Maria in Vallicella, rendered famous, even then, by the ministrations of S. Philip Neri. These facts are proved, beyond all doubt; for the music of both these interesting works was printed at the time of their production, and accompanied, in both cases, by a detailed account of the scenic decorations, the action, and the costumes employed in their representation.* And so close is the analogy between them, that the Oratorio may be fitly described as a Sacred Opera.

The Oratorios of Carissimi, Leonardo Leo, Alessandro Scarlatti, and their Italian contemporaries, were all performed upon a stage, with scenery and dramatic action; and, even in Germany, the same plan was adopted with success, both in Dresden, and at the Stadt-Theater in the Goose-Market at Hamburg. Later on, the scenery and action were dropped; but no attempt was ever made to eliminate the dramatic element, which was indeed inseparable from the original scheme. It is true that, in a few rare instances, Oratorios were moulded in the epic form, as in the case of *Messiah,* and *Israel in Egypt.* But these stand only as the "exceptions which prove the rule";* and even such Oratorios as these abound in passages of powerfully dramatic character, which the great composers never failed to accentuate in setting them to music.

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* For a full account of the circumstances, see the article "Opera," in Sir George Grove's 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians.'

It was to Mdlle. Lind's frank acceptance of this peculiar feature in the construction of the Oratorio that the success with which she cultivated it during the later portion of her career was in great measure due. And it was only natural that it should be so. How could so true a "Child of the Drama" have failed to manifest, in this new phase of development, the dramatic instinct with which she had been so thoroughly imbued since her infancy—the instinct which intensified the power of every note she sang, whether on the stage, or in the concert-room—which openly proclaimed itself to all, from the most matured of artists to the intelligent boy of sixteen, who, when she sang the grand *scena* from *Der Freischütz* at the Gewandhaus, in 1846, told us that "one could see that it was as much as ever she could do to hold herself in check so as *not to act it.*" It was a clever observation; but we must not let it lead us too far. For, she *did* hold herself in check; she did *not* act it; she merely sang it, in the concert-room, with such unmistakable manifestation of dramatic power that the inexperienced young listener himself *felt* the action, and thought that she was holding back "to keep herself from acting," † when, in reality, she was supplying the place of "acting" by the dramatic power of her singing. And, in all such cases, her manifestation of this dramatic power was so complete, that the absence of the ordinary stage accessories was quite unnoticed by the audience. What greater solemnity could they have added to her declaration of the divine message, in *Hear ye, Israel!*—what more touching depth of expression, to the music assigned to the Widow? Would the intensity of womanly love embodied in Eve's impassioned utterances to Adam—the devotion of *Oh, thou for whom I am!*—have been one whit enhanced by a scenic representation of the Garden of Eden? Assuredly not. Where the dramatic power is greatest, the appliances of the stage are least needed. It has always been so, with the greatest artists. No one who heard Miss Clara Novello deliver the trumpet-call of Miriam, *Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea,* could have been more profoundly impressed by it, if she had sung it, with a timbrel in her hand, in front of a picture of the Red Sea, with all its desert surroundings. In cases like these, genius, and genius alone, is able to set the scenic representation as clearly before the mental vision of the hearer as it would have been set before his bodily eye at the theatre, and thus to transfer the dramatic element from the Opera to the Oratorio, though the Oratorio be no longer acted upon the stage.

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* We use the proverb in its true and original sense; not in that in which it is popularly misinterpreted. The use of the exception is, to prove (i.e. test) the *existence* of the rule; for, as "there is no rule without an exception," so, also, there can be no exception where no rule has previously existed.

† See vol. i., page 330.

Mdlle. Lind excelled in the exhibition of this peculiar gift. The power she exercised over her audience was so complete, the spell by which she bound them so irresistible, that no external sign was needed to enforce the accents of her voice. And it was the free exercise of this power, the hidden working of this mysterious spell, that won for her, at once, in this new phase of her career, a glory equal to that she had already attained in the former one. A glory, perhaps, still greater, in proportion to the greater difficulty of the task set before her. For, if it be admitted, as we have not hesitated to assert, on the consentient authority of nearly every School in Europe, that Poetry, Painting, Music, Dramatic action, Costume, Dancing, in a word, all the representative Arts, are needed in combination for the perfection of the true *dramma per la musica*, it is clear that nothing short of the highest order of genius can afford to dispense with so many legitimate means of effect, leaving one only to suffice for the whole. Yet no one who heard Mdlle. Lind in Oratorio felt that anything was wanting. She overcame the difficulty with such consummate ease, that none but the initiate of the esoteric school ever suspected its existence. And therefore it is, that we say the glory of her artistic career, though born of the Opera, culminated in the Oratorio, in which she produced an equal effect with means so much more limited. She had already given proof of her power in *Elijah;* she was now to show it in other Oratorios, as great, and greater. And in none did she fail in reaching a level worthy of her earlier fame.

On the 3rd of April, 1849, a performance of *The Creation* was announced, at Exeter Hall, for the aid of five important charities, four of which were intimately connected with Art:

> "A grand performance of sacred music was given last night," says the critic of *The Times*, "consisting of Handel's *Coronation Anthem, Zadok the Priest*, and Haydn's *Creation.*
>
> "The principal attraction, which drew together one of the most crowded audiences that ever congregated within the precincts of Exeter Hall, was Mdlle. Jenny Lind, who sang the soprano part in *The Creation*.
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> "The main object of the performance was a charitable one. Mdlle. Jenny Lind accorded her services gratuitously; and, after the band, chorus, and principal singers were paid, the surplus will be divided between the 'Royal Society of Musicians,' the 'Society of Female Musicians,' the 'Choral Fund,' the 'Royal Academy of Music,' and the 'Governesses' Benevolent Institution.' The receipts averaged, we understand, between £1,400 and £1,500, which will guarantee at least £850 for the benefit of those institutions.

"The performance was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, who attended with a numerous suite. The Royal party arrived at the beginning, and remained until the end, in spite of the noise made by a number of individuals in their attempt to escape long before the last chorus had begun, who, by the disturbance they created, rendered it impossible for the rest of the audience to pay that serious attention which propriety demands during the execution of a sacred Oratorio. In the stalls, among other illustrious persons, was observed the Duke of Wellington.

"The entire direction of the performance was entrusted to Mr. Benedict, who provided a splendid band of 130 performers —the best to be found in London—and a numerous and powerful chorus, combining the most reputed professional singers with a large reinforcement from the London 'Sacred Harmonic Society.' On the whole, we have rarely heard a more effective force; and the general execution of the music was of a very high order, Mr. Benedict conducting throughout with that intelligence and masterly precision for which he is so justly celebrated.

"After the *Anthem* of Handel, which was perhaps more efficiently rendered than we previously remember it at Exeter Hall, Mdlle. Lind sang the well-known Air, *Let the bright Seraphim*, from the same composer's great Oratorio, *Samson*. As an example of energetic declamation and elaborate execution, this may be compared to the most ambitious efforts of the Swedish songstress in the florid school of vocalisation. The trumpet part was executed with great dexterity and clearness by Mr. T. Harper; and the shake at the end, in thirds, between singer and instrumentalist, was accomplished with unusual brilliancy.

"In the Oratorio of *The Creation*, the most arduous as well as the most interesting portion of the music falls to the lot of the soprano; Mdlle. Jenny Lind, however, is never at a loss, where true sentiment and musical cleverness are demanded. In the primitive and flowing melodies of Haydn, she was as much at home as in the deeper and more passionate strains of *Elijah*, and as she will be, no doubt, in the impressive airs of the *Messiah*, which, though she has never yet publicly sung it in London, we believe there is some hope of her attempting in the course of the present season.

"Her first effort was the Air, with Chorus, *The marvellous work*, which she gave with a dignity of style suited to the subject. In *With verdure clad,* and the Recitative that precedes it, we had already heard her at Balfe's concert, and our favourable opinion was recorded at the time. She sang it perhaps still better last night; there was more fervour, with equal correctness. But the Solo which most taxes the powers of the vocalist, and from which most was expected by the public, was the opening Recitative and Air of the Second Part, *On mighty pens the eagle wings.* On this Air, which is more dramatic than sacred in character, Mdlle. Lind lavished all the treasures of her art; and her entire rendering of the melody was as original as it was striking. In the line—

"'And, cooing, calls the tender dove his mate,'

she produced quite a novel effect, by sustaining the note that occurs on the first syllable of the word 'cooing,' for a lengthened period. This is twice repeated; and, though Haydn, with his rigid notions of correctness in style, might have objected to the innovation, there can be little doubt of its influence upon a vast audience, as was plainly evinced, last night, by the strong sensation it produced on the majority of those present.

"Mdlle. Lind also sang in the Trios, *Most beautiful appear,* and *On Thee each living soul awaits,* with Messrs. Lockey and Machin, who seconded her with great ability; in the long Duet, interspersed with Chorus, *By Thee with bliss,* with Mr. Whitworth; and in *Graceful consort,* with the same gentleman. This latter piece was most admirably rendered by both artists, and more applauded than anything else during the evening.

"One of the most general topics of conversation and marked approval was the exceeding clearness with which Mdlle. Lind pronounced the words of all her Songs, Duets, and Trios. In this particular, she evinced a facility, not merely noticeable on account of her being a foreigner, but worthy of attention as an example even for many singers to whom the English language is native and familiar." *

From a paragraph which appeared in *The Times* on the 17th of April, we find that the profits of the concert fell rather short of the anticipated amount.

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* From *The Times*, April 4, 1849.

"But," says the editor, quoting from *The Standard* of the previous day, "to her great honour and benevolent disposition be it recorded, she has signified her intention to make up the net profit of £700 odd to £800; so that the four charities will each receive £200."*

We refrain from adding anything to this exhaustive critique, which expresses all that need be said on the subject. Nor does it fall within the limits of our design to dilate upon the later triumphs achieved by Mdlle. Lind in the new path she had chosen for the development of her powers. She gave only one more Oratorio performance in England, before her departure for America—that of Handel's *Messiah*, at Liverpool, on the 19th of August, 1850; but she had not yet taken leave of her audience at Her Majesty's Theatre, and thither we must now follow her, to be present at the performance which closed the splendours of her *Operatic* career.

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* The details are not here given with absolute correctness. The proceeds of the concert were to be divided, not between four, but between five charities. The money was apportioned in the way which seemed to the donor most desirable; and it is on record that "The Royal Society of Musicians" received, as its share, £150.

CHAPTER X.

THE LAST OPERA.

When Mr. Lumley began to make his arrangements for the season of 1849, he was much exercised by uncertainty as to Mdlle. Lind's intentions for the future. No engagement had been made, at the close of the previous season: and, in the meantime, rumours were rife as to her retirement from the stage, which was said to be imminent. The reader knows far more about this, now, than was known, at that time, either by Mr. Lumley, or the public; for he has passed with us behind the scenes, and learned, from conversations with Her Majesty, and Mrs. Grote, and countless letters to Madame Lindblad, Madame Wichmann, Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, and other friends, that this idea was not, as was then generally supposed, a new one, but had been very seriously discussed, after long and mature consideration, as early as the year 1845, at least. Of all this, the outer world of course knew nothing; and while waiting for definite information on the subject in which he was so deeply interested, the anxious manager was almost compelled to accept a host of utterly baseless reports sown broad-cast by their inventors, or at least to give them qualified credence.

It must be confessed that he was in a difficult position. Unfortunately, his faith in Mdlle. Lind's reliance upon the judgment of Mrs. Grote had led him to expect a great deal more from that lady's influence upon the retiring Artist than was warranted by the true circumstances of the case. Mrs. Grote herself writes, in her so-called "Road-book":—

> "All January Lumley kept hoping that Jenny would rescind her resolution of withdrawing from the Stage, and that she would once more save his theatre from ruin. But she has stood to it—whereat he is dreadfully distressed. He conceives, too, that I have not acted zealously in his interest, because I have not pressed Jenny Lind to return to the boards.
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> "I certainly have not urged her to do so, feeling that she had a perfect right to take a season of rest; and, in fact, I saw but too plainly how much she required it.
>
> "But, on the other hand, I do not believe that I *could* have prevailed upon her to recommence a season of fatigue, had I used all my endeavours to that end."

This shows, plainly enough, how absolutely impregnable was the decision at which Mdlle. Lind had arrived. But it is evident that Mrs. Grote did not succeed in making the unhappy manager understand, so clearly as he ought to have done, how matters then stood. He believed that there was still room for hope; and, harassed by anxiety, tormented by doubts of his own creation with regard to the unknown future, he followed the example of the public, and formed, on what he conceived to be "undoubted authority,"* strange theories of his own, destitute of any sort of foundation in fact. We will not pause, however, to refute either the theories or the rumours, here, finding it more convenient to carry on the thread of our narrative of public events without interruption, than to invite confusion by commingling the Art-history of the season with the analysis of motives which can be better discussed when we speak of Mdlle. Lind's true reason for retiring from the Stage.

Confining ourselves, then, to facts — the Opera-House opened for the season, in 1849, amidst as rough a "sea of doubts and perplexities," as that which had prevailed in 1847.

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* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' p. 228, *note.*

"In this state of affairs," says Mr. Lumley, "subscribers, who had looked for Jenny Lind as the main attraction of the season, naturally hung back. Even the Court remained undecided. No box was to be taken for Her Majesty, the Queen, until it was known whether the great *prima donna* was, or was not, to appear upon the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre; or, at all events, until a definite programme could be issued. Now, it was impossible for a director, while all was yet in abeyance, to put forward an official prospectus by which the future fortunes of the theatre were to stand or fall. I could do no more than send out a written circular to the Court, the principal subscribers, and the press, detailing what my arrangements might probably, or possibly, be. And, while many of the principal frequenters of the theatre held on to the manager. 'through thick and thin,' many more looked on, and waited, asking—'Is Jenny Lind to act?'" *

The prospect seemed a little brighter, when, on the 15th of March, the theatre opened with a performance of Rossini's *La Cenerentola,* in which Mdlle. Alboni sustained the principal part. The engagement of this charming singer caused a great revulsion of feeling in the manager's favour; and the season opened under happier auspices than could fairly have been expected. But, the public would not be satisfied without the re-engagement of Mdlle. Lind; and, before long, it was authoritatively announced — and, this time, with perfect truth—that Mdlle. Lind had positively determined to appear no more upon the stage. A hundred different reasons, all equally false, and equally unauthorised, were given for this determination—but, whatever the true reason might have been, the fact remained, that never again could the public hope to see its favourite upon the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre.

* 'Reminiscences of the Opera,' pp. 231–232.

Mr. Lumley was in despair. In face of the attractions offered at the rival establishment, this determination meant, for him, nothing short of irremediable disaster—of absolute ruin—unless he could stave off the evil day by a clever *coup de main.* As a matter of fact, he actually did effect this *coup de main,* not very long afterwards, by the engagement of the Contessa de' Rossi, formerly Mdlle. Sontag. With that stroke of policy we are, however, in no wise concerned. It is enough for us to know that Mdlle. Lind continued inexorable; and that it was only after reiterated entreaties, that she consented to enter into an engagement for six "Grand Classical Performances," in which the music of her favourite Operas was to be sung, at a series of concerts, without the attractions of the stage. It was at first proposed that these performances should take place in Exeter Hall. But the objections to this place were insuperable. This condition, therefore, was afterwards waived; and, in due time, it was announced in the managerial prospectus that Mdlle. Lind would sing in six concerts at Her Majesty's Theatre.*

It would have needed but a very little calm consideration, to convince all concerned that a compromise such as this could not by any possibility succeed—that its failure was assured, beforehand. The experiment was, however, tried, on Thursday, the 12th of April, with Mozart's *Il Flauto Magico.*

> "The concert," says Mr. Lumley, "consisted of a 'recital' (as it would be called in modern musical phraseology) of Mozart's Opera, in its entirety, in the ordinary concert-form, without scenery, dresses, or decorations.
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> "The result of the experiment was a perfect failure. Could it have been otherwise? Any device to treat a lyrical drama as if it were not a drama, or, in other words, to cheat a theatrical representation of its necessary appliances, so as to evade the stage, could be nothing but a failure. The great

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* See Mrs. Stanley's letter, of Jan. 27, 1849, pages 259, 260.

masterpiece of Mozart, without the essential accessories of scenery and action, without the illustrative resources which the composer himself contemplated, was simply rendered dreary and incomprehensible.

"Where was the well-known 'Jenny Lind crush'?—The house was comparatively empty.

"Where was the customary enthusiasm, amounting to a mania?—The applause was cold, and feeble.

"The singer, who had been accustomed to hear those same walls ring with plaudits, could not but feel chilled at the faint and rare echoes of the night, so different from the noisy demonstrations of the previous year. *Il Flauto Magico* was, accordingly, the first and last of these disappointing 'Grand Classical Performances' permission for which had been with so much difficulty wrung from Mdlle. Lind." *

Though writing under the influence of evident and not unnatural chagrin, Mr. Lumley can scarcely be accused of having put the case too strongly.

We have said, in a former chapter, that Mdlle. Lind's histrionic talent was so completely under her command, that she was able, without an effort, to transfer it from the theatre to the concert-room, and to sing, in the Oratorio, with an effect as purely and as powerfully dramatic as that which she had previously produced in the Opera. We have shown that she had already exhibited this marvellous power, in *Elijah,* and *The Creation*. But, here, the conditions were very different. Neither *Elijah* nor *The Creation* were ever intended to be performed upon the stage, like the earlier Italian Oratorios. Neither Haydn nor Mendelssohn had left any details to be filled in, so to speak, by the appliances of the theatre. They had expressed the exact amount of dramatic power their respective subjects demanded, in the music alone; and had thus left no real impediment whatever in the way of its manifestation apart from the stage. But Mozart had not thus treated the *libretto* of *Il Flauto Magico.* In setting it to music, he had never, for a moment, lost sight of the fact that it was to be acted, as well as sung. And, apart from the stage, no amount of genius could have enabled any singer in the world to interpret his ideal to the audience in full perfection —not because of the gigantic difficulties with which such a task would have been surrounded, but, because its fulfilment would have been logically impossible. The canons of Art stand upon too firm a basis to be violated with impunity; and it is a canon of Art, invested with all the authority of a cardinal rule, that a great work can only achieve success, when presented to the public in accordance with its creator's preconceived idea—in fulfilment of his manifest intention. The pianoforte arrangement of an orchestral symphony gives but a poor faint shadow of its intended effect; and an Opera, apart from the stage, casts a shadow fainter far than that of a symphony apart from the orchestra.

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* B. Lumley, in *op. cit.*, pp. 243, 244.

And therefore it was that Mdlle. Lind's experiment broke down—broke down so signally that no attempt was ever made to repeat it. All that could be done in the Concert-room she did; but, unhappily, that "all" was not enough. She sang the music magnificently; and the critics did her full justice in analysing her performance, as the following remarks will show:—

"The first of the six 'Grand Classical Concerts' which have been for a long time announced, with the name of Mdlle. Jenny Lind as the point of attraction, took place, at Her Majesty's Theatre, last night.

"The programme was entirely devoted to Mozart's celebrated Opera *Il Flauto magico*—Die Zauberflöte—of which the greater portion was executed without curtailment or alteration. The opportunities of hearing the whole or any part of this fine work, which Beethoven regarded as the dramatic masterpiece of Mozart, are so rare in this country, that it was not surprising to see, among the aristocratic and fashionable *habitués* of Her Majesty's Theatre, who attended in large numbers (in spite of the serious character of the music), a strong reinforcement of connoisseurs and professors, who are rarely attracted to the Opera except by some such classical inducement. In addition to Mdlle. Jenny Lind, Lablache, Coletti, Belletti, and other members of the operatic company were among the vocalists, besides those clever and popular concert-singers, the Misses Williams, who were engaged to give efficiency to the concerted pieces. The entire choral and instrumental forces of the theatre, under the able conduct of Mr. Balfe, were also employed, so that nothing was neglected to give due weight to the performance. The chorus was arranged upon the stage; the principal singers sat in front; and the band occupied its usual position in the orchestra.

"Mdlle. Lind, who was led on by Signor Lablache, was received with the heartiest applause. The share she took in the performance was a very arduous one. She sang no less than thirteen times, which, with three *encores,* made sixteen. Besides the whole of the music of Pamina, she sang one of the trying and difficult airs of *Die Königin* ("Astrafiammante, The Queen of Night"); and took part in most of the duets and trios.

"Her first recitative and air, *Non paventar, amabil figlio,* a *bravura* demanding the highest executive powers—having been written by Mozart to show off the capabilities of a *prima donna* of his time who possessed a voice of extraordinary flexibility and compass—was sung by Mdlle. Lind in the most brilliant style. The *tours de force* in the *allegro,* which lies continually in the higher range of the scale, were given with singular ease; and the F *in alt.*—the terror of sopranos—touched without effort. The audience unfeelingly insisted upon a repetition of the movement, which Mdlle. Lind, however, instantly complied with, going through the whole of it a second time without the slightest evidence of fatigue.

"Her next solo—the Air of Pamina in G minor, *Ah! lo so più non m'avanza,* one of the most passionate effusions of Mozart—was still more to our liking. In this, all those specialities of style in which Mdlle. Lind may be almost said to stand alone among the singers of her country were strikingly developed. The exquisite *mezza voce* accompanied by undeviating purity of intonation; the *portamento* carried to its highest perfection; the simple and unadorned delivery of the text; and the chaste unaffected *cadenza,* so entirely in keeping with the music; all combined to make a perfect example of expressive vocalisation. Another *encore* was *inevitable;* but, this time, we could not blame the audience.

"In the Duets, Trios, and Concerted Pieces, it is unnecessary to say more than that Mdlle. Lind acquitted herself as an accomplished musician, to whom the text was thoroughly familiar. The popular Duet in E flat, *La dove prende Amor,* with Coletti, was taken faster than we have been accustomed to hear it—faster, indeed, than Mozart intended; and the same may be said of the Duettino in G, *Piede snello ardito cor,* sung with Lablache; but this may perhaps be the modern custom in Germany, where this Opera is constantly performed. The comic Duet for Mdlle. Lind and Lablache, *Pa, pa, pa!* was sung to perfection by both artists, who entered freely into the spirit of the music. This also was enthusiastically redemanded.

"The band and chorus had evidently received careful and judicious training. The overture was taken by Mr. Balfe in the most correct time, and was played with striking energy and decision, the light and shade being observed with the greatest delicacy throughout. The March at the beginning of the Second Act was also admirably executed." *

It is impossible to read these remarks, without a feeling of astonishment at the immensity of the mistake which, in spite of the splendid singing, had led to a result so disastrous that the bright prospects of the coming season were utterly annihilated. No one felt the bitterness of the position more keenly than Mdlle. Lind herself. She had sung so faultlessly that the critic of *The Times* had been completely disarmed; so enthralled by the spell she cast over her audience, that, throughout the whole of his notice, he had not ventured to utter one single word of protest against the fatal mistake she had made. Yet, the signs of that mistake were patent to every one. For the first time, since her first great European triumph, she had failed to express her own ideal—not from lack of artistic power, but from lack of means external to it. How could the threatened ruin be averted? In one way only. She felt this, at once; and, with a depth of self-renunciation well worthy of her generous character, she sacrificed the freedom which had so long been the desire of her heart, and permitted Mr. Lumley to make an official announcement, to the effect, that, "Although Mdlle. Lind had intended to take leave of the subscribers to the Opera, and the public, in a series of concerts, yet, as it had been urged that concerts would not be regarded as equally satisfactory, she had generously consented to suspend her intention of retiring from the stage, and would therefore appear in a few more performances."

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* From *The Times,* April 13, 1849.

What it must have cost her to make this resolution, we, who have seen her, year after year, longing for the moment at which she could free herself from the trammels by which she had been bound from her earliest childhood, can well imagine. But, she had pledged her word; and though, as we shall see in a later chapter, there were advisers at hand who would gladly have tempted her to retract her promise at the last critical moment, she was strong enough to resist the sophistry of any argument that was urged upon her in the opposite direction, and, on the 26th of April, she set the doubts of the tortured manager at rest, and once more appeared upon the boards of Her Majesty's Theatre, in the character of Amina.

The delight of the public surpassed all bounds. The subscribers forgot their late discontent, and appeared in crowds to welcome her on her reappearance. The house was filled to overflowing. Every incident connected with the now-familiar "Jenny Lind crush" was renewed at the doors. And even Mr. Lumley himself was satisfied with the enthusiasm manifested both by the occupants of the subscription boxes and the general public.

"Many of the self-styled interpreters of public sentiment," he says, "pretended that the chain of sympathy which had attached her to the public had been too suddenly snapped asunder to be restored to its former strength; that the tide of popular feeling, untowardly checked when it had reached to such an unprecedented height, had been diverted, and could never flow in the same channel again. But all these suppositions turned out to be utterly unfounded. Never had Jenny Lind been received with a more enthusiastic welcome, or with acclamation more fervent, from a house crowded to the ceiling, than on the night on which she returned once more to the stage. The scene of excitement was perhaps more agitating than any former scenes of bygone triumph. It seemed not only as though a favourite idol had been restored to the public, but as if a child, whom some difference had temporarily estranged, had been received back to the arms of its family. In truth, the emotion on both sides appeared equally profound. The evening was also signalised, it may be said *en passant*—for every other consideration seemed utterly swamped in the one exciting event—by the first appearance of Signor Calzolari, an excellent and most satisfactory young tenor, of what was denominated the good old school." *

On the following day, the events of the evening were thus described, by the reporter to *The Times*, to the host of unhappy "outsiders" who were unable to obtain admission to the theatre:—

"The scene presented in the Haymarket yesterday evening on the opening of the Opera doors was fully equal to that of the 4th of May, 1847, when Mdlle. Jenny Lind first made her *début* in London. Anxious groups were similarly placed about the Colonnade, watching the arrival of the long string of carriages; and the visit of Her Majesty to the theatre increased, if possible, the general excitement.

"Immediately the doors were opened, the pit and gallery were crammed to suffocation. The stalls and boxes were more gradually, but not less steadily filled; and, before the curtain rose, the whole theatre was occupied. The reception of Mdlle. Lind, the shouts of applause which arose on every side, and the waving of handkerchiefs, were a sign that the enthusiasm which has held the public for two seasons is still in full force. The belief that Mdlle. Lind had retired from the stage, and intended to sing at concerts only, which, after all, are but a frigid recreation as far as the *habitués* of the Opera are concerned, gave the significance of a *début* to the reappearance last night. There was something like the delight that is felt at the recovery of a lost child, in the greeting with which the public received Mdlle. Lind.

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* 'Reminiscences of the Opera.'

"And she came back to them, in the fullest possession of those qualities which have made her immense reputation. There is no occasion to dilate on her performance of 'Amina' in *La Sonnambula*, for, if there is any one character in her *répertoire* that has lived in the memory of the London public, that is that part. But, last night, it seemed as if her voice had even improved, and as if she had acquired a more perfect command over her resources. Those high notes, so unrivalled in sweetness, and admitting the finest attenuation without losing a particle of their value, seemed to vibrate through the house with a clearness hitherto unknown. The *sotto voce* shake, which was always her favourite expedient, appeared more delicate than ever, and excited the old applause. In her ornaments she displayed new means of effect, and surprised her audience by the facility and brilliancy of her execution. Her acting was marked by that perfect identity with the character she represents which has always rendered her 'Amina' one of the most remarkable impersonations on the stage. Her simplicity, as the happy village girl; her manner, half delighted, half terrified, when she is rather pleased by the compliments of the Count, and at the same time frightened lest they should arouse the jealousy of 'Elvino'; and her last deep distress, when loaded with the weight of an imaginary guilt; are as forcibly delineated as ever.

"Mdlle. Lind did not appear before the curtain, at the end of the Duet, *Son geloso* (when the drop is let down), though she was summoned with long and loud applause. She, however, came forward, after the conclusion of the First Act, and twice, after the conclusion of the Opera, when *Ah non giunge* had been encored with rapture. She then appeared once more, leading on Calzolari, who was warmly cheered." *

Five more appearances followed—one, in *La Sonnambula*, two, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*, one, in *La Figlia del Reggi-*

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* From *The Times*, April 27, 1849.

mento, and one, in *Roberto il Diavolo*—each one, in presence of a crowded audience, no less enthusiastic than that which had greeted the first of the series.

Her Majesty and Prince Albert were among the first to welcome their favourite artist's return to the stage from which, as we have seen, she had told the Queen it was her intention to retire. As she was felt by them to act and sing even more exquisitely than she had done the previous season they hailed her appearance with deep satisfaction, not unmingled with sadness, that the pleasure was one which could not often be repeated, as the singer's resolution to quit the operatic stage was now well known. Only once were they able to see the *Figlia del Reggimento*—always a special favourite with the Queen. But they were present twice at the performance both of *La Sonnambula* and *Lucia di Lammermoor;* and on the 10th of May, they saw her, with much regret, for the last time upon the stage, in *Roberto il Diavolo,* the piece in which her acting and singing had, as already shown, first laid a strong hold upon their admiration.*

The scene of the last farewell is thus feelingly described in the columns of *The Times:*—

> "During the whole of Mdlle. Lind's engagement this season there has not been so extraordinary a spectacle as was exhibited last night, when, as the bills stated, her 'Last Operatic Performance' was to take place.
>
> "Although the announcement contained nothing to imply that she would not hereafter sing at concerts, the public thronged to Her Majesty's Theatre as if she were about to take her leave altogether, and they never were, under any circumstances, to see or to hear her again. And, indeed, the acting of Jenny Lind is such an essential element in her power of attracting the public, that, by quitting the operatic boards, and becoming the mere concert-singer, she almost loses her identity. The difference of her reception when she sang at the 'Classical Concert' from that when she re-

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* See foot-note †, page 71.

appeared in *La Sonnambula* must have struck anyone who witnessed the two scenes. Though the theatre was the same, and the bulk of the audience nearly the same, on both occasions, she was greeted in the character of 'Amina' just as if she had been making her *début*, and the preceding concerts had never been given. Hence, the public, who thought that they were witnessing, for the last time, the combination of Jenny Lind the actress with Jenny Lind the vocalist, were not so much mistaken in giving all the force of a final interview to their visit last night.

"*Roberto il Diavolo*, which, on the Italian stage, has never been very popular as a whole, but which has depended for its attraction on the 'Alice' of Mdlle. Lind, was the Opera selected. The character in which she first sang before a London audience was chosen as the one in which she was to take her leave.

"*Quando lascia la Normandia*, with the immortal *sotto voce* shake which has so often astonished her hearers, drew down the accustomed *encore;* and the clinging to the Cross, with terror in the shrink, and faith in the countenance, seemed even more striking than usual, as a display of histrionic power. The increased sweetness and fulness of her voice, this year, has been a theme of universal remark; and never was it more melodious than last night.

"The applause which she received at the conclusion of the Opera was something remarkable. She was called three times, by an audience that occupied even the obscurest nooks of the edifice, and that universally rose when she appeared; and so continuous were the plaudits, that they blended with each other into one roll of heavy sound. At the last call, she appeared, particularly moved.

"During the early part of the Opera, there was a tumult in the house, occasioned by the crowd.

"Her Majesty, Prince Albert, and the Duchess of Kent, honoured the theatre with their presence." *

De Quincey reminds us, in describing a critical turning-point in his own strange life, of a remark of Dr. Johnson's to the effect that there is always a sadness in doing anything that we have been long accustomed to, avowedly for the last time, be the action never so trivial, or its surroundings never so unfortunate. It is sad to gaze, for the last time, around the room in which, perhaps, the saddest moments of our lives have been passed; to perform, for the last time, the task which has seemed to us the most wearisome, or the duty to which we have been least inclined, and thought the most irksome. With what feelings, then, did Mdlle. Lind see the curtain descend, for the last time, on that thrilling scene in *Roberto il Diavolo,* in which, as she herself narrated in after years, she "stood at the man's right hand, and the Fiend at his left, and all she could think of was, how to save him"? Was it really a heavy trial through which she had elected to pass? Did she herself feel sad when the last note faded into silence, and Bertram sank through the trapdoor into the fiery depths below? Who can tell? She never spoke of such a sadness, in after life. That the last round of applause, the last wild shout from pit and stalls and gallery and boxes, was absolutely nothing to her, we know well enough. It could not but be less than nothing. She was too well accustomed to it all. Since her first appearance in *The Polish Mine,* in 1830, the stage had won for her her daily bread. For her, the excitement, the romance, the glamour, the thousand enticing charms which fascinate so many *prime donne* had no existence. Her "first appearance" was a dim memory of childhood, bearing no analogy whatever to the intoxicating *début* for which most young artists long, as the Peri longed for Paradise, at the precious period during which their thoughts ought to be exclusively devoted to study. To her, the stage, with its cold *coulisses,* and its ceaseless round of monotonous hard work, was as prosaic as the routine of the school-room to a jaded governess. The simile strikes home, for the stage had really been her school-room ever since she was ten years old.

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* From *The Times*, May 11, 1849.

But there was another side to the question. However little she may have cared for fame, she cared very much indeed for the Art to which she had devoted the best of all she possessed. And, for Art, in one of its purest and most perfect manifestations, the evening of the 10th of May was a very sad one. For, that last fall of the curtain put an end, for ever, to the operatic triumphs of the most gifted actress-singer the nineteenth century had produced. Put an end to them, beyond all hope of renewal; with the absolute certainty, impressed upon the minds of all who were present, that no subsequent change of circumstances would ever induce the Arch-Priestess of Song, whose genius had enthralled them as they had never been enthralled before, to reverse the decision at which she had then arrived. She wrote, in her engagement-book, "My last Opera-Representation"—"*min sista Opera-Representation*"—and she meant it. There were to be no more "last nights," after the manner to which the "Opera-going public" were only too well accustomed; no supplementary performances, "by special desire," to be succeeded, in the following year, by "twelve more last appearances," culminating in a "grand farewell," in which she would sing "positively for the last time." She had already sung "for the last time;" and all who had heard her knew it—knew her to be incapable of stooping to the falsehood of which too many of her sister-artists have been guilty—the falsehood of pretending to retire, when, in their heart of hearts, they had resolved to reappear, over and over again. No! Jenny Lind was made of other stuff than that; and when that curtain fell, the world knew well that, as an operatic singer, she would be no more heard, or seen, for ever.

Truly, this last farewell performance was impressed with a double significance, not easy to describe in words. For the great World of Art, no day so sad as this 10th of May, in 1849, had passed since the 4th of November, in 1847. She knew this well—and she must have sympathised with those who so deeply and sincerely regretted her retirement. Yet, for her, it brought the freedom, the rest, the peace, that she had longed for, year after year, from the moment of her first triumphs in Art-loving Germany.

How welcome that peace and freedom were, we can divine, from the early letters in which she told her friends how ardently she looked forward to her emancipation from the trammels of the stage. And a circumstance which happened on this last night must have gladdened her heart, so full of sympathy for her humblest fellow-workers.

A little more than two months before her retirement, while she was still on her provincial tour, she had written to Mrs. Stanley:—

"Wakefield, March 6, 1849.

"I want to give concerts, here in the provinces, for Lumley's people, which I could do very quietly, and when I have got the sum I wish for, then place the money in the hands of my banker in London, to give to the choristers and most needy people at Her Majesty's Theatre, which they (Lumley and his friends) say that I have thrown out of employment.

"I suppose Lumley's vanity will not be satisfied with this proposal—but that is not my care. My wish is, to help the poor—*voilà tout.* To sing religious words on the stage I can and will not."

There is no record, in Mdlle. Lind's "Engagement-book," of any special concerts given, in the provinces, for "Lumley's people"; but it is more than probable that a portion of the receipts of some of the general performances were applied to their benefit. Be this as it may, they possessed Mdlle. Lind's sympathy, in the warmest degree; and returned it, with all their hearts. So devoted were they to her, that, on that last evening, when all was over, the members of the chorus presented her with a gold bracelet, on the inside of which was engraved:—

PRESENTED TO
MDLLE. JENNY LIND
BY THE MEMBERS OF THE
CHORAL DEPARTMENT OF
HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE
AS A TOKEN OF THEIR
ESTEEM AND ADMIRATION.
MAY 10TH, 1849.

And so the last farewell was accompanied by a touching incident quite apart from the demonstration in which the outer world took a share; and we may be very sure that Mdlle. Lind remembered it, long after the sound of the last round of applause had been forgotten; and that she prized the simple jewel—now in the possession of her daughter—not a whit less dearly than the costly gems presented to her by the great ones of the earth.

And so, with the presentation of this most delicate memorial, the fateful evening came to an end; and with it, the operatic career of one whose name will live, in connection with the Musical Drama, as long as the Musical Drama itself exists.*

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* The following is the list of Mdlle. Lind's performances in England, during the seasons of 1848 and 1849:—

Those marked with + are charity concerts. See Vol. i., pp. 427–428.

1848.

AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

May 4	(Th.)	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 6	(Sat.)	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 11	(Th.)	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 13	(Sat.)	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 16	(Tu.)	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 18	(Th.)	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
May 25	(Th.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.*
„ 30	(Tu.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.*
June 1	(Th.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.*
„ 3	(Sat.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.*
„ 8	(Th.)	*L'Elisir d'amore.*
„ 10	(Sat.)	*L'Elisir d'amore.*
„ 13	(Tu.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.*

June 15	(Th.)	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 17	(Sat.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.* +
„ 22	(Th.)	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
„ 24	(Sat.)	*Roberto il Diavolo.*
„ 29	(Th.)	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
July 1	(Sat.)	*L'Elisir d'amore.*
„ 4	(Tu.)	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 6	(Th.)	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 11	(Tu.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.*
„ 13	(Th.)	*Le Nozze di Figaro.*
„ 15	(Sat.)	*Le Nozze di Figaro.*
„ 18	(Tu.)	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 20	(Th.)	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 27	(Th.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.*
„ 29	(Sat.)	*I Puritani.*
Aug. 1	(Tu.)	*I Puritani.*
„ 3	(Th.)	*I Puritani.*
„ 5	(Sat.)	*I Puritani.*
„ 10	(Th.)	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 12	(Sat.)	*La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 15	(Tu.)	*I Puritani.*
„ 17	(Th.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.*
„ 19	(Sat.)	*La Sonnambula.*
„ 22	(Tu.)	*Lucia di Lammermoor.*
„ 24	(Th.)	*La Sonnambula.*

1848.

CONCERTS IN LONDON.

July 31	(Mon.)	Concert for Brompton Hospital. +
Aug. 26	(Sat.)	Concert for the Opera-Chorus. +
Dec. 15	(Fri.)	*Elijah* at Exeter Hall. +

1848.

IN THE PROVINCES.

Sept. 5	(Tu.)	Concert at Birmingham.
„ 7	(Th.)	Concert at Liverpool.
„ 9	(Sat.)	*Lucia* at Manchester.
„ 11	(Mon.)	*La Sonnambula* at Manchester.
„ 14	(Th.)	*La Sonnambula* at Hull.
„ 18	(Mon.)	Concert at York.
„ 20	(Wed.)	*La Sonnambula* at Newcastle.
„ 23	(Sat.)	Morning Concert at Edinburgh.
„ 25	(Mon.)	*La Sonnambula* at Edinburgh.
„ 28	(Th.)	*Lucia* at Edinburgh.
Oct. 2	(Mon.)	*La Figlia* at Glasgow.
„ 4	(Wed.)	*La Sonnambula* at Glasgow.
„ 6	(Fri.)	Concert at Glasgow.
„ 10	(Tu.)	*La Sonnambula* at Dublin.
„ 12	(Th.)	*I Puritani* at Dublin.
„ 14	(Sat.)	*La Figlia* at Dublin.
„ 16	(Mon.)	*Lucia* at Dublin.
„ 19	(Th.)	*La Sonnambula* at Dublin.
„ 21	(Sat.)	Concert at Dublin.
„ 24	(Tu.)	*La Figlia* at Dublin.
„ 27	(Fri.)	Concert at Birmingham.
„ 30	(Mon.)	Concert at Brighton.
Nov. 1	(Wed.)	*La Sonnambula* at Brighton.
„ 3	(Fri.)	*La Figlia* !!!!!!!! at Brighton.
„ 8	(Wed.)	Concert at Southampton.
„ 10	(Fri.)	Concert at Clifton.
„ 13	(Mon.)	Morning Concert at Exeter.

Nov. 14 (Tu.) Concert at Exeter.
„ 16 (Th.) Concert at Bath.
„ 18 (Sat.) Concert at Clifton.
„ 23 (Th.) Concert at Cheltenham.
„ 27 (Mon.) Concert at Gloucester.
„ 29 (Wed.) Concert at Leamington.
Dec. 1 (Fri.) Concert at Oxford.
„ 4 (Mon.) Concert at Leeds. + (For the Orchestra.)
„ 19 (Tu.) Concert at Manchester. + (For the Hospital.)
„ 21 (Th.) Concert at Manchester. + (For the Hospital.)
„ 28 (Th.) Concert at Birmingham. + (For the Queen's College Hospital.)

1849.

At Her Majesty's Theatre.

Apr. 26 (Th.) *La Sonnambula.*
„ 28 (Sat.) *Lucia di Lammermoor.*
May 3 (Th.) *La Figlia del Reggimento.*
„ 5 (Sat.) *La Sonnambula.*
„ 8 (Tu.) *Lucia di Lammermoor.*
„ 10 (Th.) *Roberto il Diavolo.*
("My last Opera-representation.")

1849.

Concerts in London.

Jan. 29 (Mon.) For Mr. Balfe. +
Feb. 21 (Wed.) For Madame Dulcken. +
April 3 (Tu.) *The Creation*, at Exeter Hall. +
„ 12 (Th.) *Il Flauto Magico*, at Her Majesty's Theatre.

1849.

In the Provinces.

Jan. 6 (Sat.) Concert at Liverpool. + (For the Southern Hospital.)
Jan. 22 (Mon.) Concert at Norwich. + (For Charity.)
„ 23 (Tu.) Morning Concert at Norwich. + (For Charity.)
Feb. 2 (Fri.) Concert at Worcester. + (For the Infirmary.)
„ 6 (Tu.) *Elijah* at Manchester.
„ 8 (Th.) *Elijah* at Birmingham.
„ 13 (Tu.) Concert at Huddersfield.
„ 15 (Th.) *Elijah* at Liverpool.
„ 26 (Mon.) Concert at Shrewsbury.
„ 27 (Tu.) Morning Concert at Chester.
Mar. 1 (Th.) Concert at Derby.
„ 6 (Tu.) Concert at Wakefield.
„ 8 (Th.) Concert at Sheffield.
„ 9 (Fri.) Concert at Nottingham.
„ 12 (Mon.) Concert at Cambridge.
„ 27 (Tu.) *The Creation* at Manchester.
„ 29 (Th.) *The Creation* at Liverpool.
„ 23 (Mon.) Concert at Plymouth. +

1850.

In the Provinces.

Aug. 16 (Fri.) Concert at Liverpool.
„ 19 (Mon.) *Messiah* at Liverpool.

Aug. 21 (Wed.) Departure for America.

Text, Vol. i., pp. 427, 428.

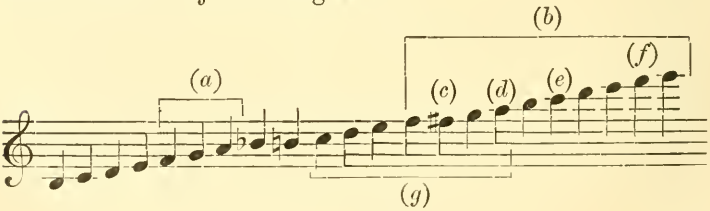
CHAPTER XI.

THE "METHOD."

OUR readers will naturally expect us, in summing up our history of Mdlle. Lind's performances upon the stage, to furnish them with some technical remarks upon the *timbre* and compass of her voice, and the "method" by aid of which she cultivated it.

The voice was a brilliant and powerful Soprano, combining the volume and sonority of the true *Soprano drammatico*—to which class of voices it unquestionably belonged—with the lightness and flexibility peculiar to the more ductile and airy *Soprano sfogato*, with the characteristic tenuity of which it had, however, nothing in common.

Its compass extended from B below the stave, to G on the fourth line above it—in technical language, from b to $\overline{\overline{G}}$; that is to say, a clear range of two octaves and a sixth, as shown in the subjoined diagram:—



(*a*) The veiled notes in the middle register.
(*b*) The brilliant head-voice.
(*c*) The F♯ which forms so striking a feature in Mendelssohn's *Elijah.*
(*d*) The ringing upper A, used with such thrilling effect in the opening movement of *Casta diva.*
(*e*) The upper C forming, with the above-mentioned A, the initial passage in the *Tanzlied aus Dalekarlien.*
(*f*) The F in alt, used by Mozart, in *Non paventar.*
(*g*) The six natural notes (C, D, E, F, G, A) in the youthful voice, to be presently described.

The various registers of this extended compass were so skilfully blended into one, by the effect of art, that it was impossible for the most delicate or attentive ear to detect their points of junction. In fact, after the completion of its cultivation under the guidance of Signor Garcia, the entire voice became one homogeneous whole, so even in its calibre, that the notes were avowedly sung without a thought as to the best way of "placing" them.

Certain regions, however, possessed marked æsthetic qualities, very clearly distinguishable, though they could be modified, at will, in accordance with the demands of the passages into which they were introduced. For instance, three notes of the middle register (the F, G, and A, shown at (*a*) in the diagram), were invested, in *piano* passages. with a veiled tone of ravishing beauty—as in the long-drawn A, in the middle register, which forms the opening note of *Casta diva*. These three notes were more seriously injured than any other region of the voice, by the hard work and faulty method of production that had been forced upon Mdlle. Lind before her journey to Paris. It is well known to every experienced *Maestro di Canto*, that more voices are injured by the attempt to sing these three important notes in the lower instead of in the middle register, than by any other error of production whatever; and there can be no doubt that it was this error that caused so much trouble to Mdlle. Lind, who, notwithstanding the beautiful tone by which the notes in question were afterwards characterised, assured Fröken Signe Hebbe * that she believed that they "never became quite right."

Of the F♯ so much admired by Mendelssohn, the A above it, brought prominently forward in a syncopated passage in the same slow movement of *Casta diva*, and the same A, with the C above it, used as the two first notes in the *Tanzlied aus Dalekarlien,* we have already spoken in former chapters.

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* A dramatic singer at Stockholm, who lately published an account of her intercourse with Madame Goldschmidt, in a Swedish newspaper.

It was remarkable, that these exceptionally high notes, though brilliant beyond description, when used at their full power, could be reduced to a *pianissimo* as perfect as that of the veiled tones of the middle register. The *pianissimo,* indeed, was one of the most beautiful features of Mdlle. Lind's singing. It reached to the remotest corner of the largest theatre or concert-room in which she sang; it was as rich and full as her *mezzo forte;* yet it was so truly *piano* that it fell upon the ear with the charm of a whisper, only just strong enough to be audible. The reader will not have forgotten that Her Majesty regarded this *pianissimo* as one of the most beautiful characteristics of Mdlle. Lind's singing, and that, in the letter we have quoted at page 209, Chopin spoke of its "charm" as "indescribable."

A wholly different effect—though bearing a certain sort of analogy to this—was produced in the *Norwegian Echo Song* by a peculiar tightening of the throat, which Madame Goldschmidt once tried to explain to the writer, though the process was so purely subjective that she said it was almost impossible to describe it in words. The effect produced so nearly resembled that of a natural echo, reverberated from the opposite wall, that it never failed to mystify an audience before which it was presented for the first time.

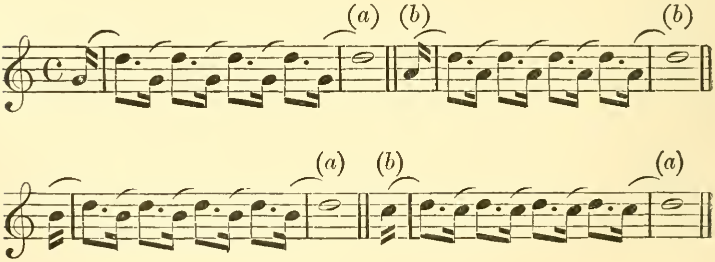
The notes, C, D, E, F, G, A, marked (*g*) in our diagram, were noticed by Mdlle. Lind, at a very early period, as the best notes of her voice. And judging, from their position in the scale, that her voice was intended by Nature to develop into a Soprano of exceptional height, she practised these notes, with the semitones between them, more diligently than any others, with the full determination to extend the process until the tone of the remaining portions of the voice became as rich, as pure, and as powerful, as that of the six notes which she regarded as forming the fundamental basis of the whole. How fully she succeeded in carrying out this intention we know already; and it is scarcely too much to say, that it was to this firm resolve, and the clear foresight which prompted it, that her ultimate success is mainly to be attributed.

Mdlle. Lind's voice was not by nature a flexible one. The rich sustained tones of the *soprano drammatico* were far more congenial to it, than the rapid execution which usually characterises the lighter class of *soprano* voices. But this she attained also, by almost superhuman labour. Her perseverance was indefatigable. Among the *Cadenze* given in our "Appendix of Music" will be found one—No. 1; from *Beatrice di Tenda,* introducing a scale passage ascending chromatically to the upper E flat, and then descending in the same manner. She once, while at the zenith of her career, told Fröken Signe Hebbe that she had practised this passage all her life, but that it was only quite lately that she had succeeded in satisfying herself with it; adding, that she never allowed herself to indulge in singing such difficult passages before the public, until she had thoroughly mastered them, but preferred simplifying them to running the risk of an imperfect rendering of the notes.

Another remarkable feature in Mdlle. Lind's singing was the shake, which she delivered, at will, either with unapproachable brilliancy, or in the form of a whisper, more like the warbling of a bird than the utterance of a human voice.

Though it is necessary that a perfect shake should always begin with, and lay the metrical accent continuously upon, the written note, it is notorious that most shakes fail through want of attention on the part of the singer to the upper, or unwritten note. The general tendency is, to let this note gradually flatten, until, in very bad cases, the distance between the two notes is diminished from a tone, to little more than a semitone. So well is this fact known, that the late Mr. Cipriani Potter once told the writer how he had been taught, in his youth, to separate the notes so widely that a cocked hat could be thrown between them. Mdlle. Lind devised a cure for this corrupt delivery of the shake. In teaching, she *began* by impressing the *upper* note upon the ear, as the most important, both as to strength and duration; leaning, as it were, upon it, and slurring up to it from the lower interval. She employed for this purpose, first, the leap of a fifth, then that of a fourth, and so on, until she reached the semitone, continuing the shake exercise between the two intervals, *whatever their distance*, for some time, before proceeding from the wider intervals to a lesser one; always adhering to the upper note as the most important one; and always making beginners practise it with extreme slowness.*

The following exemplification of this particular exercise, written, by herself, a few years ago, for the guidance of a young vocalist, has been found among her music:—



At a later period of instruction, the notes marked (*a*) and (*b*) were to be omitted, and the succession of intervals blended into one continuous exercise, thus:—

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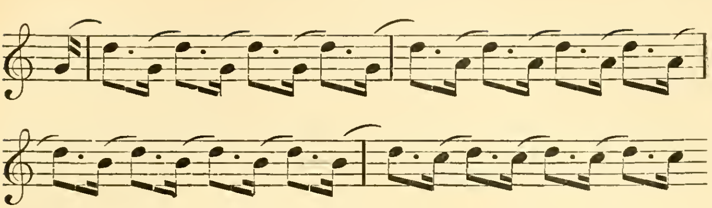
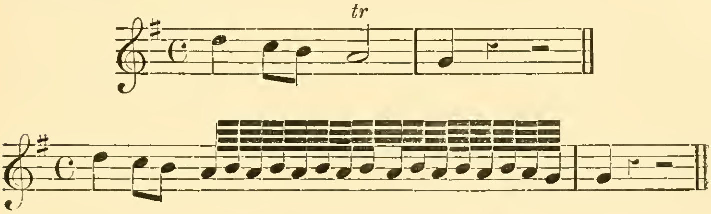
* Cf. vol. i., p. 115.

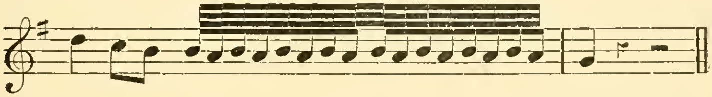


But it was not until after considerable advance had been made, that the exercise was allowed to be sung with any degree of quickness.

When, at last, after diligent practice, the perfect shake was attained, it was sung with the rhythmic accent on the real or written note, thus:—



not thus:—



The various effects we have here attempted to describe would have been impossible, but for that skilful management of the breath of which we have before had occasion to speak when treating of Mdlle. Lind's studies under the guidance of Signor Garcia. Her chest had not the natural capacity of Mdlle. Alboni's, or Signor Rubini's; but she renewed her breath so rapidly, so quietly, so cleverly, that the closest observer could never detect the moment at which the lungs were replenished; and, by the outside world, her extraordinary sustaining power was attributed to abnormal capacity of the lungs. It was to this sustaining power, wholly acquired by artful management of the breath, that she owed her beautiful *pianissimo,* and that marvellous command of the *messa di voce* which enabled her to swell out a *crescendo* to its utmost limit, and follow it, without a break, with a *diminuendo* which died away to an imperceptible point, so completely covering the end of the note that no ear could detect the moment at which it faded into silence.

And no less complete was Mdlle. Lind's command over the difficulties of articulation than over those of vocalisation pure and simple. Her delivery of the difficult—we had almost said, impossible—passage in the grand *Scena* from *Der Freischütz—Täuscht das Licht des Monds mich nicht!* *—though so clear and distinct that not a syllable lost its full meaning, was nevertheless so soft and smooth that it could scarcely have been surpassed in Italian. We do not hesitate to say that she was the only great singer by whom we have heard this famous *crux* surmounted without a trace of harshness in the delivery of the words. On one occasion Madame Birch-Pfeiffer left her, alone, practising the word *zersplittre* ("to shiver to pieces"), on a high B flat, in the opening Recitative in *Norma;* and, returning several hours afterwards, found her still practising the same word. And she continued to practise it, until she succeeded in pronouncing it quite perfectly on the high note, though few even of the best German vocalists attain a better pronunciation than *zersplättre.* But she never erred in the delivery of even the most difficult word in any language whatsoever. So perfect was the mastery she exercised over larynx, throat, lips, tongue, teeth, soft palate, each and all, that never a syllable was stifled at its birth, never a vowel-sound corrupted in its passage through the longest groups of mingled leap, arpeggio, or scale. It was this high quality that lent so potent a charm to the complicated "divisions," the rapid passages of *fioritura* of which Lablache, in describing them to Madame Grisi, said that "every note was a pearl." The purity of the vowel-sound, by which the pearls were strung together, secured their perfect equality of tone and *timbre*; and, whether the most rapid notes were sung *legato*, or *staccato*, they either ran on velvet, or rang out sharply and clearly as the touch of a *mandoline*. The *technique*, in either case, was absolutely faultless, and its perfection was entirely the result of hard work, indefatigable practice, unwearying study. To the end of her career, she never sang in the evening without preparing for the performance by practising for a long time, earlier in the day—generally, *a mezza voce*, to avoid fatiguing the voice unnecessarily, but never sparing the time or trouble. And herein lay the secret of her victory over difficulties which tempt so many less courageous aspirants to despair.

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* "Does not the light of the moon deceive me!"

Undoubtedly, the "method" thus diligently cultivated was, in many points, subjective. Mdlle. Lind felt, but could not always explain, the principles upon which she worked. We possess, however, a letter written by her to Fräulein von Jaeger, which enters into some particulars connected with our present subject of consideration, so curiously interesting, that we cannot refrain from publishing them, though the communication bears a date far later than that at which the purely narrative portion of our work comes to a close.

"Ems, June 8, 1855.

"And what is my good Gusti doing? Is she working as industriously as ever at her singing?

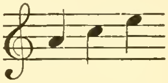
"The chief thing that I have to say, to-day, concerns that part of Friedrich Schmitt's 'Singing-school' of which you wish for an explanation.*

---

* 'Grosse Gesang-Schule für Deutschland,' von Friedrich Schmitt (München, 1854); a work of which Madame Goldschmidt thought so highly, that she permitted her testimonial to be printed in connection with it.

"I do not think you have rightly understood the point. Read the paragraph again, and it will surely become clearer to you.

"Naturally, he does not mean that you are to attack a note twice; but that, before you sound the note, the larynx must be properly prepared in the position in which the forthcoming sound lies, whether high or low. The result of this is a firm attack; and, as soon as you have sounded one note, you must spring so nimbly on all those above—or below it—that no rift can be detected between the sounds; and, in this way, the completion of the phrase is accomplished without a break. For instance, the notes



must so hang together that they make one whole; and this results from binding and striking them, at one and the same time—if I may so express myself—though it is almost impossible to explain this clearly in words. But I have often spoken to my Gusti about this, and shown it to her. It lies in the flexibility of the larynx, and must therefore be practised. Sing your exercise, then, so that this flexibility of the throat may be quickly developed. The attack of the single notes will thus be improved; and the string of notes will follow."

Madame Goldschmidt is quite right, when she says that "it is almost impossible to explain this clearly, in words." No one knew, better than she did, that the best 'Singing-schools' that ever were published are useless without the aid of a teacher; for until she found a teacher in Signor Garcia, she wandered daily farther and farther from the true paths, until, in the end, her voice but narrowly escaped from utter destruction. When once the truth was pointed out to her, her quick perception and unerring musical instinct enabled her to grasp it at a glance; and, when once she began to practise upon true principles, the difficulties she had formerly experienced with regard to the method of voice-production were at an end.

On one point she always insisted very strongly. She had an innate hatred of the contortions with which so many vocalists of inferior order disfigure their features when delivering the passages they wish to render most impressive. She was never satisfied with a song, unless the singer "looked pleasant." She regarded singing as a beautiful gift of Nature; a gift for which those who possess it should feel truly thankful, and proclaim their thankfulness by the expression of their features. She had a horror of careless articulation, even in speaking. And she felt firmly persuaded that the practice of singing, on the true "method," tended to the invigoration of the body, and especially of a weak chest. She even thought that the lives of many persons with a tendency to consumption might have been prolonged, if they had learned to breathe, and sing, in the right way—an opinion which is held by many medical authorities of highest reputation, and the correctness of which is undoubtedly proved by recorded facts.

So deeply penetrated was Madame Goldschmidt with love for her Art, and faith in its ennobling influence, that, to the end of her life, she took the keenest interest in promoting its instruction, upon the true and well-tried principles of the pure Italian School.

The following letter to the late Mr. H. C. Deacon, in whose method of instruction she felt great confidence, is one of the last she wrote upon the subject:—

"Wynd's Point, Colwall, Malvern, July 31st, 1885.

"DEAR MR. DEACON,

"It was very kind of you to let me know about the Examinations.* I am glad to hear that my *sheep* did not badly. If —— would put her mind into her work she might become a singer.

"I can but do my best; and, with my enormous experience, and a life's study, I ought to be able to bring out singers.

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* At the Royal College of Music, where Madame Goldschmidt was then directing the training of the female vocal scholars.

"Singing is as much moral and mental as it is mechanical. It is the combination of those qualities which alone can form the master and pupil.

"I hope you and Mrs. Deacon are better, and that you will now have some rest.

"Yours sincerely,
"J. L. GOLDSCHMIDT."

We can scarcely close our present chapter more profitably than by presenting our readers with a detailed summary of the work performed by Mdlle. Lind, in connection with the Operatic Stage, between her first appearance in *Der Freischütz*, on the 7th of March, 1838, and her last, in *Roberto il Diavolo*, on the 10th of May, 1849—a period of little more than eleven years, during which she appeared before the public, in thirty Operas, 677 times.

OPERAS.	STOCKHOLM.	BERLIN.	VIENNA.	Munich.	Hanover.	Darmstadt.	Hamburg.	Copenhagen.	Frankfurt.	Stuttgard.	Carlsruhe.	Weimar.	Nuremberg.	Mannheim.	LONDON.	The English Provinces.	Edinburgh.	Glasgow.	Dublin.	Total.
La Sonnambula (Bellini)	28	11	7	2	..	1	9	..	4	1	1	1	1	..	22	6	1	1	2	98
Lucia di Lammermoor (Donizetti)	56	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	1	1	1	..	..	..	12	1	1	..	1	78
Norma (Bellini)	34	14	3	1	2	1	8	3	3	2	..	1	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	75
Roberto il Diavolo (Meyerbeer)	60	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	11	..	..	..	..	73
La Figlia del Reggimento (Donizetti)	18	2	6	3	..	..	4	2	..	1	..	..	1	1	17	4	..	1	2	62
Der Freischütz (Weber)	42	5	1	1	..	..	1	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	51
Divertissement Nationale (Berwald)	27	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	27
Das Feldlager in Schlesien (Meyerbeer)	..	10	13	-	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	23
A May Day in Wärend (Berwald)	21	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	21
Die Zauberflöte (Mozart)	18	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	18
Il Don Giovanni (Mozart)	5	5	..	1	..	..	2	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	13
Le Nozze di Figaro (Mozart)	8	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	13
Marie (Hérold)	11	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	11
La Vestale (Spontini)	6	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Les Huguenots (Meyerbeer)	7	2	1	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Die Schweizer Familie (Weigl)	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	10
Euryanthe (Weber)	5	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
La Straniera (Bellini)	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
Il Turco in Italia (Rossini)	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9
L'Elisir d'Amore (Donizetti)	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	..	..	..	..	8
I Puritani (Bellini)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	..	..	..	1	6
Ferdinand Cortez (Spontini)	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Jaggår i Kloster (Berwald)	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	...	..	..	..	..	..	6
Le Château de Montenero (Dalayrac)	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6
Armida (Gluck)	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
Anna Bolena (Donizetti)	5	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5
La Gazza Ladra (Rossini)	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
I Masnadieri (Verdi)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4	..	..	..	..	4
The Elves (Van Boom)	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	4
Semiramide (Rossini)	3	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3
Total number of Operas	30									Total number of performances										677

CHAPTER XII.

FRIENDS IN ENGLAND.

SWEDEN remained ever the veritable home to which Jenny Lind's heart turned with the affection which is given to no other land but that in which one first draws living breath. "One's heart is in one's own country," she once wrote to an old friend, in her later years, at the time of a visit of the Crown Prince of Sweden to London, "and mine, certainly, is Swedish to the very backbone of my body and soul."

It was, again, in Germany that she found the home of her artistic spirit. There the music in her kindled into its fullest life. There she breathed the air in which her art knew itself to be in its native dwelling-place.

But England was to become the home of her adoption, in whose soil she was to take root. There she was to build herself a home; to see her children and her grandchildren grow up about her; and there she was, at last, to find her grave.

And we may well stop, therefore, at the close of our account of her appearances in England, to take note of that which drew her, especially, to view this country with favour and affection, and to cast a glance, both backward and forward, over those social and domestic ties which now already began to knit her fast to those friends among whom, in after days, she found such intimate companionship.

In doing this, we are still loyal to our purpose of recording the Artist-life of Jenny Lind; for we have already, at the outset of her career in Stockholm, shown how closely and peculiarly her personal character entered into her artistic effect; how impossible it was to dissociate the one from the other. The genius which showed itself in her song, was identically the same which discovered itself in her private intercourse. Whether off the stage or on it, it was the same characteristic personality, which spoke in every detail of her natural life, and was felt alive behind or within every note of her voice. It is essential, therefore, to her portraiture as an artist that she should be known as a woman.

And it is, perhaps, just here that we find something of the secret of that attachment which drew her towards the English and the English towards her. For, as a people, we find it difficult to enter that region in which Art, as such, is supreme. We are not good at abstraction; we cannot isolate this or that department of life, and treat it in independence of its concrete environment. This taxes too much our faculty for ideas, which is seldom rich or strong. We move heavily and wearily in that atmosphere in which men regard Art for Art's sake, and in which they forbear to go outside the limits which Art builds for itself. We cannot forget what is outside those gossamer barriers. We cannot ignore the effects that the Beautiful may have on all the varied elements that go to make up man. We cannot, as we yield to the fascination of charm, silence the importunate desire to know how it tells on conduct. It is for this, perhaps, that we succeed so badly in those fields of Art where pure beauty, as such, is paramount, while we put out our best strength into Poetry, which, in all its highest forms, is profoundly concerned with moral conduct. This English habit of mind is apt to tumble into blundering misjudgment of much that vitally belongs to the Artistic temper, its work, and its methods. It does not take Art seriously, unless it can relate it to moral and religious considerations. In itself, apart from these deeper motives, it is apt to treat it as a mere pastime, a toy, a decoration. But when it is in face of one who, like Jenny Lind, illuminates the seriousness of the artist with the inspiration of a pure and noble womanhood, and with the spiritual fervour of one who holds her gifts as a mission from God, then the English people can see and understand what is going forward. They may not duly estimate "the incredibly hard work" which, as she herself said, can alone account for the perfect skill and finish of her workmanship. For a true appreciation of that, she had to turn to Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, or the Rhine. But, then, she had a peculiar power of retaining her natural spontaneity dominant over her skilfulness. The "incredibly hard work" disappeared from out of public observation, to reappear in a song which flowed out with all the ease, freedom, and felicity of a bird's carolling.

And so the effect told straight home on the English public, and they surrendered themselves to her magic with an intensity which belongs to a strong and reserved people who find it difficult to yield, but, when they yield, yield altogether. Mendelssohn was a good prophet when he assured her that she would find in England a welcome of quite peculiar warmth—a welcome that would recognise the special tone of her character. And, in return, she responded to this welcome with enthusiasm. In spite of the ugly incident which beclouded her early appearances, and which revealed to her the coarse grain of a manager like Mr. Bunn, and the passionate malice that agitated much of the operatic world in London, she became exceedingly happy here. "I am charmed, quite beyond words, with England," she wrote from Clairville, in July, 1847, to her dear friend Madame Wichmann. She made friends quickly; and she loved the friends she made. And it is of these that we would now speak. For it is in them that we shall see how it was that, in spite of much that she herself had to complain of in us,—in spite of our stupid practicality, our insensibility to artistic ideals, our coldness of manner, our sunless skies,—she yet found here in England a temper that responded to her aspirations, and gave full and encouraging scope to her endowments.

Let us take a look at one or two circles which will specially illustrate the attachments which she formed at this time.

We have already heard much of her alliance with Mrs. Grote, whose friendship for her played a large part in her earliest days among us. The Grotes were fascinated by her; and they devoted themselves to chaperoning her through that brilliant London Society into which she had been plunged. Mrs. Grote was in the very heart of the literary and musical world. At her house might be found Mendelssohn, Chopin, Thalberg, Lablache. Her husband, the historian of Greece, was in intimate contact with the chief writers, and thinkers of the day—with John Stuart Mill, Cornewall Lewis, Milman, Sydney Smith. All that was moving would be heard of, and touched, in the circle into which Mrs. Grote introduced her new friend; and she was only too eager to take her everywhere and show her everybody.

But that new friend was singularly unlike her busy chaperone. She loathed the bustle and glitter of the big world. She shrank from the public gaze; she could not endure to be made an object of curiosity. Nor, indeed, could the tempers and minds of the two women have ever fallen closely together. Nothing could be more remote from Jenny Lind's estimates of life than the ideas and principles which reigned in that house. George Grote was the intellectual pupil of James Mill; he was the depository of the traditions of Benthamism. He was a stiff political economist of the abstract school; an ardent republican, a hater of churches and creeds. He professed that dry and tough Utilitarianism, which holds Idealists cheap. His wife was a woman of keen and strong intellectual character, delighting in the stir of men and things; a forcible figure in the thick of the thronging world of cultivated society.

With such intense difference of atmosphere, it is greatly to the credit of Mrs. Grote's kindness, that she succeeded in making Jenny Lind so pleased with her intimacy. She evidently threw herself in, heart and soul, with her young friend's fortunes; she put her house at her disposal; she advised and directed her; she gave up her time to her; she listened to her confidences; she introduced her to her many acquaintances; she took her rides and picnics to Wimbledon, and gave her the free run of the Burnham Cottage, where she could wander freely in the woods, and freshen her voice. She accompanied her on provincial tours, and encompassed her about, in the midst of that hurrying and exciting turmoil, with pleasant companionship. To one, like Jenny Lind, who was besieged by fears, and suspicions, and dismays, and needed always to feel the succour of friendly advice close at hand, it was everything to have such a constant and kindly refuge to turn to, as Mrs. Grote's house. And that house held in it, also, the presence of one, whose faithful loyalty to her service was invaluable. Edward Lewin, Mrs. Grote's brother, was one of the best and truest friends she ever possessed. He was already well known to her through his sister, Madame Koch, at Stockholm. It was at his house there, that she had appeared in the Tableaux Vivants, as St. Cecilia. It was he who went to Vienna, to persuade her to venture on the English journey; and now that she was come, he patiently attended to her interests; he looked after her affairs; he did everything for her that a wise and good man could, in the way of kind-hearted direction, and supervision;

and always with a reserved and unobtrusive devotion, that was as delicate as it was true. He must have done more than any one to smooth her path, and to save her from trouble and blunder, during those two years in England; and his friendship remained a constant source of comfort and strength to her.

Such was the circle into which she came at the start. But she was very soon to find her way into another home of a very different type, where she passed under influences which affected her whole life, and character. She was engaged to sing at Norwich in the September of 1847; and in the preceding July she got the letter of invitation, which has already been given,* from the Bishop of Norwich in which he expresses his desire "to make acquaintance with one whose high character and principles were on a par with her superior talents." In those days, such an invitation to one who was engaged at the Opera, was remarkable enough. English society, and especially, English religious society, was strangely and stupidly conventional, bound up in rigid formularies of etiquette. The Bishop's act was a striking evidence of the unique position which Jenny Lind had already, from the very beginning, assumed. And it proved to be much more than this. It was an introduction into a household, where she found that affectionate and intimate environment which was so dear to her. Bishop Stanley brought to her the watchful care of a father; Mrs. Stanley gave to her a motherly devotion, to which she could entrust her tenderest confidences. And, then, there was Mary Stanley, the daughter, her close friend for years, full of character and interest; and there was Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the son, whose enthusiasm for her was the spring of an enduring intimacy, which lasted until his death, in the Deanery at Westminster, in 1881.

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* *Cf.* p. 162. Book VII. Ch. XIII.

Nothing can better illustrate the character of Jenny Lind than the many records which the Stanleys have left of those her earliest visits to them; and we have, therefore, drawn largely upon them; for, in them, we obtain a living estimate —an estimate formed by those whose judgment we can securely trust; and recorded, at the very time itself, with all the frankness and the freedom that belong to a private correspondence—of the effect which her presence produced on a sensitive and sympathetic family.

We have read already, the letter in which Arthur Stanley describes, with delicious freshness, her first arrival, in September, 1847.* In that letter, everything has been said, that could make vivid the personal impression she produced. We will notice, here, but one little matter in it; and that is, the startling comparison of her smile to that of Dr. Pusey. The comparison, would, no doubt, have surprised no one more than herself. But even those who only knew the face of the great Oxford Doctor, in extreme old age, would understand at once the allusion, as they recall the sudden lift of those grey eyebrows, and the beaming kindliness of the fatherly outlook from under them, that lit up the whole countenance as with an illumination.

The letters from Mrs. Stanley to Mrs. Augustus Hare, already quoted in pages 162, 258–60, are the sufficient evidence of the footing which Jenny Lind won in the heart of the family. She passes, at once, within the circle of their household affections. Mrs. Stanley is captivated by "the modesty which is so combined with dignity that it keeps her perfectly *unruffled.*" Modesty is so apt to be combined with a personal consciousness, which makes it awkward and anxious and feverish. But here was a modesty which never was really ruffled; for, to her, there was no anxiety as to her personal worth: the worth was wholly moral, and, therefore, independent of external estimates: it permitted of no fluctuating hesitation: it could not fret itself into a fever over what other people might be thinking of it. This gave her the calm of a dignified reticence. But modest, indeed, she was in the entire absence of personal ambition or assertion—in her genuine loyalty to the phrase which so interested Mrs. Stanley, in the midst of the fuss and excitement which surrounded her, "Moi qui veut toujours être la dernière."

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* *Cf.* p. 170. Book VII. Ch. XIV.

Here, then, in this household, she kindled an interest, and established an intimacy, which had lasting effects upon her future. On the 28th of September, the Bishop wrote a farewell letter to Jenny Lind, which marks the depth and reality of the friendship which these few days had been enough to seal. It will reveal how profoundly the influences, then set moving, entered into the secret places of her life. The letter accompanied portraits of himself and his wife.

"My dear Miss Lind,—

"I am well aware that it is with you a general rule not to accept presents; but I persuade myself that the enclosed two portraits will be received as an exception, and that when restored to your relatives and friends in your native land, you will, in looking upon them, recall to mind one whose interest in your welfare has been increased tenfold during the few short days you were his guest.

"Believe me, it will be my earnest prayer that, in the high and perilous position in which you are placed, the God whom you so devotedly serve with such humility and simplicity, may ever bless and protect you, and enable you to carry out more and more the objects you have at heart. Under His guidance, go on and prosper. You have left us; but we shall never forget you, and I look forward with deep interest to the time when I again may meet you, as one who has gained the affections of every member of my family: and when I may have further conversation with you on the many subjects of vital importance on which I would willingly have spoken more at large when you were with us. Believe me,

"Yours, very sincerely,

"E. Norwich."

There was another Bishop, a guest in the palace at the time, who both received, and gave, a vital impression. A year and a half later when she returned to Norwich she spoke of the many things said to her by the Bishop of Tasmania, which she had not understood at the time, but had seen the truth of since. His words had clung about her: and they had evidently been on the deep matters of life. And if he had impressed her, she, certainly, in those brief four days, had profoundly stirred him. A letter written to her by him in July, 1849, from Hobart Town, Tasmania, is a touching revelation of the way in which her memory lived with him, amid interests so remote, and so alien. He begins by telling her of his difficulty in addressing her; for he can no more call her "*Miss* Lind" than he would speak of "*Mr.* Shakespeare," or "*Mr.* Milton."

> "They are names endeared to English people. And so with you. We know you, esteem you, admire you, and talk of you, as 'Jenny Lind.' By that name the poor bless you; and the rich regard you as one who has by her noble example, exalted at once her profession and herself. By that name you are known even in this distant part of the world, 16,000 miles away from your own home. . . . You have had a rare, a most rare gift from God. And He has given you the grace to use it, not merely for your own profit, or the delight of others, but for the suffering children—even as He would have you use it. . . . We may never meet again; but believe me, dear friend (if I may call you so), I shall never forget you though half the world lies between us, and though it is scarcely possible that I may be permitted to see your face again on earth."

After telling her much of his difficulties in work amid a Convict Colony, and after hoping that she yet may write him news of herself, he ends:—

> "May God's blessing be upon you! may He guide you in all your ways, and be both your counsellor and comfort! A Bishop's blessing, dear friend, will be none the worse

because it has to travel over half the world before it reaches you.

"Believe me,

"Most sincerely your friend,

"F. R. Tasmania."

In January, 1849, she was once again at the Palace at Norwich. She had come, as we remember, to sing entirely for charities; and it was at this time that she was so characteristically unwilling to receive the gifts so carefully prepared for her by the six Norwich manufacturers. She made the Bishop express her mind to the unfortunate six; but it turned out in the course of time, that the Bishop had been as bad as the rest; for he too had got his present for her. Mrs. Stanley pictures the scene in another letter to her sister.

"She did look so delighted to be here, and when somebody hoped that she would not forget the step up into the library, said, 'Oh, I have forgotten nothing!' I took her to her room where the Swedish Bible was open on her dressing-table with the texts inscribed in the Bishop's best hand. She bent down to read them earnestly; and then opened the book at various places; and, then, she returned to the texts, and went slowly over them, drawing her finger emphatically under the words 'The Lord preserve thy going out and thy coming in, etc.,' then she broke out into something like Arthur at the Pyrenees, 'What shall I do? What shall I do?'"

The following letter, dated on Christmas Day, 1848, accompanied the gift:—

"Palace, Norwich, December 25, 1848.

"My dear Mdlle. Lind,—

"I wish, on this day sacred and dear to the whole Christian world, to request your acceptance of the Book which contains all Christian truth.

"I cannot for a moment doubt that you have already found therein the principles, and motives, and Divine assistance, which have enabled you hitherto so successfully to withstand the snares and temptations of a profession so peculiarly dangerous to one so young, and I most earnestly hope it may be ever more and more your guide and companion in the more tranquil life and leisure now I trust before you.

"I have watched your course long, and it was because I saw in it so many Christian graces that I sought your acquaintance, both to pay a just tribute to them, and to communicate with you, as one who had your truest interest at heart; and if any word I may have said on serious subjects has had weight or influence with you I am more than satisfied.

"That you may persevere to the end in generously devoting your best gifts to the happiness and relief of your fellow-creatures is the earnest hope and prayer of

"Yours, faithfully and sincerely,

"E. NORWICH."

"Mdlle. Lind."

Below the Bishop's signature in the Bible, he had written out the selected verses, Psa. cxxi. 7, 8, and Phil. i. 9, 10.*

It is worth while to give all this in detail, in order that we may understand at what level her friendship with the family was pitched. The Bible, with its texts, and its graceful letter, is an index of the depth and the force of the influences which drew her to the Stanleys, and they to her. As we hear of these little tendernesses, as we read the strong words of commendation, as we follow Mrs. Stanley's affectionate transmission of it all to her listening sister, we can measure what it meant to Jenny Lind to be encompassed with all the home intimacies which she held so dear, and, above all, to find that those intimacies of the heart were so closely concerned with the spiritual fortunes of the soul. She thoroughly sympathised with this high language, which held the religious interests of life so near to the surface, and inwove them into the common texture of daily intercourse.

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* "The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil, etc."—Psalm cxxi. 7, 8. "And this I pray, that your love may abound, etc."—Philippians i. 9, 10.

It was a house entirely to her mind, with its warm sympathies, and its simple, earnest pieties. We shall find ourselves again within the circle of this Norwich household, as we deal with the agitating period of her great decision to abandon the stage. In the meantime, its present record will close pleasantly with Mrs. Stanley's report to her sister at the end of this visit.

> "Her future will be most interesting to watch. There is such a depth of veneration in her, such a reverence for all that is holy, such capabilities of love and devotion. She said she had no wish to make more friends, she had enough; and her manner is that of preventing any intimacy. One very remarkable thing, which did not strike me till afterwards, is that she treats her superiors as we do royalty—never originates anything, never speaks first, never comes to sit down by you. To her equals and inferiors nothing could be more courteous or frank. She never speaks of herself, never appears to think of herself; she has just that self-forgetting earnestness about everything, which is *the* desideratum in ——. I was glad, however, to hear her say that though she never kept a journal, her memory was strong, and that there was nothing that had ever happened to her of which she had not a most distinct recollection. To some one who was speaking of the world she said, 'The world is one great lie.' Yesterday, Mr. Richmond, the artist, dined here; and it was beautiful to hear him speak of her; it was just with that same appreciation of the peculiar charm of her character and countenance that Mr. Lawrence had; but he said that he would himself shrink from the attempt to paint her . . . .
>
> "All our previous impressions of her have been confirmed, and all change in her is for the better."

The happy circle at Norwich was broken up, in the year 1850, by the death of the Bishop; and though the rest of the family remained her constant friends for life, she lost the quiet home by the cathedral which she loved.

We venture to close this Norwich episode with the following words, written by her some time later, on hearing the news of the Bishop's death. They occur in a letter to a very dear friend of hers, Madame Salis-Schwabe, from Lübeck, in May, 1850 *:—

> "I have been greatly troubled over the death of the good Bishop of Norwich. How high-souled he was! I shall never forget how he ever bore himself towards me. With deep love and thankfulness shall I preserve the memory of him through my whole life. I was at Meran when the sad news reached me."

Madame Schwabe, to whom she so wrote, was another friend in whose house she was made at home, and with whom grew up, during these same years, a lasting and confidential intimacy. Her husband, a rich manufacturer at Manchester, was a man of culture, a refined, and cultivated musician, full of both religious and philanthropic interest. They received Jenny Lind at the time of her visit to Manchester; they invited her to their beautiful place on the Menai Straits. To Madame Schwabe she spoke and wrote freely of things that were on her mind. Already, in 1848, they were on most affectionate terms; and, evidently, from the fun that came bubbling out in the letters, Jenny Lind felt herself to be thoroughly understood, so that she could write with unhindered freedom. Madame Schwabe, too, was a relative of a young pianist of Hamburg, in whose fortunes Jenny Lind had already taken a warm interest, "a very amiable young man, who, certainly, has much talent and much feeling," as she writes in August, 1848, to her friend. His name was Otto Goldschmidt.

Two other friends there were, who, in 1849, called out her special affection—Baroness French, and her daughter Georgina. Her letters to them brim over with touching fondness; and it is delightful to see in them her strong feelings struggling through the English language, which she is determined to use, however uncertain her control over it.

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* Mdme. Salis-Schwabe has kindly allowed the use of these letters.

"I don't know if you can understand my miserable English," she writes to Miss French, "but I prefer to write ever so bad English than the very best French!" . . . . "I feel a great deal for you, my dear Miss French. And as I can never change when I once love a person, you may be assured that I shall always and for ever be yours truly affectionate,

"Jenny Lind."

In these letters comes out that anxious clinging to the love of those of whom she was fond, which was noticeable in her. She is in suspicion lest it should be withdrawn from her; she needs reassurance of its survival. Was it her harsh experiences in childhood which had left in her this note of fear, lest she should find herself forgotten?

"Take not away, I entreat you, your kindness and friendship towards me, dear lady," she writes to the Baroness, "and be assured that I think of you, and remember you with true and sincere affection! My sister-love and sister-blessing to Miss Georgina. Send me sometimes a few words which tell me about your health and happiness. For such kindness my heart will always feel thankful!"

There are many passages, in these letters, full of the same tender longings. We have touched on them just to illustrate both the intensity of her personal affection, which flowed out with the enthusiasm of a child towards those whom she felt congenial; and also the pathetic anxiety which seemed to plead against the dreaded relapse into the loneliness of her wandering dramatic career. As she wrote from Paris, "she needed much love." Yet she found it hard to wholly shake off a haunting distrust of the love given her, as if it was too good and precious a boon to endure.

These letters reveal, also, how intimate, and how loving were the ties that now knit her to the English. Not only had the public welcome been all that Mendelssohn had foretold, but, behind that, she had found an entry into hearts which responded eagerly to her own. She felt herself cherished and nourished; the fountains of affection were freely opened, and she drank at them with thankful delight. True, there was no home that could surpass, in dearness, and in comfort to her soul, that house of the Wichmanns in Berlin, whither her deepest confidence still turned to rest. But yet we can see that there was much in England to explain the burst of enthusiasm with which she closes the letter from Lübeck to Madame Schwabe, in which she spoke of her sorrow at the death of the Bishop of Norwich.

> "Ah! Meran! how splendid, how divine it is there! And Switzerland too! how lovely and magnificent! But nowhere can I find England again! I love England with all my soul, and I long to be there again!"

BOOK IX.

FRUITION.

CHAPTER I.

HOW DID JENNY LIND COME TO LEAVE THE STAGE?

How many times has that question been asked! Who that has ever heard of her, has failed, at some moment or other of his interest in her story, to ask it?

And, indeed, it is no light question to ask; to answer it, one must go down to the very roots of her mental life. For it was, in her case, not merely the withdrawal of a great singer from the special field in which she had won her triumphs. Such an one might still have full opportunity of exercising her gift. Jenny Lind herself was to find a noble sphere in the concert-room, in the Oratorio; she never reaped a more amazing success, nor kindled a more rapturous emotion, than in that historic American tour which followed her withdrawal from the stage.

But she was not only a singer. She was a Dramatic genius of the first rank. It was the combination of this dramatic force with her wonderful song which constituted her unique pre-eminence. This was her natural vocation; it had been her familiar arena from early childhood. She had been bred up in it; she knew its innermost secrets. She possessed the genuine power of transposing her whole personality into a character. She had the magnetic influence which penetrated her audience through and through with her interpretation of the part which she was playing. And all this she sacrificed—sacrificed utterly and for ever, by her own act, her own solitary will, while yet a girl, at the supreme moment of her fame, in the teeth of plea and protest from a desperate public and imploring managers.

Why, then, was it? What were her motives?

At least, it is clear that it was due to no impatient impulse or wilful mood. It was the issue of a deliberate intention, slowly and steadily built up out of her experience, grounded upon her deepest personal conviction. It is this that we must first recognise; and to do so we must go back behind the actual date at which her story now stands, and dig out the earlier years of this her resolution. It will then be seen that the resolution grew parallel with the growth of her European fame. There appear to be no traces of it left in her written records, so long as she was winning her triumphs at home, in Stockholm, or in the neighbouring Copenhagen. In Paris, under Garcia, she was taking close and eager interest in her dramatic profession, watching the Parisian stage for hints and suggestions, noting and contrasting the acting capacities of Rachel and herself.* She spoke then of a strong desire to feel the boards again under her feet. Everything indicates that she was then looking forward to an Operatic career as her natural profession, and was spending pains upon her histrionic as well as upon her musical education. On her return, she threw herself into her parts with unhindered freedom; there is no hint of a recoil.

When, then, can this recoil from the Stage be first detected? At a most remarkable moment. It is in the full swing of her first Continental successes: it is in the very heart of her intense enjoyment of the superb opportunities that were suddenly opening out before her. It is on the Rhine, in the September of that great year of her Berlin triumphs, 1845, that we, for the first time, encounter the motive to leave the stage in a positive shape; and, what is most noticeable, is that already, at this earliest manifestation of it, it has taken the form of a fixed and definite determination.

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* Vol. i., Book II.

We hear of it from Mrs. Grote's MS. 'Memoir,' whom, it will be remembered, she met at Frankfort for the first time during that September. To her, she quietly confided her intention. She spoke of her intense dislike to the "*entourage*" which a theatre necessitated; of the exhausting fatigue involved in dramatic singing; of the physical risks; and over against all this distracting environment, she set her own simple tastes and humble needs.

Mrs. Grote, as she listened to the tale of trouble, evidently felt that this intense distaste for the character of the life came from no superficial worry, but belonged both to the physical and spiritual realities of her nature. She sums up her conclusions in her private Note-book:—

> "Owing to a highly excitable nervous temperament," she writes, "she appears to be ill-suited to the conflicts which attend a triumphant career, and will, I fear, cut short her scenic life and retire to Sweden to lead a quiet and tranquil existence as soon as she has the means of doing so." *

Evidently, the writer of these words was sure that this intention sprang out of no transitory mood of Jenny Lind. All its outlines are steadily fixed; and Mrs. Grote as she listens, sees reason to fear that it will most certainly be carried out.

And, moreover, Mrs. Grote recognises the reality of the reasons given. She evidently agrees that this nervous structure *is* too excitable to bear the strain of a triumphant career. She fears for the loss to the stage of gifts so delicious; but she cannot deny or refute the cogency of the justification:

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* From Mrs. Grote's Note-book. *Cf.* the record of it in the MS. Memoir of the Life of Jenny Lind, p. 273, vol. i.

And, then, the reasons! They are suggested, here, in their most natural and most frequent form; and they well bear special notice, for they mean much. It is not the drama as such, which is condemned. She sees nothing wrong or disreputable in it. It is only the conditions which belong to a triumphant dramatic career which seem to her so intolerable, as she looks from out of the midst of the turmoil of a Continental tour back to quiet memories of her Swedish home. We can imagine what it would mean to her—this incessant irritation of the *entourage*, acting upon nerves that were already lacerated by exhaustion.

And then, is not the phrase in which Mrs. Grote sums up the significance of what she heard, full of obvious force? The European triumph had thrust her out into the public arena. She would now have to push her way forward in the very thick of that rough battle which the fierce competition of the theatrical world made inevitable. No wonder, that a profound recoil should have, now, taken place, as the full pressure of a Continental career broke out upon her! Who can fail to give intelligible meaning to the "conflicts that attend" on such a career? Who can doubt the strain that it would throw on her "nervous structure"? We have seen her temperament, we know its ideal cast, its lofty tone, its sacrificial flame, its haughty purity. How would it ever endure the fret, and the worry, the fever, and the sting, of those petty jealousies, those angry spites, those mean competitions, which, by some sad fate, seem bound to swarm about the green-room of a theatre, and, perhaps with even special fury, beset the musical drama?

Such personal heats, intrigues, ambitions, passions, were so singularly remote from her whole mental temper, that, perhaps she could hardly make sufficient allowance for those defects, to which the very qualities which constitute an actor, are peculiarly susceptible. Such a character is apt to be feverishly alert to the touch of its environment. Its personal susceptibilities must be ever on the "qui-vive." It must be sensitive to every external note of like, or dislike. It must quiver in response to the presence of others; otherwise, it could never be dramatic. Its deepest instincts compel it to feel for outward sympathy, to cheer and to encompass it; it is, in its essence, an appeal to the goodwill, to the favourable response, of its auditory; and this, its necessary temper, must accompany it off the stage, as well as on. In ordinary life, it will be equally susceptible to the conditions of personal contact; it will have the same craving for sympathetic attention; the same recoil at failing to obtain it. It is this fervent desire for kindly recognition which gives to actors so often something of the charm, the *naïveté*, which we associate with children; but which also renders them liable to the pettishness and the quarrelsomeness of children.

And what if all this inevitable pain of a dramatic career is intensified by the fact that the actors are, also, musicians!

The peculiar sensitiveness of their nerves lays such people open to sharper trials; they least of all men can harden themselves against personal attacks; they quiver under every jar and jolt which life's rough journey brings with it. They lie open and exposed to every shock of accident, to every change of tone and atmosphere. No wonder, that the embroilments which make bitter so much of the dramatic life, should culminate in the Opera. Such embroilments, so far as they sprang from the dramatic desire for public recognition, Jenny Lind would be unable to comprehend, or to tolerate. For she was strangely devoid of such ambition. But this would make them all the more impossible to her, as an environment; while her musical nerves would make their existence in her neighbourhood a misery to her.

And, then, there is the wretched finance! This delicate, nervous artistic life of the drama is all netted in the meshes of mercantile speculation. It is being "exploité"; it must be made to pay. It is in the hands of those for whom it is a remunerative enterprise, a financial concern. Each individual gift has its price, each has to come into the market; each artist feels himself the prisoner, or the prey, of some commercial transaction. That which should be a temple of art is turned into a house of merchandise, even if it escapes becoming a "den of thieves." Such a situation is inevitable to the theatrical career. But what a bitter warfare for such a one as Jenny Lind to find herself waging—she, who held her voice as a boon from God, endowing her with a prophetic mission! What fretful disputes! What weary wranglings! What pettiness of detail! How she would loathe it! Every fibre of her frame would repudiate these narrow and nasty necessities. Nor was she happy in her management of such affairs. As we have seen, in the Bunn incident, which was agitating her so profoundly at the very moment of her interview with Mrs. Grote, she was apt to hastily rush into a bond; and, then, at once, to regret it, and, perhaps, attempt to undo it. She would consult, and take advice, and be persuaded; and, then, react afterwards, and desert the advice which she had accepted. All this was natural enough for a young girl driven to fight for her own hand, amid the mob of managers, of strange tongues, and peoples, competing for the chance of driving a good bargain with her, of reaping a profit out of her. It was natural enough for a spiritual genius, beating about in unknown waters, tangled in alien winds. How could she comprehend the rigidities of business? But, natural and intelligible though it were, it was bound to bring her trouble which might well make her sicken of a career which involved matters so odious, and so disturbing.*

Moreover, she was already tired of the incessant strain involved in the very act of performing. She had been hard at it for so long. She had known all that its richest successes could bring her, ever since childhood: and the uproar of applause could throw no deceptive glamour over all the painful and exhausting fatigues, that are inevitable in a career, which draws so desperately upon the emotional resources, and which must be subject to such violent recoils as the drained forces slowly recuperate themselves.

And then, in vivid antithesis to this warfare of a public career, there was the hope of tranquillity in Sweden. Here was a most forcible factor in the decision. Throughout all that period in Germany, we have heard notes of her homesickness. Again and again, it comes over her, as we have seen, like a veritable illness.† She had nothing in her of the Bohemian. At the root of her innermost being, lay the domestic instinct—the craving for the security of fixed and sure family life. Deep woven, within the pilgrim-soul of the artist, were the fibres of the woman's nature—the woman whose life had sprung out of the heart of the "bourgeoisie," with its clinging to rooted traditions and to secure foundations. Such was her nature; and always, therefore, she was singularly alive to the tender associations, the beneficent familiarities that go to the building of home. And how lonely, in contrast, was that restless pilgrimage over Europe which was the normal condition of her theatrical life! True, she had a wonderful way of winning admittance, at each city, into some private house, where she was surrounded with affection. But yet how transitory all such visits must be! Ever she must hurry on,—she and her one companion, to fulfil engagements in this strange place and in that; there was no rest for her feet; no constant refuge into which to retreat. All was in movement; nothing stood still. She was never more than a passing guest.

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* Let anyone who ever knew Jenny Lind, turn to a book such as "The Mapleson Memoirs" (London 1888); let him learn there, in its rollicking gossip, the characters, the conditions, with which theatrical management concerns itself: and his chief wonder will, surely, be how she tolerated such an environment for a single day.

† Book V., Ch. III. Book VI., Ch. V.

As we picture the dismal instability, the arid homelessness of such a wandering existence, we can hardly wonder that all the splendour of her triumphant career could never expel or stifle in her the passionate desire to escape and be at peace, in some tranquil harbour amid the home waters—some still and unchanging retreat nestling under the familiar pines.

This deep and passionate longing showed itself, during the very time of which we are now speaking, in two most remarkable letters, already quoted in this work, which will prove how deliberate her intention had become. In the letter written on November 24th, 1845, to Madame Erikson, it will be remembered that she says:

> "I wonder if I dare let out that next autumn I shall come home quite quietly, and settle down, caring nothing for the world. You will call this a crime; but please reflect how difficult it is to stand all this roving about, *alone, alone*—ever to have to rely on my own judgment, and, besides, so absorbed in my *rôles*. Oh, it is not easy!" *

And to Josephson she wrote on December 1st, 1845, in the very thrill of the joyful excitement at her growing powers, and at her frequent meetings with Mendelssohn—

> "I have the old home-sickness all the same! And my only wish is to get into quietude away from the stage. And a year hence I go home, and remain at home, my friend! Ah! how I shall enjoy life! Ah! peace is the best that there is!" †

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* Vol. i. Book IV., Ch. XV.

† *Cf.* Book IV. Ch. XV.

Always the moments of European success are those at which this note of home most emphatically occurs. Here, for instance, is an illustration—one more added to the many already familiar to us. It occurs in a beautiful letter of hers; one in which her sense of the splendour of the career open to her is vividly expressed, so that she seems almost surprised, herself, that it should not have overmastered and expelled her love of home; and yet she finds that it is not so. The letter belongs to a later date than that which we are actually considering; but it so clearly exhibits the working of her mind on this matter that we may be forgiven for inserting it at this point.

It is written from London, in June 1847, to a young friend in Sweden, Miss Behrens, now Madame Lamm, who had lived on the opposite side of the courtyard, in the Bonde Palace, when Jenny Lind lived there with the Lindblads. They used to talk to each other by the open windows: and, now, Miss Behrens has sent her a drawing of her old window in the courtyard. She writes in return, out of the very heart of her London triumphs:

"My good kind Fanny,

"You must not conclude, from my long silence, that I have forgotten you. I cannot do that, with anyone to whom my heart has, at any time, been drawn; nor could I become cold and indifferent towards them.

"Thanks, my good Fanny, for the dear little drawing you sent me. I only wish I could fully express the pleasure it has given me; and how joyful a thing it is to find people possessed of a faithful heart, as you, my kind Fanny, appear to be! Oh, yes! try to keep it for all time—for it is a heavenly thing!

"It appears to me to be a sacred act to stand in thought before that window, where I have stood so often: and to go over, in spirit, all that time I lived behind it. For the people with whom I lived then (I mean, the Lindblads) are, and will remain for ever the dearest to me on earth, and the best objects of all my thoughts!

"And you will now meet them soon!

"How are you, yourself? Are you still the same child as of yore? With the laughter as then? And are you conscious of your good luck? Do you know what it means to be 'at home'?

"Thank God, I shall now soon come back to it; for where the heart is, there the whole self yearns to be. I am right grateful to God for having preserved in my breast this love for my native land; for it might have happened that I never again should have wished for Sweden after the heavenly—yes! the heavenly career which I have had. If you knew, Fanny, what a sensation of the nearness of a higher power one instinctively feels, when one is permitted to contribute to the good of mankind, as I have done, and still do! Believe me, it is a great gift of God's mercy!

"I am in excellent health; and have been so ever since I set foot on foreign soil; and this I look upon as the greatest of many gifts.

"But the paper is coming to an end—so I end also. Farewell until we meet again! and greet thy parents from yours affectionately,

"JENNY LIND."

"Do you still have the same room?"

There is the secret of her heart laid open—its instinctive, its solemn, its religious hold on home-affections. This it is which does so much to create the passionate desire for withdrawal from that sad, lonely pilgrimage, as of a stranger and a sojourner, which the Drama necessitates.

We have sketched the inner temper with which she came to her determination. Let us now trace out, by more exact steps, the growth of the resolution to act.

The desire, then, was present in her, during the autumn of 1845. Already, by December, it had taken a fixed and deliberate form. We can pursue it unfailingly after this, point by point. Let us follow on its track.

On July 4th, 1846, she writes to her dear friend to whom she opened her soul so often, Madame Amalia Wichmann:

"I am fully determined, that next summer, or at the very latest, next autumn, I will leave the stage. I will meanwhile make use of the interval; and if I could, indeed, get things so arranged this spring, it might be wiser to nurse up my powers for the approaching winter . . . ."

Here we have her resolutely scheming how to bring about her determination; she is engaged in fixing the dates. Everything is rapidly settling itself in her mind. Perhaps the following letter, written in October, 1846, from Munich, though it has nothing to say about her positive intention, may well reveal the deep currents of thought that are astir in her, beneath all the surface of her brilliant life—currents that are likely enough to carry her far out of the common track of worldly success. It is a remarkable letter for a girl only just twenty-six years old to write to a youth on his entering at a university. It is sent to Rudolph Wichmann, who was just passing from his home to Heidelberg University.

"You are just going to begin life, dear Rudolph; and life has quite as much joy as it has sorrow: but I, for my part, prefer the sorrow: for there is something exalted about it, whenever one's heart is full of pain: for then it is that we first feel how poor we are in earth, how rich in heaven."

Again, we have already read a letter written in this very month from Frankfort, to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer, which gives exact precision to her determination.

"I am longing to get away from the stage. I think, now, that I shall be ready in six months. I cannot do otherwise: it is stronger than I." *

In the November that followed the writing of this letter, it would seem that her Berlin friends were alarmed at her resolution, and the result was a letter of strong appeal to her from the influential critic of the *Voss'che Zeitung*, Herr

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* *Cf.* Book VI., Chapter I.

Rellstab, whose high opinion of her we already know. The letter is lost; but it was one that (she confesses) greatly pleased her: and it was, no doubt, one which put, in the most forcible and effective manner possible, the claim which the world had to enjoy the manifestation of dramatic gifts so special and so elevating as her own. But in the letter to Madame Wichmann, written on November 28th, from Carlsruhe, in which she mentions having received this appeal from Rellstab, she still says: "For all that, I am firm." * The considerations, then, so many and so strong, which should keep her on the stage, have already been laid before her, in as masterful and earnest a form, probably, as they could ever be thrown into; and, yet, though she has weighed them, she is not moved.

On January 20th, 1847, she writes a charming letter from Vienna, introducing Schumann and Madame Schumann, in the warmest terms, to the favour of the Wichmanns; † and then she ends—

> "Yes! when shall I see you again! Ah! how this longing for peace grows in me beyond all bounds! But time flies on fast: and, surely, no creature were ever so utterly happy as I,—if only I were free!"

That longing, that was rising in her beyond all bounds, came, we must remember, in the very heart of one of her most bewildering hours of dramatic glory. The enthusiasm for her at Vienna rose even to frenzy. There was nothing that was not possible for her, there: everything was at her feet. But, for all that, it cannot check her deep desire for peace.

"Her life went turning, turning
Through mazes of heat and sound
But for peace her heart was yearning!
—And, now, peace laps her round."

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* *Cf.* Book VI., Chapter II., where the letter is given in full.

† *Cf.* Book VI., Chapter VI.

Again from Vienna, on February 13th, came an eager, an indignant reassertion of her will. Madame Wichmann has heard a rumour that she is meditating an engagement at Paris; and the answer she gets is clear enough.

"MY VERY DEAREST!

"What is it that has come to you? *I* go to Paris? Never, in my life! Who can have told you this? And how should I ever have bound myself to such a decision, without telling you! . . . .

"They have, indeed, made me every kind of proposal from Paris—but not for one second, did I ever think of it!

"From off the stage I go! I have no other want in the world than that!"

Madame Wichmann was unlucky in her intelligence this year: for she transmits another rumour, which shares the fate of its predecessor. Jenny Lind writes, from London, whither she has been now conveyed from Vienna by the united exertions of Edward Lewin and Mr. Lumley. She writes from Clairville, Old Brompton, 12th August, 1847.

"DEAREST AND BELOVED AMALIA!

"You believe, as I clearly see, that I am engaged to some one! How should this be? and with whom? I am sure I know nobody whom I would have! And I have very high thoughts of finding a being, to loving whom I could utterly and entirely surrender myself. No!—it is not true that I am going to marry, dear, dearest Amalia! I cannot give you this joy. Ah! if I could find a man such as you are as a woman—yes! then, indeed, I should be lost!"

Naturally, this problem of marriage is interwoven with the question which we are now considering. It is the rooflessness of the stage-life which is its misery. She felt herself unbuttressed and exposed, without fence, or hedge, against the loud and hard crowd of men. All this was just what marriage would relieve. But, then, what would be the exact conclusion? Would marriage make possible the dramatic career by relieving it of its harshness? or would it intensify the desire to escape by opening a path for retreat, altogether, from the boards? That will depend on the particular character of the marriage that offers itself: and, for the moment, as she declares in her letter, there is no such offer before her.

Nothing, then, disturbs her intention. In 1847 it will be remembered, how strongly she asserts to Her Majesty, as she speaks with her after the private concert at Buckingham Palace, her resolution to leave the stage.* Evidently her London successes, happy as she was in them, had done nothing to shake her resolution.

In October when, as we know, she was singing at Berlin, it was with the clear and general understanding that it was the last time of her appearance on the stage there.†

On November 4th Mendelssohn died. How much that meant to her, we know already. His purity, his exaltation, his fervour thrilled her into high response. And, then, his belief in her was a perpetual appeal to her to trust her great gift, to put out all its powers, to live for her Art, as in holy service. Through him, too, she had entered on those higher levels of the Oratorio, into which she could pour without hindrance her full spiritual force. But we cannot resist asking how this influence of his bore on her present intention. In pressing her to the work of Oratorio, was he consciously working for her withdrawal from the Opera? It would appear to have been wholly otherwise: for we have already seen that he was still, to the very end, possessed with the hope that he might achieve an Opera which she could interpret. So far was he, then, from fostering her determination to abandon the stage, that, he had, it would seem, hoped for a development of her powers there, in which he might assist. What would have been the issue of such an attempt if it had succeeded? Would it have led further? No one can say. But, now, he is gone: and she looks out, from her old home, towards that Europe which is now empty for her of its mightiest presence, of its noblest life: and she finds herself strangely calm,—calm with the wonderful security and sweetness of home.

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* *Cf.* Book VII., Chapter XI.

† *Cf.* Book VIII., Chapter I.

We have read, already, the words in which she spoke of this. Mendelssohn has died, and, yet, she "feels something so strange" in her spirit. She is so happy and peaceful at home; it is all to her mind. She has no fear of feeling any void; she can do much good; her aunt is very dear to her. So she writes to Madame Wichmann.*

Home is, plainly, drawing upon her heart. She is surprised, herself, at her own content. The suspicion that, after all the brilliant turmoil of Continental glory, it should seem tame and poor, disproves itself. She sees opportunities of work which will fully occupy her. All this had its effect in deepening her resolution, in confirming her desire for peace. And yet, the particular work itself which she chiefly "set herself to do," was not quite what we might have expected. For was it not the endowment of the Theatre School? And how could this chime in with her purpose of leaving the stage? Here she is, bending her mind to the training of others for the career which she was herself longing to abandon. She is trying to save poor children from her own earlier experiences; but she is making their road smoother towards that life from which her own later experience was compelling her to recoil. How did she quite reconcile this double-mind?

Probably, the changes that come over this her scheme, as she worked it out, represent the gradual sense of this cross-purposing. But, at any rate, it remains absolutely certain that, at the time she purposed to assist the Theatre School, she had no moral reproach whatever to make against the Drama itself: or against the profession of acting. This can have been, in no degree, the reason for her own withdrawal. It is important to keep her motives clear. She had a profound sense of its dangers—of the thorns that beset its roses: but she passes no condemnation on it itself.

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* *Cf.* Book VIII., Chapter II.

In the meantime, happy as she has found herself at home, she is a little restless; she is casting glances abroad: she wonders what she ought to be at.

> "Do you know, dear brothers," she writes in February to two of the Wichmann's sons, "it has been beautiful this winter in Stockholm; heaps of snow, and that is just what makes our city beautiful. I am gay: and then again, not so gay. I do not quite know what to be doing—whether I must travel again about the world, or bide here always. I am anxious to see whether we might not yet take a journey together."

There was, however, another circumstance, besides the interest of the Theatre School, which might have been expected to colour, to some degree, her decision about the stage. She had, as we already know, at the close of this season in Stockholm, become engaged to Herr Julius Günther.* This engagement meant a great deal to her. On her return to London, almost immediately after the exchange of rings, she spoke of it to Mrs. Grote with great enthusiasm; and, in the Note-book, in its record of a picnic at Wimbledon, Mrs. Grote writes: "Jenny talked with me for a whole hour about Günther."

But Herr Günther was the tenor at the Theatre Royal.

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* *Cf.* Book VIII., Chapter II.

His whole life was cast with the Opera. Such an engagement must, at least, have suggested closer ties between herself and the theatrical world, which she was so bent on abandoning. And we cannot but wonder how such a marriage, if it had taken place, would have suited the resolution which it is our main object to discuss. The Theatre, and its interests, and its fortunes, would have been kept close at hand, encompassing her about with constant insistence. But, whatever the external likelihood of this, there is no sign that her gladness in the engagement produced any wavering in her will.

She passed through her second brilliant London season with the firm conviction that it was to be her last. And, happy as that season was, there can be little doubt that, deep within her, the religious convictions, which her English surroundings fostered and developed, were steadily increasing their hold upon her: and, as their pressure grew, her repugnance to the theatrical mode of life, to the fever and restlessness of the dramatic career, grew also, and bred in her a yet deeper longing for the spiritual peace of privacy and home. All this would be continually backed by the encouragement of her companion, Mdlle. Åhmansson, by whose strong piety she was much impressed, and who would always be throwing her influence into the scale against the Opera. So it worked: it began to tell deeply upon her thought, and feeling, and speech; and, as it did so, it began to disturb her hopes of the future. For it drew her on to ground with which Herr Günther, far away at Stockholm, had no familiarity, or sympathy. It is not for us to enter upon such private affairs. Enough to say that, throughout this period, the letters that passed between them seem to have revealed more and more divergence in spirit and in aim; until, by the autumn, it had become clear to both, that a union was becoming less and less possible.

There was not sufficient harmony between them, as to the motives and principles by which life should be directed. And, at Dublin, which she reached, in her provincial tour, on October 8th, the crisis came: the engagement was broken off by the consent of both.

Here, then, ended the prospect of a marriage which, though it would never have broken her decision to leave the stage, would have, at any rate, linked her with its fortunes and surroundings. There could be no doubt, now, that when the separation came, it would be complete. And, by force of circumstance, it happened that the next pressure, which fell upon her from outside, tended to emphasise the completeness of this proposed separation. It came upon her in this fashion. During the provincial tour, recorded in Book VIII., Chapter VI., she went to Newcastle, accompanied by Mrs. Grote; and stayed there, in the house of Mr. Joseph Grote, brother of the historian. Mr. Joseph Grote had a brother-in-law staying in the house, a young captain, in the Indian army, called Claudius Harris, who was, entirely, mastered by the charm and the goodness of the wonderful singer, whom he found to be so startlingly unlike anything that he had been ever accustomed to associate with the stage. He followed her, with the enthusiasm of youth, to Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dublin. She had, on first meeting him, it must be confessed, thought "Oh! what a dull young man!" so she told Mrs. Stanley, afterwards, in describing the affair. But she was touched by finding that they had religious interests in common.

Later on, towards the winter, she was singing at Bath, which was his home: and she took the opportunity of calling upon his mother and sister, and of asking after him. He immediately rushed there from Mrs. Grote's cottage at Burnham Beeches, where he was staying: saw her frequently: and, soon after, pressed his claim upon her affections. True to her Swedish training, she told him as soon as he made his offer, that "he must tell his mother;" and when he said, "Do not be angry with me: I have already talked to her about it," she felt the true Swedish delight in this recognition of the parent's authority.

Unluckily, this readiness to consult his mother had its dangers, as well as its gains, as she was, afterwards, to find to her cost.

For he had been brought up in a strict Evangelical system, which thrust the stage outside the pale of religion. His mother had a strong influence over him; and to her the drama itself was a thing to be condemned and avoided. "She detested," we are told, "acting, actors, and actresses." Thus Jenny Lind's splendid dramatic powers wore to him, probably, the character of perilous temptations, rather than of gifts from God.

It was on this last point that collision was inevitable. It was one thing for her to find the conditions of theatrical life intolerable: it was quite another to have the moral rectitude of her entire career challenged in any way. And it is most important for us, in defining her motive in leaving the stage, to see how her happiness in this engagement was gone, so soon as it became clear to her that she was asked not merely to abandon her profession, but to be ashamed of it. At first, this difference of motive did not disclose itself. When she stayed at Norwich, in January, 1849, she spoke to Mrs. Stanley of the engagement with a quiet confidence in the prospect before her.

"I want a support. I am quite alone," she said, "and just when I want help, the finger of God brings me this heart that can feel with me about all works of charity, just as I do. I never could marry any one who did not think with me about this: I should say to him 'Good-bye! good-bye!'"

"We wish," she said again, "to live quiet and uninterrupted somewhere. I want to be near trees; and water; and a cathedral. I am tired, body and soul; but my soul *most!* More my soul than my body! We are to be married on the 7th of March" (the anniversary of the *dêbut* as Agatha).

She was rejoicing in the feeling that the decision, which had been making for years, was now finally sealed. "She was free," she kept repeating to Mrs. Stanley; she was never to sing on the stage again. Yet she was dreading how far she might be worked upon to save her old manager, and his people from ruin.

What had her Norwich friends to advise, at this crisis of her abandonment of the stage? It has been made absolutely clear, by what we have seen, that they had nothing whatever to do with initiating her intention. It stood firm, and decisive, long before she reached England, or knew them. Nor had they anything to do with bringing it to a head. The crisis with Her Majesty's Theatre had already taken a violent stage before they learned it from her lips. Their conversation with her, at her earliest visit, had all turned on her power to purify the drama by her influence, and example. That was her hope. "*Voilà ce que j'espère!*" she had exclaimed; and they had strongly encouraged her in this high aim.* It had been all on a different tack, then; and her deep desire to leave the whole career behind sprang from sources utterly independent of the Norwich influence.

But now that the desire has issued in act, now that the resolution is taken, no doubt, the weight of the Stanleys' inclinations would all go to back it. The Bishop had, indeed, bravely broken through the conventional scruples of religious people in receiving at his palace, as a friend, one fresh from the boards. Mrs. Stanley had a hearty, and intelligent appreciation of Jenny Lind's dramatic powers, as she shows by a most sympathetic account of her acting in the *Sonnambula.* Nevertheless, the old Evangelical tradition was strong; it is felt even in the cordial records of the intimacy which sprang up between the whole family and Jenny Lind. When, then, she confided to them her resolution, they could not but sympathise, and approve. Their hearts would eagerly respond to her desire to free the soul from the entanglements of the stage that she might surrender it more wholly to spiritual restfulness. Thus, in her conflict with Lumley and his protestations, she would have behind her the full support of the Stanleys' affectionate friendship.

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* *Cf.* Book VII.

Poor Lumley might have hoped for more help from Mrs. Grote who had befriended him so eagerly, in the first efforts to secure his prize. But, here again, he was disappointed. Mrs. Grote had, as we have seen, felt, when she first met her, that her nervous structure was unequal to the strain. And now, as we have been told at page 276,* she could not but confess that, even if she had the persuasive power, which she greatly doubted, she would be unwilling to deny Jenny Lind the rest which she so greatly needed.

So it stood. The situation might seem to be a clear one.

But, nevertheless, a storm of trouble fell upon her. The storm broke through the concerts which were to be her compensation to despairing Lumley.

We have heard already the story of the concerts: how the first fell so far short of its expected effect, that she was compelled to modify her resolution if she was ever to save Lumley's finances; and how she, in order to redeem her pledge to him, offered him six last performances on the stage. It was this offer, which brought to the front the intense repugnance felt to the stage itself by Captain Harris and his relations, and she found herself forced to choose between her lover's refusal to consent to these appearances, and her word given to Lumley. What was she to do?

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* *Cf.* Book VIII., Chapter X.

Most providentially, at this critical juncture she suddenly won the help of a most wise and resolute adviser. Mr. Nassau Senior, the well-known writer, and at that time a Master in Chancery, and a close personal friend of Mrs. Grote's, had been asked by that lady to put his legal knowledge at the service of Jenny Lind, in the anxious matter of marriage settlements. This he had already done in the month of February; and now, on the 16th of April, 1849, he found a letter from her, transmitted through Mrs. Grote, asking to see him. He went the next day to her cottage, and after she had walked up and down the room for some time without speaking, she sat down opposite him and fixed on him steadfastly for a minute or two "her wonderful grey eyes" (as he calls them) and at last asked him if he could stay a couple of hours. He stayed; and she poured out to him the whole story—how she was pressed by people who, according to her own graphic delineation, "think the theatre a temple of Satan, and all the actors priests of the Devil," how they required of her "not only to abandon her profession, but to be ashamed of it,"—"to go down to Bath, among people who care for nothing but clergymen and sermons, as a sort of convert or penitent." In the meantime "poor Lumley and my colleagues tell me that it is ungrateful in me, after having acquired such fame as an actress, to desert the stage as if it were a disgrace;—that if I do so, then, instead of raising the profession, as I had hoped to do, I shall sink it lower, as I shall seem to fly from it like a degradation."

We see, in all this, how the artist, and the woman, were battling within her. Here was love brought very near to her; but yet the love clashed with every instinct that made her an artist. It challenged, it fought against, her spiritual convictions. To follow it, was to turn her whole past history, into which she had herself thrown such lofty motives, such pure inspirations, such religious elevation, into a reproach, a scandal. It would make a breach in the continuity of her life; it would set her at war with herself. No wonder that she cried, "I see that, any way, all my happiness is gone for ever."

But Mr. Nassau Senior brought to bear upon the situation the excellent experience of a wise lawyer. He was absolutely clear that, under the circumstances, her first duty was to fulfil her engagement to Lumley, and, if Captain Harris treated that as a sufficient reason for separation, then to break off the marriage, which was bound to be so obviously unsuitable.

She saw this to be the true course; and, she, finally, signed a letter, addressed to Mr. Senior, begging him to see Mrs. Harris, and to tell her that, after consulting her friends, she found that they considered her bound, in honour, to her profession, to the public, and to Mr. Lumley, to perform for a few nights at the Opera; that, if Mr. Harris considered his principles to be hurt or dishonoured by this,—then she could not be responsible for the consequences.

Even this letter did not quite end matters. Captain Harris after all persuaded himself to agree to the six performances; and Mr. Senior was called in, not to convey ultimatums, but to draw up settlements; the marriage itself was fixed for May 16—by special licence. But, then, with the settlements, the old bitter question reappeared. Though she was, herself, determined, as we well know, to leave the stage for ever, yet her adviser naturally refused to make this a legal condition of the settlement. His client ought *not* to be fettered. As a woman with a profession, and owning money, she was bound to be left free; she must be given full liberty to use her vocal powers as she thinks fit. There could not be an express proviso against her ever acting. And moreover, it was also imperative that, apart from the question of the stage, she should have full power to make her own engagements to sing, and complete control over the disposition of her own earnings. This, as we know, was a vital matter, according to her mind. To her, her earnings were a sacred trust for which she was answerable. So her adviser insisted. Captain Harris could not agree to this. The freedom demanded for the wife, seemed to him "unscriptural." This may seem a small point; but indeed, it was as the point of a hidden rock over which two deep opposing seas were clashing against each other. It brought to the surface, once again, the profound antagonism between two principles of life which could not combine, however much the combination was desired.

Mr. Senior was leaving for Paris on May 10th with Mrs. Grote; but, before going, he earnestly recommended Mdlle. Lind to allow no change in the settlements, out of which he had already expunged every word against which any complaint could be made; and he begged her, if all was broken off, to come, without a day's delay, straight to Mrs. Grote at Paris, where she would find counsel and comfort, without which, in her loneliness, she could not stand.

Off to Paris, to Maison Fenci, in the Champs Elysées, he went with Mrs. Grote, to await anxiously, the issue. Letters arrived on the 13th, the 14th, and the 15th, which, though full of fluctuations, and uncertainties, spoke of negotiations, conducted by Mrs. Stanley, which ended in a mutual release of both from the engagement.

But, even now, would she be firm in her promise to leave London, and come to Paris? Anyhow, a room was got ready; and, on the 16th itself, at about seven in the evening, when Mrs. Grote was sitting, with a headache, over the fire, there was a tap at the door, and in came Jenny Lind.

She had got her passport the moment after her decision had been taken, and had come as fast as steam could carry her. She was free; and free in a manner honourable to both. She seemed to pant chiefly for rest; she felt tired "to her very bones."*

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* For our account of this affair we are greatly indebted to a private record made by Mr. Senior, which the kindness of his daughter, Mrs. Simpson, has allowed us to see, and use.

CHAPTER II.

WANDERINGS AT EASE.

We have, now, reached the date at which we broke off the story of our heroine, after her farewell to the Opera, while we paused to recall her social intimacies in England, and, then, to recover the thread of those inward motives, which led, from far back in her life, to her final act in abandoning the stage. We are, now, in full possession of her mind and can set out, once again, with her, on the path along which her career, for the future, carries her. It is needless to enter upon the inward troubles, that necessarily followed the severe crisis through which she has passed. Gradually her old self stole back to her. She began to delight in the scenery of Paris, which, in May, is enchanting. She had long walks in the Tuileries, and drives in the Bois de Boulogne; and "could have listened for hours," writes Mr. Senior, "to the nightingales. She has paid great attention to the habits of singing-birds, and told us stories of their shyness and coquetry and of the manner in which she used to get them to sing by pretending not to attend to them."* She called on Meyerbeer; she gave a musical lesson every morning to a Swedish girl, Miss Ebeling. Her old friend from Hamburg, Madame Arnemann, appeared for a few days, having come on from London whither she had rushed at the news of the wedding, only to find the bird flown to Paris.

* From private record of Mr. Nassau Senior.

She sang for an hour at the piano, at a five o'clock tea, ending with the farewell song in the *Vestale.* "You have sometimes asked me which is my best part—it is the *Vestale,*" she said to Mr. Senior. She went to the *Prophète,* but got quickly tired of it, and came home after the second act. She sang one evening at the house of the Swedish Minister, exciting, according to Mrs. Grote's diary, "the most extravagant admiration."

Altogether, she found herself enjoying the blessed sense of freedom from anxiety and the hurry of work, and was beginning to welcome the many experiences which Paris could give. But, suddenly, in June, a sad event threw her into grief. She had met Madame Catalani, and had sung to her in a way that delighted that renowned singer*; but, on Mrs. Grote calling to leave cards, before their departure from Paris, Madame Catalani was found to be dead, stricken suddenly of cholera. Mdlle. Lind was profoundly distressed; the shock quite unnerved her; she could not rest until they had all got away from Paris, and its horrible cholera.

Besides the cholera, Paris was charged, at the time, with perilous stuff. The irreconcilable Republicans were threatening an émeute on the subject of the intervention of France in Italian affairs; this gave rise to strong repressive measures; Paris was declared to be in a state of siege; 80,000 soldiers were reported to be in the town. It was thus that the whole party fled to Amiens, including her guardian, Judge Munthe, who had come from Stockholm to consult and advise. With him she continued her journey through Brussels to Cologne. And here a crisis occurred, which she shall tell in her own words. They were written in a long letter, to Madame Wichmann, from Schlangenbad, July 11, which shall be given almost entire; for it reviews the whole matter which we have been following out, and it reveals her inner feelings and convictions after all that she had gone through. It begins by many apologies for not writing before.

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* See Lumley's "Reminiscences," 1864, Chap. XVII.

"Really I could write volumes! But it is just this which makes writing, to me, so detestable—that, in reality, one can convey so little by it! I have lately gone through much, my dearest Amalia, and should like to recount it to you from my innermost heart; but not to put it all down on paper . . . . Things and experiences approached me which deeply affected my peace of mind. Everything in my innermost heart remained undecided for a long time. I did not know what to write. I was very near to marrying. But again it came to nothing; and I believe this was the best, for there were things that did not please me, and I should probably not have been made happy. . . . .

"Oh dear! I am once more myself: and I feel that I have many other duties, and great duties, to fulfil towards others—though the finest, the most sacred of all—I mean, a mother's love, is forbidden—nay! denied to me!

"I could have wished for this feeling: for it would have given me the resting-place, of which I stand in need: and where, I fancy, I could have achieved something good, owing to the varied experiences, which through life I have gained already.

"But dearest soul! I am happy all the same! Inexpressibly happy: for have I not been favoured by fate with much more than I deserve, such as is vouchsafed to few here on earth! . . . .

"I left London for Paris, where I tumbled into the most fearful cholera epidemic. Thither my dear guardian came, in order that I might have a trusty soul about me. Then on June 13th we went to Brussels, and from there to Cologne, and have looked at the Rhine. Old father Rhine! how glorious it is, and ever will be! Well, I had meanwhile sent my Swedish lady to London to pack up; and to have my things sent to Sweden. But one day I went to see a renowned doctor at Coblentz, to consult him about my shattered nerves. He examined my head, and also my heart (which are, both, terribly fatigued), and then told me that, unless I nursed myself properly now, I should be liable to break down completely when I took up work again. He has utterly forbidden me to sing for six or eight months: and has sent me here for a fortnight, in preparation for four weeks at Ems. After Ems I am free until after October. But I wish to spend next winter in Sweden, where I have many matters to arrange.

"Dear, kind, Amalia! could not we meet somewhere? Are you not in need of Ems? Could we not go to Switzerland? . . . . or shall I come to Berlin or will you come to Ems? or are we not to meet at all???? I have just received a letter from London, confirming the news of ——— ——— reappearance! I am much surprised at this. May a gracious God preserve me from such a calamity as to come before the public as an old lady! Rather bread and water! While in Paris, I saw Meyerbeer, and his new opera. I was glad to see him again, for he has always been very good to me: but I prefer his earlier operas.

"Will you please remember me to old Frau Beer? And how is dear Professor Werder? Has he completely forgotten me? And old Frau Schroeder?" (the porter's wife at the Wichmanns' house). "I love a person like that immensely! I know nothing more beautiful than such a faithful old being, going about in a family, who really lives only in taking interest in what concerns her master's family, and in feeling for them and with them! Greet this dear old soul; and also good Nanke: and Frederic (the man-servant). It was my happiest time when I saw all this daily before me! If I send no greetings to my Professor, or my beloved brothers, it is because it goes without saying. Everything that I have written here to you, is meant also for the father and his sons. God protect you all!

"Send a friendly answer, and then I shall know that you *never* could have doubted that I remain for ever and ever,

"Your faithful, and sincerely loving,

"JENNY LIND."

The doubt that she refers to, arose from the long silence, for which the early part of the letter overwhelmingly apologises—an apology that has very frequently to be repeated in the course of Jenny Lind's correspondence. Nearly all her letters, even to her dearest friends, open with this theme.

The letter itself is a delightful revelation of her intimate ties with this Berlin household. It displays her bright gaiety of heart: and, certainly, proves that she had not suffered any vital damage from the rupture of her engagement.

The doctor's verdict shows how merciful it was that she had not had the strain of another opera season in London laid upon her. The fatigue of the shattered nerves may, no doubt, have been partly due to the agonies of the conflict with Lumley, and of the decision in the matter of her marriage. But, still, the tired heart and tired head, of which she spoke at Norwich, were evidently no fancy of her own, but very serious facts. She had been hard at work for so many years: and was now thoroughly exhausted.

On July 14th she wrote to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer one of the confidential outpourings, which tell so much. In it, she says—

"What do you say of my having left the stage? I cannot tell you in words how happy I feel about it. I shall sing in concerts so long as I have a voice; but that only gives me pleasure; and in this way I shall be able to work at least five years longer; and that is necessary for me, as, for the last twelve months, I have sung only for institutions and charities. Without a beautiful goal, one cannot endure life. At least, *I* cannot. I have begun to sing what has long been the wish of my heart—Oratorio. There I can sing the music I love; and the words make me feel a better being. See! dear mother! my career, in the future, will take this direction; and my favourite idea be realised."

From Schlangenbad she wrote to Madame Mendelssohn, apparently for the first time since his death. She apologises much for her long silence: for reopening a "wound, which yet can never heal:" and, then, breaks out—

"His Elijah is sublime! In my opinion he never wrote anything finer; and assuredly could not have written anything loftier in the future. With what solemnity we all stood there (to perform it): and with what love do people still speak of him!

"How the good English have understood and absorbed this particular music! As for myself, I sing it in quite a special mood. . . .

"You cannot but feel grateful when you consider how much, and in what a lofty manner, you were esteemed and loved by a being, not only exceptionally endowed, but pure and original as he! And further to have the happiness to feel that in you he found one by whom he could be carried through the turmoil of an artist's life, *auf Flügeln des Gesanges!* (so to say). May I say that not many, nay! few only have understood him as I have done! Do not consider me presumptuous in saying this: for all that is best in me is rooted in this conviction! May we one day meet in this world: and, then a few words will suffice for us to understand one another. One day we all three shall meet together, and, then, it will be well with us! God be with you, beloved lady, and do not forget,

"Your sincerely loving,

"JENNY LIND."

Soon after this letter, she paid Madame Mendelssohn a visit at Creuznach on the Rhine: and another affectionate letter followed the visit: so that her long silence, since the death, was entirely explained, and the old memories came to a kind and satisfying close. She hoped still to work on behalf of the Mendelssohn scholarships.

To Ems, for the present, she went from Schlangenbad: and, according to reports that reached Mrs. Grote, appeared soon to be in excellent health and in high spirits, enjoying a dance whenever opportunity offered. It was from Ems, on the 8th of August, that she wrote a long letter again to Madame Birch-Pfeiffer full of the deepest personal interest. In it, she discloses her own interpretation of the strange animation that had followed on her exhausting struggles. Here are some extracts:—

> "DEAREST MOTHER B.!
>
> "You ask me, 'Are you, then, going to be married?' I answer, 'No! never!' I have, indeed, greatly wished for it, for few have more strongly than I, the real inner feeling of a wife: and a deep blessing it would have been to me to have called a child 'my own.' And I had got very, very near to it lately in England, my dear mother! but——"

And, then, she tells how many things told against it—how the young man was too young, and too gentle; and how his mother was impossible: and how her whole art was a shut book to him: and yet how he touched her just because he embodied the English character, with its religious purity: "Ah! dear mother, I love with my whole soul the English character!" But it has ended; they have parted, and, now, it seems to her as if the affair had done her good, rather than harm:

> "It has passed over my soul like a beneficent storm which has broken down all the hard shell of my being, and has set free many green plants to find their way to the dear sun! So that, now I am always clothed in green like the fairest hope! And I see quite clearly how infinitely much there is for me to do with my life; and I have only one prayer, that I may yet live long, and that, in the evening of my life, I may be able to show a pure soul to God.
>
> "I am going quietly back to Sweden for next winter, to take fresh measures on behalf of my school, and to wed myself wholly to well-doing, for which I am, finally, born, since it is the sense of man's worth which has ever drawn me most strongly, and has most richly filled my soul; and, if only I can come at all near my aims in this, then no one is more to be envied than I!
>
> "You see, my future lies clear in front of me, my dear friend and mother!"

She goes on to ask, with devoted affection, for news of Minni (Madame Birch-Pfeiffer's daughter, who has kindly furnished us with this and other letters) to whom she pledges herself in lifelong sisterhood. And, at the end, she closes thus—

> "Mother, I am glad and grateful from morning to night! I do not feel lonely: and have no trace of ennui: and only find the days fly by too horribly quick. I have a blitheness in my soul, which strains towards heaven! I am like a bird; I do not feel the least changed, quite the contrary; and the 'summa summarum' is that I have won the greatest profit out of both outer and inner misfortune; and can thank God that I know what trouble is! All makes at last for good! God does not die, dear mother."

Her doctor, then, advised a grape-cure, at Meran in Tyrol, to complete her recovery: and thither she sets herself to draw the Wichmanns, proposing all sorts of ways by which they might all meet there. "You must not put yourselves out, dearest," she writes to Madame Wichmann; "but it would be delicious if you did resolve to come to Meran." She proposes to be there from the middle of September to the middle of October. And, finally, they did all settle together at Ober-Mais, a village just above Meran. Thither offers pursued her, as we learn from a letter of Herr Büttner, a Frankfort merchant who kindly looked after her many affairs in South Germany, to Herr Munthe, her guardian.

> "Mdlle. Jenny Lind has safely arrived at Meran, and is well and happy there. *From everywhere* they try to get our dear friend. A very big offer has come from England, higher than ever, and with every sort of guarantee. Last week an American has gone from here to Meran in order to induce her to go to New York. Well! such an artist has never before existed! May heaven grant her good health, and inward contentment!"

This was not the first time that America had crossed her mind. Already on the 13th of June, while in Paris, in a letter to Madame Schwabe, she begs her to ask Mr. Schwabe what his views would be on the possibility of her giving concerts in America. But nothing yet is settled. The whole party returned together in October, by way of Voralberg to Frankfort; and, after parting there with her dear friends, she was taken from Frankfort to Hamburg, where she was to sing in some concerts. She wrote touchingly from there of the joy she had had in the intimacy of the Wichmanns during the stay at Meran together. The letter is dated October 29th.

"My own dearest Amalia—

". . . I was greatly overcome when you all were gone! I am, certainly, accustomed to be alone; but I knit myself too quickly to people whom I love, and cannot, then, believe that I must lose them again! I had got so used to enjoying the happiness of being in your helpful companionship, and of seeing your domestic love, that I was sad indeed for the whole of Sunday! You dear good people! To think that you should permit me to be a partner in your happiness! You cannot think how grateful I am for all this, dearest!"

At Hamburg, she stayed with Mr. Brunton, a Scotchman, in whose home she was received "with friendship and affection." And while there a summons came to her, through the Wichmanns, from the King of Prussia, Frederick William IV., who had made her his Chamber-singer in 1847,* that she should come to Berlin, and sing to him and the Queen, on the Queen's birthday. Her loyal soul was touched by the message; she wrote back to Madame Wichmann, with kindled feeling:—

"How deeply your letter went home to me, I cannot really tell you! It cannot but move my very heart to think that His Majesty the King should be so gracious to me, and I shall account it the greatest joy if I can succeed in giving even the slightest pleasure to the Queen by my singing. . . .

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* See Book VIII., chap. I.

Pray tell Count Redern (through whom the request came) that I gladly obey the King's desire, and will be in Berlin by the 19th of this month (November).

"Ah! dear Amalia (so she closes her letter) I long after you all! It remains true that it is with you, and yours, that I have spent the happiest days in my life!"

She sang in several concerts, during this November and December in Hamburg; and one of these, with full orchestra, in the "Grosse Tonhalle" on November 22nd was given by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, of whom she saw a good deal at this time. They did much music together. He played, and she sang; the memory of Mendelssohn was a strong common bond between them. Mr. Goldschmidt began to persuade her to sing again those songs of Mendelssohn's which, for two years, she had found it impossible for her to touch. He was charged with the musical spirit of his great master: and she recognised this. It was at this time that she received so distinct an impression of his gifts, that it was of him she first thought when, two years later, on her American tour, she found herself in want of one who could make up for the loss of Julius Benedict. So this visit to Hamburg was quietly "making history" for her after-life.

She gave a concert at Altona for the benefit of Nannetta Falk, a young pianiste in whose interest she wrote to Madame Schumann: and there were four other concerts given at Hamburg, for herself, in one of which she sang in Haydn's *Creation;* and at two of these concerts it was Mr. Otto Goldschmidt who accompanied the songs.

When the day of departure drew near she was amused and delighted to find an express messenger sent by the royal authority to convey her to Berlin in the shape of W. Taubert the distinguished Hof-Capellmeister, who had always been most friendly to her and in whom she greatly delighted. "I cannot help laughing with joy when I think of seeing that dear man Taubert to-morrow. I confess that it gives me huge pleasure!" So she wrote to "Amalia."

To Berlin she came, under these happy conditions, staying in the beloved house of the Wichmanns: and singing before King and Queen.

In the meantime, another King was pressing her hard to reverse her deep-seated decision, and to feel once again the boards under her feet. The pressure came in a form that would touch her profoundly. It was an appeal from her own King, Oscar I. of Sweden, to give a lift to her old home, the Royal Theatre at Stockholm, at the time of the festivities that were to be held, in the spring of 1850, on the occasion of the marriage of the Crown Prince Charles, afterwards King Charles XV. She was Court Singer; and in the service, therefore, of the King. And moreover, the appeal was transmitted through her old master Herr Berg, who had come across from Sweden, in November, on this mission, to meet her at Hamburg. The strength of her determination could not be more severely tested. Her innate loyalty, patriarchal in its simplicity, her home affections, her patriotism, her devotion to her old master, her deep instincts of obedience to authority—all radical elements woven into the very fibre of her character—must have all conspired to move her. Yet there is no record or sign of her having wavered for even a moment. We do not know that she consulted her friends. Her indecision, at momentous crises, was apt to betray her into many fluctuations, and to leave numerous traces behind it. But, on this occasion, there is not a note. We only know that Herr Berg was powerless. He had to retire, sailing home again from Lübeck on the 7th of December, whither she courteously escorted him herself.* A kindly letter, written on December 25th, in autograph, from the King closed the attempt:—

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* It was on this occasion that she wrote to Judge Munthe about the deep memories, which the presence of her old master had recalled, in the letter quoted in vol. i. p. 50.

> "The Court-singer Berg has, on his return, informed me of the willingness with which you, Fröken Lind, have declared yourself ready to appear, next year, at several concerts, in order that by your brilliant talent, you may render powerful assistance to our theatre. I recognise, in this, a fresh proof of Fröken Lind's patriotic feelings, and of her warm sympathy with the advancement of Swedish Lyric Art; and I consider it a pleasant duty to express how keenly I appreciate this decision which is as disinterested as it is admirable. I look forward to seeing Fröken Lind amongst us again next spring and remain with sincere goodwill,
>
> "Yours graciously,
>
> "OSCAR."

It is, indeed, a gracious letter, for the little word "Lyric," which occurs in it, is the signal that the original request, that she should allow herself to recur to the Opera, had not been conceded. Not King nor Country could induce her to reverse a conviction which had gone down to the roots of her being.

CHAPTER III.

LÜBECK.

LÜBECK, to which she had gone to accompany Herr Berg homewards, was to hold her yet awhile; and was to be the scene of that momentous decision which is to form the close of these volumes. She wrote, during her stay there, letters which carry with them much of her innermost mind. All together, it is a marked spot in her story.

She seems to have been delayed there by an accident.

"Dearest Amalia," she wrote on the day of Herr Berg's departure, "I write with no very bright spirits to you, for I have no chance of seeing you and yours again so soon as I had hoped. My good Josephina has fallen ill. It is nothing dangerous, thank God! on the contrary, the doctor thinks that, after it is over, she may be better than she was before.

"But you will understand well enough, that I cannot, and will not leave her. So that I shall not be able to be with you, my dear ones, by Christmas Eve, but must wait for the New Year, to knock at your door. . . . Ah! write me some few words, before that, dearest, and say that you are still good to me, and how it goes with them all.

"Your grateful, and loving

"J. L."

There she stayed: and, from there, just at this same moment, she wrote a long, and personal letter to her old friends, of whom we have heard before,—Baroness French and her daughter. She had suddenly had a letter from them, and this reminded her of her long silence; and her heart is touched: and she offers eager and characteristic apologies.

We leave her English just as she wrote it, because she herself apologises for its "funny" style, in the letter, and it will serve to show what was her command over the language at that time. The sentence on Madame Catalani shows how deeply that swift death had impressed her:—

"Lübeck, the 6th of December, 1849.

"MY DEAR MADAM,

"I wish you really could see how pleased I am to receive a few kind words from you and Miss Georgina. Accept my very best thank for the last letter. I must confess that I have safely got the one you were so kind to write me when I was at Ems. I was for a long time so very low-spirited. Madame Catalani stood always before my eyes, and her smiling face does still follow me very often. I thank you a thousand times, my dear Baroness, that you still remember me so very kindly, although I have not given you any sign of life since long ago. I have long wished to write you a few words, but I had dropped your address at London, and did not know whether you were to return to that place or not. I very often think of my dear Miss Georgina, who I really love a great deal! I hope that blessed sweet young lady is in perfect health. I wished very much to have the happiness of seeing you and your daughter very soon again, my dear Madam, but I have no idea of going to England at present. You are very kind in asking about my head and health—I feel myself rather stronger, my head is *very* naughty at some times, but seldom to the *highest* degree. My nerves are better, and I feel *much less* agitated and more quiet than before. I believe that my having left the stage may be the chief reason for this happy change; my whole nature and my way of feeling was always very opposite to that sort of being, who can bear the calumnies of a theatrical life. Can you understand my 'funny' English, dear Madam?

"My good Miss Åhmansson, who is such a valuable and solid friend to me, is not at all well! She is ill at this moment—she has got a sort of low 'fièvre' with small red (rouge) spots over her body (excuse my bad English, I don't know how to express myself in this medical case). It is nothing dangerous, but we are kept up in this little place for four weeks; and it is really a good thing, that I don't much care for the world and its amusements; for I should, if the case was contrary, feel rather lonely and tiresome; but so, I am happy with my music, my little dog—my books—my study—and the great number of sublime remembrances. We intend to go from here to Berlin, as soon as Miss Åhmansson will recover; we remain in Berlin a few weeks, I should think, and then we probably go to Russia; I must try to get money; I wonder how I will like *that* part of the world, and how that part of the world will like such a thing as myself! In the month of May I return to Sweden, as I suppose, only for a short time, because my doctor will most likely get me to Ems once again! I have sung (chanté) a few times, and my voice is grown stronger and better.

"I hope now, my dear Baroness, you have got plenty of news from me! Will you kindly forgive my so much speaking of myself—but I do this only to persons I love and respect. Take not away your kindness and friendship towards me, dear respected Madam, I entreat you; and be assured that I think of you,and remember you with true and sincere affection! My sister-love, and sister-blessing to Miss Georgina. Send me, sometimes, a few words which tell me about your health, and happiness; for such kindness my heart will always feel thankful!

"I am,
"Dear Madam,
"Your most affectionate,
"J. LIND."

"Little Beauty (her King Charles dog) is *quite* well!"

This letter is full of her most instinctive feelings. There is the old hunger to be assured, by visible token, that affections for her are still strong, with the haunting fear lest they should have ceased in absence; while, after all, it turns out that she herself, whether through lack of time, or possibly, through a dim sense of vague distrust, fails and forgets to keep communication constant. Certainly, her pleadings that the proofs of affection should not fail her, are comically coupled with confessions that she has hopelessly neglected to give corresponding evidence on her own part.

Then, again, how noticeable is her sense of peace in having left the agitations of the stage behind her, when we remember that she so writes in the very act of despatching back Herr Berg to Stockholm, with the final answer to the invoking king. No disquiet ruffles the tranquil assurance that she is not that "kind of being who can endure the calumnies of the theatrical life." It is her old familiar manner of expressing her repugnance, such as we saw it at the first, when she opened her heart to Mrs. Grote. It is not the Drama as such on which she passes judgment. The dramatic power was still, to her, the gift put into her hands by God, for Whom she had used it. But "the calumnies"—the warfare, the strain, the anxiety—which the career involved—*these* are wholly opposite to her nature. She cannot bring herself to contemplate a return under their yoke; her entire being is too happy in its release, to be even disturbed by the necessity of refusing where a refusal cost her dearest. So she remains very happy, with her music, her little dog, her books, and her store of splendid memories. Even though "her voice is grown stronger and better," she has no returning desire to exercise its sway in the manner in which it had won its chief triumphs. She seems to be perfectly satisfied with the range offered her by the concert platform.

But she needs money—not for herself, but for her great scheme of home charity. It is for this that she is contemplating Russia. What the overtures made to her on this matter were, she does not say; but, as we shall see, the Russian trip is, very soon, to be discarded in favour of a new proposal from the West. She writes, on January 8th, from Lübeck, to Madame Wichmann:—

"I am not to go to Russia after all, for Russia is thrown into the background by another big plan. But I shall come to you as was planned at first, though it be for only a short time."

The "other plan" is indeed a big one. It is the great American tour. Through the person of his agent, Mr. J. H. Wilton, who has planted himself at her side, Mr. Barnum has come into action, and is pressing his trip with the decision, the vigour, the imagination, the practical confidence which he knows so well how to throw into a scheme.

We remember how the idea of America had floated before her ever since she left London; and tentative American gentlemen had hovered about her, in her Meran retreat. But there is nothing floating, nothing tentative, in Mr. Barnum's conception of what is to be done. He sees, and knows, exactly what it is which can be achieved. He is absolutely resolute; he has complete command of resources; he is ready to give the most positive pledges, and his offer is not only generous—it is magnificent. Everything that she has dreamed of, will be possible to her, if she is free to apply to her schemes on behalf of poor children the splendid fruits which Mr. Barnum is prepared, confidently, and without reserve, to promise her. Three days later than his last letter, she writes to say that the thing is done;—the contract is signed. It was the largest contract, probably, that had then ever been made for such a purpose; and had about it the stamp of that boldness which is so characteristic of its American author, who was the first to perceive the new and immense scale on which the world's amusements could be carried out, now that steam, by sea and land, had knit the vast population of the wide earth together into one mass, which could be dealt with as a single whole. This is Mr. Barnum's significance in history. He has gone high and low, in his actual range; he has sometimes brought near to man a splendid gift like this voice of Jenny Lind; he has, at others, dropped to providing them with food for the stupid gaze of mere blind wonder. But, always, he has understood the condition of his day. Always, he has seen that the same resources which have made the face of the earth a single market, can be turned to the purpose of making it also a single fair. Just as each of us now draws upon the whole world for food, so each of us may draw upon the whole world for joy. The railways, that hurry up to us the one, can equally convey the other. And as this new fact enlarges the scale of the world's market, so it will enlarge the scale of the world's fair. Enormous accumulations of population, and wealth, all united under the network of a world-wide commerce, can all be touched, at one time, by a single pleasure. Amusements, therefore, can now be universal, popular, democratic. They need no longer be confined to the few who can afford to pay high for them, paying higher because they are few; for they can appeal, now, to a far larger purse than the wealthiest clique could ever possess—the deep purse of the multitudes upon multitudes, who, through minute subdivision of the general expense, can be cheaply brought together to taste enjoyment. This is the new era of man's recreation. We have, now, become fully familiar with the wonders that it can achieve. And this familiarity may blind us to the immense social change which is represented by the fact that the best and rarest gifts can now be brought within the experience of the masses. The recognition of this possibility constitutes a real event in history; and we must credit Mr. Barnum with being the first to take the true measure of the capabilities for popular pleasure which the mechanical advances of the age had opened out; and more than that, with having had the courage to make a tremendous venture on the strength of his own calculations of what had become feasible. The American tour of Jenny Lind was one of the very earliest manifestations of this modern characteristic.

And, moreover, it signalised the extension of scale which, in this, as in so many matters, the immense size of the United States would introduce into the imagination of Europe. It is, thus, famous on its own account, even apart from being an incident in her life. Through her name it was that here, in Europe, we, for the first time fully understood what could be done in the way of expanding broadly the range of public enjoyment.

To this contract Jenny Lind engaged herself, while seated alone, in the Hôtel du Nord, Lübeck, with no one but Mdlle. Åhmansson. She was accustomed to mistrust her own judgment, and to take much counsel; but, here, she seems to act with free decision. No doubt, she was in communication with Herr Munthe, her guardian; from Lübeck letters passed easily to Stockholm. The Wichmanns do not appear to have been consulted, as we see from her letter hinting that "a great new plan" was displacing Russia. It was a big venture for her to make alone, even with the written sanction of her guardian. But there is no sign of it weighing on her mind, or of any hesitation or fluctuation. She carried on the necessary correspondence, putting herself, by the help of Mr. Benedict, into communication with Mr. Bates, of the firm of Baring Brothers, London, from whom she obtained assurances of Mr. Barnum's stability and position. Belletti, too, was in London at the time, and both to him, and to Benedict, she wrote constantly, as the negotiations went on.

Here is the contract itself, in its chief points. It is preceded by a letter from Mr. Barnum to his agent, authorising him to enter into the engagement with Miss Jenny Lind, including also a "tenor and a pianist." For the pianist, Julius Benedict was secured, the musician so well known to all in England; instead of "the tenor," she herself pleaded for, and obtained, the help of her old helpmate, and counsellor, Giovanni Belletti, the famous baritone, who had been one of the first, in quite old days, to inspire her with a sense of what a high artistic style might mean.

The contract is made between J. H. Wilton, as agent for Phineas Barnum as the one party, and Fröken Jenny Lind, as the other. In it, she agrees to sing at one hundred and fifty concerts, including Oratorios, within the space of one year, if possible, or eighteen months, counting from the day of her arrival in New York; the concerts are to be given in the United States and Havannah. She is to have full power regarding the *number* of evenings or concerts in each week, at which she would sing, as well as over the number of pieces sung by her; only that the concerts were not to be less than two a week, nor the pieces sung less than four. All was to be regulated in accordance with the preservation of her health, and voice. There is an express stipulation that she shall in no case have to appear in Opera.

In consideration of these services, she is to have all expenses paid for journeys and hotels, both for herself and for a lady companion and a secretary; besides this, she is to be allowed a maid and a servant at her own disposal, and a carriage and pair; and £200 (or 1000 dollars) for every concert or oratorio in which she sings. A guarantee for all this is to be deposited with Baring Brothers, in London, before her departure; and it will be paid according to the manner in which she fulfils the engagements undertaken.

Over and above this sum secured, Mr. Barnum engaged that after the first seventy-five concerts or oratorios—if those have already paid all expenses incurred, and capital and outlay expended on the undertaking; and have, moreover, secured to him in clear gain, a total of £15,000—he would pay over to her a fifth part of the receipts for the remaining seventy-five concerts.

It is agreed that if, after fifty concerts, these conditions fail to realise the success expected, she shall consent to reorganise the agreement in accordance with a previous offer of Phineas Barnum, a copy of which was enclosed. There follows the agreement to pay Julius Benedict a sum of £5,000 to be satisfactorily secured to him—together with all his expenses, he engaging himself to act as musical director, pianist, and accompanist, for all the one hundred and fifty concerts. And, in accordance with Jenny Lind's selection of an assistant artist, at her request, and for her convenience, the baritone Giovanni Belletti is to have £2500, with all expenses, for singing during the whole tour.

There is a special and noticeable stipulation, that Jenny Lind shall "have perfect freedom whenever she feels inclined," to sing for charitable purposes, independently of her present engagement; only she is to consult him as to times, and places, "with regard to their reciprocal convenience"; and in no place, may she so sing, until after two concerts have been given there under her engagement to him. The remaining stipulations are of the usual type; they provide against her being incapacitated from singing, "through some decree of the Divine will," as well as against her engaging herself to sing for anyone else, except for a charitable purpose; they engage that Phineas Barnum do pay the expenses connected with the concerts themselves; and they pledge her to start for America from Liverpool by the last steamer in August, or the first in September, 1850.

So it runs; and it is signed and sealed, by the two parties, on January 9, 1850, in the presence of the Consul for Sweden and Norway, Mr. C. A. Nölting.

On the basis of this contract, she sailed for America; but two days after her arrival at New York Mr. Barnum, on his own initiative, tore it up in her presence, and proposed to her a new form of it, with several amendments made to meet her wishes. Her astonishment and delight at this generous treatment are recorded in Barnum's 'Autobiography,' p. 109;* and Mr. Frith, in his memoirs,† has told his memory of her own version of it, given him at a dinner-party where he met her. The chief alterations were (1), a half share of profits whenever the receipts of a concert were above 5,500 dollars; (2), a careful stipulation in view of the American climate not suiting her voice; and (3) her right to give up after sixty concerts—or again after one hundred concerts, with fixed penalties in either case.

Of this last right, she availed herself at the close of the ninety-third concert. Mr. Barnum himself wrote to her, proposing to relinquish the remaining seven concerts, which would complete the full hundred. There were many reasons why she was anxious, by that time, to be free from the necessities of such a bond; and the success of the tour had so far surpassed every possible anticipation, that Mr. Barnum was well satisfied with the triumphs and the profit that had already been reaped. They parted the best of friends; and she, then, gave forty more concerts on her own speculation, *i.e.*, nineteen during the month of June and July, 1851, in New England, and twenty-one more during October, November, and December, in Canada, Illinois, &c., winding-up with Boston and Philadelphia, at which town she sang, on December 13th, the last concert that she ever gave under her maiden name of Jenny Lind.

Such was the general issue of this Lübeck contract. The offer, made and secured, was certainly magnificent, and it may be well here to recall the motives with which she accepted, and fulfilled it. None of it was intended to be taken for any personal use. She was set on other aims —above all, on her endowment of a hospital for poor children. She carried out her intention with care and fidelity. Apart from the concerts on behalf of special charities, and apart from her own endless gifts to charitable purposes during the royal progress through the States, the entire sum gained was thrown into a "private or separate fund," which was kept clear and distinct to the end of her life, and was finally left by her will, to be administered by trustees, for certain definite purposes. Only twice did she ever consent, in after years, to dip into the capital for her own benefit; in the first case, it was for the sake of a small purchase of land, the value of which could be realised and was, as a fact, returned to the fund. In the second instance she bought the cottage with its plot of mountain land on the Malvern Hills, at which she spent such happy holidays during the last few years of her life, and in which she died. The purposes laid down by her will, for the final distribution of the fund, which in its original form stood at about £20,000, include a sum of 50,000 Swedish crowns to the University of Upsala and another equal sum to the University of Lund.* These monies are to take the shape of scholarships to poor students under a scheme passed by the trustees. The balance of the fund, after the various deductions, to which it was liable before and after her death, have been discharged, will go to a Children's Hospital at Stockholm, of which she so often has spoken.

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* Authorised edition, Buffalo, 1889.

† *Cf.* Frith's 'Autobiography and Reminiscences,' Sec. Ed. 1887. vol. ii. p. 318.

The interest of the fund, during her life, was largely pledged to the innumerable pensions for which she made herself responsible, in her native land.

We must, however, go back, from these afternotes, to the hotel at Lübeck. There she remained, after the contract was settled, apparently with great contentment. She saw her way, now, ahead for the next two years; she had full proof that the abandonment of the drama would not cut her off from adequate opportunities of exercising her art. A career was assured her, in the concert-room, which would fulfil all her aims, both as an artist, to enrich the world by her splendid gifts, and, as a woman, to endow the poor by her generosity. She might look forward, with security, and peace. Nothing which she valued was lost, as she felt; while much that she detested, had been thrown aside. She records her satisfaction to Madame Wichmann in a letter written on January 12th :—

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* To neither scholarship did she give her own name. That at Upsala was named after Geijer, that at Lund after Bp. Tegnér.

"Hotel du Nord, Lübeck,
"January 12, 1850.

"BELOVED AMALIA!

(First page entirely personal.)

* * * * "I now wish to give you a clear idea of my future plans, so that you—and all yours—may know the truth and be able to distinguish the facts from mere reports.

"I have decided to go to America. The offer from there was very brilliant, and everything was arranged so nicely, that I would have been wrong in declining it; and since I have no greater wish than to make much money in order to found schools in Sweden, I cannot help looking upon this journey to America as a gracious answer to my prayer to Heaven!

"I shall be able to gain there in the course of one or two years a very large fortune, and, after three years, should not require to sing a note unless I wished to do so. My heart resisted my going to England at the present time; and indeed it is heavily weighted and I often have a hard time of it; now I need not think of England and I feel quite relieved, since three days ago I signed the contract. Herr Benedict (son of the M. Benedict you saw at Meran) comes with me and you could not meet with a more honourable man or better friend, and at the same time with a more reliable musician. An old friend of mine, Signor Belletti, goes also.

He is a distinguished singer, and we have known one another from old times in Sweden, for the last twelve years. In short, nothing could have been arranged more admirably. I gave over at once any plans as to Russia, and did so gladly; for Josephine could not have stood a Russian journey . . . . So now we remain—and more particularly Josephine—here in Lübeck until we take the first steamer leaving for Stockholm, which I hope will be in April. Then I go home—sing there a few times in concerts (as I have promised my King to do), make arrangements in view of my long absence from Sweden, and leave Stockholm again the last day of June or the beginning of July, in order to go through a 'Milch Kur' somewhere (only not too far away). This I must have concluded by the middle of August in order to leave for Liverpool, there to take the steamer for America the first days of September! It would be something soothing and strengthening to my feelings, if I could pass the latter weeks of my stay in Europe in your company, my beloved friends. I therefore need not say further, how I should rejoice loudly (Germ.: 'himmelhoch jauchzen') were such a prospect open to me. I should much like to go to Salzburg! but more of this when we meet at Berlin; for I fancy I shall come to you at about the end of February, or beginning of March. I shall probably soon pay a visit of some days at Hanover, in order to sing for the good Crown Prince; I have been so much urged to go there, that I mean to comply with the request.

"Well! I hope I have now told you something about us, and that, besides, you know now that we do not go during the winter to Sweden. Greet my beloved revered father! Greet the brothers also, and the good Schröder! When shall I receive the letter from her? How good it was of Hermann to write to me! and how clearly do I see the scene on Christmas-eve at your home! We also had a Christmas-tree! Good people here are fond of us. Next Thursday, the 17th, I am giving—a concert, you think? Nay, a children's ball! and I look forward to it with a right royal joy!

"Farewell, beloved soul. Preserve to me your inestimable love, as I remain for life

"Your ever grateful and loving

"JENNY."

Her Christmas-tree! That was what she could never miss: all through her life, she loved, like a child, the home-feast, the children's fun of Christmas-tide. Those who knew her can recall no scene to which she could more deliciously abandon herself with brimming joy than a children's dance at Christmas. All the old Swedish merriment and motion would bubble up in her at such a time: and her face would laugh all over with exuberant humour, and her whole body seemed to dance. She had a gaiety that was infectious: and no wonder, that she managed to make even a Lübeck hotel merry with her radiance. "Good people here are fond of us," she writes—and moreover it may possibly have added to the pleasure of the Ball that young Mr. Otto Goldschmidt came over to it from Hamburg; and danced with her many a time. The painful memories of the last English visit are still heavy upon her heart; and she is profoundly relieved to think that she is not called upon for the present to face scenes so charged with recent trouble. All, therefore, is smiling. The American tour offers just the escape which she needs: and, in the meantime, she is pleasantly employed in a series of concerts, in the North German towns, one of which becomes the opening of a friendship which had a deep interest for her, and which accompanied her path far on into life. She sang at Hanover on January 29th, and the King and Queen* returned "enraptured, and overpowered" from hearing her in her Swedish songs; and her Majesty the Queen has graciously put together for this book, from her diary, her own record of the intimacy which that concert initiated. She tells how "her relations with this gifted and noble-minded artist form one of the pleasantest recollections of her life." It was not, indeed, the first time that she had heard her sing: for she had been present in March, 1845, when she sang "Norma," and in June, 1846, when she gave "*La Sonnambula*"—

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* *I.e.* of Hanover.

> "I shall never forget," her Majesty writes, "the touching and elevating impression which the incomparable singer produced on all those present, even on those least easily moved, by her exalted conception of these parts. She made of '*Norma,*' in the most wonderful manner, a sublime female figure and prophetess, so that the part became, throughout, a perfect and glorious new creation. No eye remained dry while listening to the magic of this divine voice which stirred to the innermost even those who sang with her. In a word, such emotions can never be repeated."

So it had been; and, now, in 1850, their Majesties saw an opportunity of making acquaintance with one whom already they so highly admired.

> "Several times," the Queen records, "the King and I had the unspeakable happiness of hearing the lovely 'Northern Nightingale,' as he always called her, sing to us at home, in a small and intimate circle; and we were, of course, from that time forth, quite under the fascination of her lofty and religious spirit. For my dear husband especially, with his deep feeling, his vivid imagination, and his great mental gifts, these days of musical delight remained for long in his memory, as a source of unclouded joy.
>
> "From Hanover, Jenny Lind went to Göttingen, and then came back to us, to say good-bye. She told us, with real delight, and in the joyous childlike manner so peculiarly her own, how greatly the fresh enthusiasm of the young students at the University had gratified her. They had unharnessed the horses from her carriage after the concert, and had dragged it to the hotel with endless shouts of joy: and, then, had serenaded her, so that she had had to raise her voice in thanks to them from the balcony. Enthusiastic shouts of applause had gone up again and again from a thousand throats, together with a perfect shower of flowers."

The concert, to which the Queen refers, was given on February 4th. Jenny Lind had sung for herself on the 2nd and she gave this second concert for the poor. It was, indeed, one of her wonderful triumphs; she swept the students into a storm of rapturous enthusiasm by her delivery of Mendelssohn s "Rheinisches Volkslied," throwing into the last stanza, with its outburst of arch and ringing delight —"O Jugend, o schöne Rosenzeit!"—an energy, and a glow, which were absolutely irresistible. The F-sharps that occur so frequently in the song would lend themselves to the most exciting capabilities of her voice; and then her look of archness, her surrender of herself to the swing and the motion of the music as it broke out on the high notes, her speed, and her thrill, and her power of personal magic —Ah! no wonder that the Göttingen students lost their heads that evening.

She was elected, by the enthusiastic students, a member of a famous guild of theirs, known as the "Burschenschaft Hannovera," which, at that particular date, was enjoying a period of special success. She became a "Sister-Associate," and was presented with the red, white, and green ribbon of the guild. Her portrait was hung up in their Assembly Room. On her leaving Göttingen on February 5th the whole guild accompanied her to Nordheim, a distance of four hours, where a halt was made at the inn "The Sun," and addresses delivered, in return for which she sang several songs for a farewell. She sent off to a small shop in the town, and bought green and white ribbon, which she tore up into small shreds and gave each student a piece. So freely and delightedly did she surrender herself to the glow and the fun of this scene.

A few days later she received a silk ribbon, of the guild colours, on which were inscribed the thirty-two names of the students who had sent it. She wrote, on the 13th February, the following reply:—

"GENTLEMEN,

"I accept, with sincere gratitude, the ribbon which you have sent me: and shall preserve it faithfully to my dying day.

"Even without this outward token, the 5th of February, 1850, would have remained engraven on my memory with indelible letters of gold; but, nevertheless, I regard the ribbon with pride and joy, well aware of the honour thereby conferred upon me. Oh! that the sun may often shine as softly upon us all as it did on that day, though such moments cannot often be a mortal's lot! Let us then retain their memory, long after youth has forsaken us!

"And so I once again stretch out my hand to you all, even from a distance, as a loving sister; in the hope that you will accept indulgently these poor and inadequate words of mine.

"May Heaven protect you all! That is the prayer of your grateful, and deeply moved

"JENNY LIND."

She was faithful to her word: for the ribbon was found, preserved among her memorials, after her death. The escort to Nordheim, with its boyish gaiety is still vividly remembered by those who took part in it.*

She came back to Hanover to sing for the poor on the 9th, after a concert on the 7th at Bremen. "The Good-bye," which she then said to the Queen of Hanover was but the beginning of a friendship which so well illustrates her character, and has so much of interest in itself, that we venture to insert, at this place, all that the Queen has kindly recorded for us of this after intimacy, even though it carry us far beyond the limits of time set us in this book. The personal warmth and affection of the Queen's memories will more than compensate to the reader for the breach that we are compelled to make in the continuity of our story.

"Our second meeting with Jenny Lind," continues the Queen, "took place several years later in the island of Norderney where she, in company with a dear old friend from Hamburg, spent the season with us."

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* Dr. Lichtenberg, of the German Hospital, London, who well remembers the scene, has kindly reviewed for us a record of the day, made by one who is now a Judge of a superior court, in North Germany.

The visit was in the autumn of 1854, two years after her marriage with Mr. Goldschmidt, and the friend was Mdlle. Seminoff, the step-daughter of the Mr. Brunton with whom she had stayed at Hamburg, in October, 1849. Her father, Mr. N. J. Lind, was with her during this visit.

"This was the highest point of our friendship with this gifted soul; for she came to us daily in the morning, telling us stories out of her full life, or interchanging ideas with us whereby we could fully estimate the depth and purity of her feelings, the greatness of her mind. Often in the midst of our conversation, she jumped up and sat down at the piano, and her singing at that time was more full of soul, if possible, than at other times.

"What a powerful effect the following little episode had on us! My youngest daughter, Mary, then scarcely three years old, was on my arm while I stood beside the piano. The child listened attentively to the heavenly song, then suddenly she threw her arms round my neck and burst into tears! 'That is my greatest triumph!' cried Jenny Lind, greatly moved.

"Oh! those happy hours, spent with her, flew but too quickly by, but the remembrance of them lives to this day, unchanged, in my heart.

"In the afternoon, when we took our walk on the shore, Jenny Lind sometimes accompanied the King on horseback. She rode very well; and took great pleasure in these excursions. She also seemed much pleased when we visited her, and her dear old friend, in their pretty fishing-cottage. She frequently came to supper, after which we generally had some music; and I even had the delight of singing duets with her, of which I was not a little proud.

"For our sake, Jenny Lind remained in Norderney till the end of our stay there, and then returned with us to Hanover. On the steamer that took us all to Bremen, she was in such ecstacy at the beauty of the North Sea, that she began to sing Taubert's song 'Vöglein, was singst im Walde,' and when she came to the line, 'Ich muss nun einmal singen,' her voice sounded clear as a bell over the noise of the waves. We were all completely electrified by the overpowering impression, and the tears ran down from my dear husband's eyes. In Hanover, our two fellow-travellers rested some hours under our roof, and when the sad hour for parting struck, our hearts were quite heavy.

"The next time we met was in Düsseldorf, at the great musical festival of the Rhine, when the *Elijah* was performed under the conductorship of her amiable and talented husband in 1863. It was in this *Elijah* that we heard for the last time the voice of our dear Northern Nightingale. The magnificent scene between the widow and Elijah, which she sang with Stockhausen, was one of the most powerful and heart-stirring performances we ever heard: and the excellent conducting of Mr. Goldschmidt contributed greatly to the perfection of the whole performance."

The friendship, so sustained, reappeared at the great crisis when the storm broke, upon the throne of Hanover, in the great Austro-Prussian War.

"In the most sadly eventful days of my life, in June, 1866 (writes the Queen), our dear Mr. and Mrs. Goldschmidt came, once again to Hanover, and spent two evenings with us in the Castle of Herrenhausen. As Mrs. Goldschmidt was too hoarse and fatigued to sing to us, she expressed the wish to hear my little choir of twenty persons, which Herr Lindhult, my daughter's singing master, had taught and led for several years. We had just studied several new choruses for the eve of my dear husband's birthday, the 26th May; and amongst others, 'Die Träume' by Lindblad. This charming composition, which she had, till then, never heard, specially interested our critics. We were called upon to repeat it; and we all did so with real enthusiasm. And, then, there was the Trio of the Angels, from the *Elijah*, sung by myself, my daughter Frederika, and Fräulein Hausmann,—that was our swan-song!

"The next day, the poor sorely-tried King, with my son, joined the army at Göttingen; the distressing events which followed are a matter for history. My husband repeatedly told me, in later days, that the sound of those choruses accompanied him like tones of consolation, through the saddest hours."

It is impossible to refrain from adding the few last words in which the Queen relates her last sight of her friend, even though it was as late as 1876. It was in London.

"We had scarcely alighted at Claridge's Hotel when to my great joy I received a letter from Mrs. Goldschmidt, asking whether she might be allowed to come and see us. We received her with open arms, and remained three hours together, exchanging sad and joyous reminiscences. I was sorry to perceive an expression of pain on her dear sensitive features. The same thing must have struck her in the countenance of my beloved husband; and both are now removed from all earthly ills; and enjoy eternal rest above. My loved King has attained the crown of everlasting life, which cannot be taken away from him; and our dear friend joins her voice to the choir of Angels, who sing eternal praise to God.

(Signed) "MARIE. R."

Such was the depth, and warmth, of that intimacy which sprang up during those winter months in 1850, when the Hotel du Nord in Lübeck was the centre of so much quiet activity. It illustrates the character of the attraction she exercised over people of high cultivation. They were drawn towards a personality which broke through her song, even as it mingled with it; and which spoke to them of that which would, when the music had died away, abide as an enduring basis of friendship to which they would turn in time of spiritual need. This personal element in her is never separate from the artist's gift, but, rather, it is so inwoven with it that the singing has the same sort of personal effect upon the hearers as the innate character has, so that when she sings, it is the exaltation of character to which men seem to be listening; and when the voice is gone, and she remains with them as a friend, she seems to them as if she still were singing. The Queen of Hanover's record conveys the impression that she felt the same effect from the presence of Jenny Lind, whether she sang or whether she did not.

But we must return to Lübeck, and pick up the thread of our story again. She sang on February 9th at Hanover for the poor; at Oldenberg on the 12th and at Bremen on the

20th; again at Hanover, for charity, on the 25th; and at Brunswick on the 27th, where she received two illuminated addresses.

She was refusing, during this time, some offers from Berlin which were so magnificent that she calls them "shameless" for her to accept: and she was greatly occupied with anticipations of the American trip.

"Dearest Amalia," she wrote on February 14, "I know well the goodwill of the Herr von Küstner,* and am grateful from my very heart; but indeed it can never be to my mind to accept such shameless terms in Berlin: and I can, under no conditions, entertain his kind proposals. I can only stay a very short time in Berlin; I cannot help this. And I shall only sing twice in all—once for the poor (as I have already promised Frau Alexander Mendelssohn), and once (but this is between ourselves) for poor Herr Hendrichs † who has been so ill, and, after that, I sing no more. I have so much to think of, about America. And then, I cannot leave my Josephine too long alone!"

On the 23d of February she wrote again:

"Dearest, you must not be angry with me, if I cannot get to Berlin until the middle of next week.

"I am hunted and harried like a poor hare . . . But, after all, I enjoy nothing but friendliness, so that I were thankless, indeed, if I were not satisfied, in spite of all the bother. I have had also to put off a concert on account of headache, and am, therefore, two days later than I meant . . . Do not turn against me, but remain ever kind to me. Your

"JENNY."

She got to her concert at Brunswick on the way to Berlin, and the address received there, is remarkable for its graceful expression:—

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* The Intendant. *Cf.* vol. i. p. 324.

† An actor at Berlin in whom she took much interest.

"For the first time Brunswick has had the good fortune to receive you within its walls; and your appearance has been greeted by a blue sky, and by radiant sunshine. As that bright sun sends joy and gladness into men's hearts, so does your singing stir and delight everyone who has the joy of hearing it; and, at the same time, you have bestowed a royal gift upon the poor and needy of a town to which you were yourself a stranger.

"Sweden's great King tendered a helping hand to his hard-pressed German brethren; and his memory will live as long as the German tongue endures.

"The memory also of Sweden's great singer, of Sweden's noble maiden, will never die in our grateful town!

"Feb. 27th, 1850."

She sang for a charitable fund, part of which was given to the pensions of the Ducal orchestra; and received a second address, on her favourite day, March 7th, in which "the Queen of Song" is thanked, with ardour, for her royal munificence; and is honoured, not only as "an incomparable artist" but also for "her nobility of character," and "her compassionate heart." So she passed to Berlin.

By the opening of March, she found herself ensconced in the house which was so dear to her, in the old room so crowded with earlier associations, encompassed about with that home-warmth which she cherished with all the powers of her soul. Everybody in the house was taken to her heart, from her "father" at the top, to the servants, and porters, whom she remembers in her letters. She sang on the 8th for charity: and she seems to have been persuaded to throw in another concert, for the same good purpose, on the 13th, postponing her concert for Herr Hendrichs until the 18th, after a rapid journey to sing at Dresden on the 15th. She was in excellent force at this moment. "My voice is behaving well, thank God," she wrote from Berlin on the 13th to her guardian, Herr Munthe. "And what a joy it is to see the people so satisfied! Always the houses are crowded. And what an amount I have got together for the poor, by singing, during these few weeks! Yes! Praise be to God!" Such was her own simple account of what was happening. Let us hear from others what they were thinking. In the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*, at Leipzig, a notice appears of the Berlin concert of March 8th. The writer goes, that he may once again offer himself to the wonderful magic of her voice and presence. He can tell of the crowd, of the price of the tickets, of the excitement: but of her singing itself, he will not speak a word. What could be said, has been said; and as to the strange, overwhelming power of her tones, no words can ever avail to portray it. Only so much will he say—that, far from the strain of time having told upon it, it is fresher, and stronger than before.

"And, then, the unspeakable charm of the rendering, the deep truth of the expression, the wonderful grace of the nature so profoundly harmonious and artistic—that is all unchanged!" The mastery with which she sang the Italian pieces from the *Puritani*, and the *Turco in Italia*, made him regret all the more that she does not sing "the German music, which she loves; for in the rendering of this music, which depends, above all, on feeling and inner spirit and taste, she is unsurpassed." She was altogether magical "in her singing of Meyerbeer's duet 'La Grand'mère'—and the *pianos* at its close could not possibly have been rendered more gracefully and more exquisitely. But the crown of the evening was her rendering of the songs—Schumann's 'An den Sonnenschein'—Lindblad's 'Schlottfegerbub,' and Taubert's 'Ich muss nun einmal singen.' Those who have once heard her sing these, can never forget them! With her usual willingness, she added, after the encore, one of the original ballads of her country; and though the words were foreign, no one could mistake the meaning. It was one of the most delicious evenings which Berlin has enjoyed during this winter season."

Here is another delicate record of the impression she produced on a cultivated hearer on the Berlin visit. It is a letter written by Professor Jüngken, a famous physician attached to the Court of Berlin, in answer to inquiries about her from her anxious friend, Professor von Jäger, in Vienna.

> "For a month," he writes, "the town was on the stretch for the arrival of Jenny Lind. For a month had the Wichmanns engaged her her rooms; at last, she appeared! We saw her first at a brilliant soirée at Count Redern's which all the royalties now in Berlin honoured with their presence. The Lind, as soon as she caught sight of me, came across to me, and her first question was 'How are the Jägers? They have written to me about you. Tell me a great deal about them!'
>
> "Two days after this, we heard her at a concert. She is, certainly, a marvellous apparition, with an attraction that is irresistible. Her voice is very beautiful; her deliverance is noble; but her play of expression!—that is positively bewitching. She will sing no more on the stage; but, then, there lies in her eyes, in her mien, an expressiveness which is equal to the most perfect acting. It is a delight indeed to listen to her; but a still greater delight to *see* her sing. Her deliverance of her songs is, undoubtedly, unsurpassable, and it is peculiarly her own. I have heard greater artists than the Lind; and, for instance, the Rossi (Madame Sontag) stands on a grander level of art. But I have never heard but one Lind, nor any artist who knew better how to fascinate.
>
> "A day before her departure, Madame Wichmann was good enough to ask us to tea alone with the Lind, where we delighted ourselves for a couple of hours with her in the highest possible degree, and learnt to know what a really charming and dear child she is. I had to tell her everything about your family, your fortunes, your affairs, she would know it all."

Nor did Herr Rellstab fail to offer his tribute. Indeed, he proudly welcomes the wonderful singer back from her European fame to the scene of those first triumphs, which he had himself so enthusiastically saluted. Berliners cannot forget, he writes, in the *Berlin. Zeitung* of the 10th of March, that the first tones of that world-famous voice, which now rings, like a bell, wide over land and sea, were heard, by those outside her native home, at Berlin on that day in December, 1844, when she sang to us her "Norma." She returns now as to a genuine home—to be greeted as a daughter whom they had seen, with joy and pride, go abroad to try her worth in the world, and who now comes back to them, decorated with every gift of fame and honour—a yet more perfect artist and woman than before. He then goes on to tell how her very first notes recalled him to the unique peculiarities of her gifts.

> "The sorrowful *andante* * in the aria from the *Puritani* gave her an opportunity of revealing that utterly magical sweetness of her voice, that pathos in its ring, that smoothness in its phrasing, that dying-away and vanishing of the *pianissimo*, which the supreme artist delivered with the most absolute precision."

He notices how half at least of the spiritual effect of her singing is lost, if she is not seen as well as heard.

> "For it is her peculiar charm, in which no other artist can touch her, that the expression of the melody seems to play around her very life, to breathe itself over her features, to stream forth through her eyes. . . . ."
>
> "The singer's voice has gained in power, her execution in certainty; yet, perhaps, the strain and effort were a little more marked than they used to be, in the high notes, and at passages of the strongest colouring, where, of old, it was so perfect that one never used to notice that the difficulties were difficult at all. One hardly can say whether it be a habit that has crept in, or the custom of singing in very large spaces, or the different taste of a different public, needing stronger material, that has drawn the artist to just exceed, here and there, that fine line, which, for us, marks the limit of the purest beauty, and which she, formerly, clung to with such absolute and unerring self-command."

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* *i.e.* Qui la voce.

She sang Meyerbeer's duet 'La Grand'mère' with our old friend Fräulein Tuczec, and here "she gave us," says Herr Rellstab, "the most fascinating and innocent and playful grandchild on whom a grandmother has ever looked down and smiled."

In the Rossini aria, brilliant as was the execution, he missed the spiritual and tender qualities, which are found to perfection in her singing of the "Lied," in which she seems to create the music, and to reveal herself as a poetess in musical expression. Each song is given a living colour of its own; but perhaps, in the third, 'Ich muss nun einmal singen,' she put out most of her own innermost self—

> "That self which knows itself blessed in the consciousness of its call, and can inbreathe the very deepest reality into the cry, 'Ich muss nun einmal singen!'
>
> "Each song becomes for her a sort of monodrama; she gives herself up to it; and the poetry rises again out of the depths of her soul, like a new creature, and outflows from her mouth, and shines out of her eyes."

In her second song, she made us feel as if a "maiden was talking to children—to children such as we all would wish to be for ever."

In the national ballad, which she sang on her recall, "it was," says Herr Rellstab, "as if she were once more greeting her own home with her mother tongue—so full of heart-blessings were her tones; and everything seemed bathed in the fresh flood of pure mountain air."

Our Berlin critic has lost, as we see, nothing of his old enthusiasm. And he follows her, song by song, through the second and third concerts, with a devotion that knows no bounds. He proclaims her absolute supremacy now as a concert-singer, no less than before as a dramatic artist. And it is now, in this context, that he, again and again, calls attention to her creative dramatic intensity, by which she spreads about her song the colour and atmosphere of the scene which it embodies, lending to this purpose her whole frame, so that features and motions and look and expression all combine with the music to convey a single and overwhelming impression. In this, it is remarkable how he repeats the very words of Professor Jüngken, in conveying that which so struck them both.

He tells us how, in giving Weber's song from *Oberon* 'Ocean du Ungeheuer,' with orchestral accompaniment, "she managed to bring before us the whole majestic scenery of Nature with its terrors and its charms," so that no one could tell whether it is eye or ear which was most captivated. "Both look and tone can never be forgotten, with which she wove a woeful image round about the words 'Wo die Fluth ein Leben raubt.'"

After the concert on the 18th, when she repeated Meyerbeer's 'Grand'mère,' and Taubert's song, her critic dwells again with fervour on her power to create the atmosphere that belongs to whatever song she is singing, compelling her hearers, by the united force of gesture and sound, motion, look, and tone, to enter into the heart of the situation out of which the music springs.

On the 20th of March, he wrote in the same journal a criticism of her concert on behalf of Herr Hendrichs.

> "One supreme feeling gave a grand colour to all others which the concert awoke—the one feeling that it was the last time for many years, perhaps for ever, that we should listen to the voice of her who, amid all the ardent, fair, and exalted memories that live within us, was the one, who exercised the magic of art, not only in its richest and most perfect measure, but also—and this is her peculiar and highest service—in its *purest* form."

After brief thanks to the other performers whom he cannot stop to praise in presence of the one overwhelming impression, he goes on to assert that, of all the three evenings, the great singer reached, in this last, her highest level. In the aria from Mozart's *Figaro* (the last air of "Susanna")* she filled the music with the sense of moonlight, and the stillness of the garden, and the scent of flowers. The soft depth which she put into the words "notturna face"—the light play of the hovering breath, made one say "This is not Susanna who waits for Figaro—it is Juliet who looks for Romeo!" so powerfully did the artist's ideal work upon the real, to draw from it a beauty beyond its own.

Her second piece was a little spring ballad—sung for the first time by her—"Song of the Bird and the Maiden,"† in which the critic notices once again "the marvellous combination of the charm that she threw over the eye as well as the ear."

She followed this with Mendelssohn's *Suleika*, and no words can recall the magical effect.

> "That Eastern wonder-dream, with its violets that peep, its stars that twinkle, its roses that yield their perfumes, its holy river with its rushing stream—was it all real? And he who could forget the 'Forget-me-not!' must be one who, in the poet's words, 'Can never be remembered in life or death.'"

After "the roses, and violets," of the German she gave an Italian aria, which was full of sunlight and sparkle, as it ran laughing from her lips. And then yet once again the critic cannot but ask himself what it is, beyond all the marvellous technical skill, which breathes through every form, and gives light to every colour, in this supreme singing? And, once again, he is compelled to give the old answer, "The simple truth can express itself quite simply; it is the purity of soul which speaks through all the artistic form." It is for this he gives her thanks with all the thousands who share his feelings. And with this he wishes her God-speed to that far land to which she goes across the ocean—and a happy return once more to this her home.

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* *I.e.*, "Deh vieni, non tardar."

† *I.e.* Mangold's "Zwiegesang."

Between the second and the third of these concerts, we have said that she made a rapid journey to Dresden, where she sang the Schumann Song, the aria from the *Puritani,* and Taubert's 'Ich muss,' and the flute trio from the *Camp in Silesia.*

We have a beautiful notice of this in the 'Musical Memoirs,' of Justin Dietz, 1889. He singles out, as beyond all criticism, the three last-named pieces, "so complete and so profound were the colouring and the style."

> "I went," he says, "after it, to hear the judgment on it of Frau Kriete, herself a dramatic singer of the first rank at the Court-Theatre. As soon as I came in, she came towards me, and with a voice already raised, she said, 'Now, then, have not you, too, caught the Lind-fever ?' She had been unable to believe the newspapers, which were always talking of the Lind-fever, and she had laughed at their judgment; but now that she had heard the Lind, she echoed all that they said."

After returning from Dresden to Berlin to sing for Herr Hendrichs, she was off on the 20th to Hamburg, bent on a purpose, of which the record has been supplied to us by one who was deeply interested in its success. Madame Clara Schumann has kindly written down, out of her diary kept at the time, the following account of what occurred. The picture given by her of Jenny Lind's swift and vivid appearance on the scene, from entry to exit, is warm with affection, and coloured with the reality of life. The words bubble up out of a thankful heart, with all the quickened insight of a free delight; they can best be left to tell their own tale in their own native freshness and unaided force.

"March 1850. Hamburg.

"Wednesday, the 20th.—I was just lying down a little after dinner and reading in a letter about Jenny Lind's appearance in Dresden, when she herself came in, having only just arrived from Berlin. I was very pleased and so was Robert, who, however, had had a sort of presentiment of her coming all day. She was most amiable, and said she had come from Berlin so quickly, as she wished to sing at my concert in Hamburg; she was not a little astonished to hear that it was over, for Robert had written to her that we were going to leave on the 23rd, from which she concluded that the concert would take place on the 22nd. She immediately offered to sing at my concert in Altona,* which was fixed for to-morrow, a proposal I of course most gladly accepted. I felt inclined to smother her with delight and gratitude.

"On *Thursday the* 21*st*, Lind called on us for a small vocal rehearsal, but which turned out something more, for she sang a good many of Robert's songs, and how she sang them, with such truth, with such deep feeling and simplicity, how she sang at *first sight* 'Marienwürmchen,' 'Frühlingsglaube,' from an album unknown to her,—that is a thing never to be forgotten! What a grand, heaven-inspired being she is, what a pure, true artist's soul, how all she says refreshes one, how she always hits upon the right thing and expresses it in few words!—in short, never perhaps have I loved and reverenced a woman as I do her. These songs will for ever sound in my heart, and were it not wrong, I should say that I don't wish to hear these songs sung by any one else but herself. I need scarcely mention that Robert is equally charmed with her; for a composer it is a special delight to hear his songs rendered as coming from the depths of his own heart. She left, and each time she left, I stayed behind in a state of intense excitement, her notes and words continuously quivering in my soul.

"The Soirée in Altona on the evening of the 21st was splendid. Rarely, I should think, you would find so much combined as to-day,—a crowded hall, tremendous enthusiastic cheering, the exquisite singing, my own performance not so bad, Robert's beautiful second trio with Boie and Kupfer,—in short, nothing was wanting to make it all perfection. How she sang, how the 'Rheinische Volkslied,' by Mendelssohn, how the 'Sonnenschein,' by Robert, no—that cannot be described!

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* Altona, adjoining city to Hamburg.

Robert said to her: 'That really makes the sun shine on one's back;' such freshness, such childlike innocence and simplicity; one must hear that again and again,—and the audience indeed insisted on an encore. And how she sang 'Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint,' with such intelligent rendering, putting her very soul into it!

"It cannot be expressed in words, what a heavenly impression is made by such rendering of such songs!

"Otten called on us, and urged us to give another matinée at Hamburg to-morrow, and to persuade Lind to sing. But much as I might wish it, I should nevertheless not like to do it for my own benefit. I proposed her giving concerts at which I would play, or our giving a matinée together for the poor; but she disapproved of all this, and said, she would only sing if I were to give a matinée for myself, and she would then leave for Lübeck in the afternoon, instead of in the morning. She pressed me hard and I accepted, for who could have resisted so tempting an offer? Evidently she wished also to obtain a pecuniary advantage for us, for later on she expressed her great satisfaction on hearing that the matinée would be very well attended. She also insisted on high prices, but that I did not approve of, and she at last gave in.

"Towards evening dear Jenny came to us, and we again had a vocal rehearsal, which as before turned out something grander. She sang the 'Nussbaum,' 'Widmung,' 'Frühlingsnacht,' 'Stille Liebe,' and a good many others besides, also from Robert's opera *Genoveva* in the last act.

"I should have preferred a thousand times spending the whole evening with her in this way to having to go to a party. Jenny Lind was also invited, but she wished to devote her last evening to her hosts (Madame Brunton and Frl. Seminoff); altogether she does not like going into society, it is even difficult to get at her at home, and quite *impossible* for the curious.

"She takes the greatest care of her voice; she does not dance, and drinks neither wine, nor tea, nor coffee. She is in every way an ethereal being! She was most attentive to me in other things besides singing so very kindly at two of my concerts, staying on here on purpose for them, &c.; so, for instance, she never suffered me to go to her for a rehearsal,—further, she always fetched us to the concert, and so on! On the other hand, what pretensions are made by inferior songstresses!"

"Saturday, 23rd.

"Matinée. Exceedingly full, great cheering. Jenny Lind had seated herself behind the lid of the piano, whereupon a general commotion ensued, for few only could see her and yet everyone wished to see her. She again sang most exquisitely,—Mozart's aria from *Figaro* with enchanting simplicity (Frl. W. might have learnt respect for the composer from her)—besides songs by Mendelssohn, four songs by Robert, winding up again with the 'Sonnenschein' twice over. To-day she gave a proof of how she takes in everything that she sings, by singing the later part of the 'Frühlingsnacht' by heart, the leaves having got into confusion in being turned over. All Robert's songs she sang in the manner which I had pictured to myself as ideal, but in which I had never dreamed to hear them sung. She does not pass by any delicate point, which others overlook completely; in the same way it is a real pleasure to watch her, when others are performing, for nothing escapes her, not even the softest, most subtle harmonic change.

"After the matinée Jenny Lind would on no account allow us to take her home, but said good-bye to us at our house, and the parting pained me very much indeed. Robert has a warm admirer in her! She whispered to me one day: 'What a genius your husband is, how much I reverence him!' How pleased she always was on noticing that she had sung his songs to his satisfaction! But let this suffice, for words are but a poor reproduction of the feelings."

Nothing can be more engaging than this picture of her. These days were, indeed, singularly happy. She was in the full tide of her power. She moved from triumph to triumph. She was free from all the harassing turmoil and distracting emotions of the stage. She had left behind and shaken off the agitation and distresses of the heart, with which the last year had been so clouded. She was at her own disposal: she could come and go as she chose. She saw her way ahead along a road that teemed with promises. She was ever close to affectionate friends: and new intimacies were springing up all round her. Her great gift was there, to use for the ends to which she loved to dedicate it: she had but to lift her voice, and the poor on whom her pity alighted, were relieved with boons, or her fellow-artists, whom she admired and reverenced, were released from their anxieties. Wherever she went, she carried blessing with her. And life was young in her: and spirits were high: and she revelled in the liberty of movement that was now so easy, and so possible. There is a sense of springing vivacity left upon us by the memorials of this time. We can feel it in the rapidity of her musical insight which so struck the great pianist: and in the irresistible zeal with which she throws herself into the congenial task of doing her best for her friends. And, yet, how noticeable, in this record of Madame Schumann, is the touch of domesticity which she noticed in Jenny Lind! Still, with all this gaiety, she held herself aloof: she suspected and disliked "Society"; she reserved to herself a private corner, which it was almost impossible to penetrate, where she hedged herself in against all but the chosen few; and even they had to approach it with care and caution. This was eminently characteristic. Her enthusiasm for Schumann's genius, which had begun under the guidance of Mendelssohn in 1846, who had first shown her the beauty of his Lieder, seems to have let her, instinctively, inside his music: and even Madame Schumann was surprised at the speed with which she took possession of his songs, and at the delicate security of her interpretation of his mind. "Ah! who was it that made that sun shine?" she rejoined when the composer said that her singing made him feel it warm on his back. She felt her whole being move under his sensitive hand: and she knew all the vibrations of his sentiment. At the very close of her life, while she lay on her death-bed at Malvern, in weakness and misery, once as her daughter opened the shutters and let in a ray of morning sun, she just let her lips shape the first bars of the old song she loved, 'An den Sonnenschein.' They were the last notes that she ever sang on earth.

Everything conspired to be good at this particular time. From Sweden came a grateful acknowledgment of a kindness which she had been able to do on behalf of Lund University, where an effort to establish a large institute for the "Academic Union," had come to a block for lack of funds. The building was for the use and pleasure of the youth of the university: and the cause touched her; and, with the sanction of Herr Munthe, she had lent them 10,000 crowns to save the scheme. A thankful recognition of this act was drawn up and signed, on March 14th, by the representatives of all the "Academic Nations" of Lund. "That the building can now be continued without interruption," it declared; "and that it will be ready, in all probability, for the Oscar Day this year (Dec. 1), the Academic Union have to thank principally a name which is full of good omen wherever it is heard in the whole civilised world, but nowhere has it such a musical sound as in the ears of the young men of Sweden. If the University of Lund still has that future before it which we all anticipate, then posterity will combine the names of Jenny Lind and Tegnér with that of the Caroline Academy. . . . Long after those obligations have been fulfilled which can be expressed by written bonds, others will remain which it is an honour *not* to be able to discharge. The moral effect of the extraordinary favour and trust which have been given to the Academic Union in such a magnanimous way, and for which we, on behalf of all the students, beg to offer our respectful thanks, can never be measured, or returned."

This pleasant piece of gratitude would have greeted her probably at Lübeck, whither she got back about the 26th of March to find Mdlle. Åhmansson much better than when she left her. "My little dog, too," so she writes to Madame Wichmann, "was so affectionate to me; and jumped up at once on to my lap, and lay there as quiet as possible! . . . Just think, dearest," she goes on, "that I sang twice in

Altona and Hamburg! The Wieck-Schumanns were there, and they were too delightful, and too remarkable, and too gifted not to kindle love and admiration. And I count it a special honour to have been allowed to sing a couple of little songs at their concerts."

A bracelet had come, it appears, through the Lord Chamberlain, from Berlin as a tribute for her singing. "The thing is pretty, and artistic;" she goes on in the same letter: "and it cannot but be a great pleasure that their Majesties should have personally chosen the gift. But my singing has ever received such appreciation, and reward, that it was a kind of recreation to be allowed just once to sing freely on an occasion like that.—But kings, and queens, and such like, must always put a high value on their pleasures!"

The happy time at Lübeck is running rapidly out: and she is close on the date fixed for her return to Sweden. She writes yet once again, in her own English, to Baroness French, in return for letters received from her on February 6th:—

"How kind, how very kind of you not to forget me! I remember so well how pleased I was when I first had the honour of meeting you (in the carriage, when we were going off to Manchester), and how I felt sure that it would be very easy to love you, and your dear, dear daughter! Miss Ahmannsen has been so obedient to her doctor, she assures the Baroness that she really deserves to get quite a new body! . . . I went off to a few principal towns here in Germany [to sing] and it was a very great pleasure to me to see how kind people were to me, and how they everywhere do consider me just as if I was belonging to them.

"I am, thank God, much better than before I left England; I feel only very seldom that bad headache; and what deliverance I cannot tell! Our doctor here has so perfectly understood my whole constitution that he has made me a different person in that respect that my head is restored!! We are now waiting for the Swedish boat to take us to Sweden . . . in about fourteen days. I intend to remain in my dear country till about the end of June; and then, we are going to Schlangenbad and Ems; and from thence to London (for a few days only) for Liverpool. And *there* is the great point! From Liverpool we will be saying farewell to Europe for one or two years. Yes! I have taken the decision to go to America, and gain as much money as possible for the fulfilment and performance of my favourite idea—a school, a large school for poor lost children in my native country. I know I never will love the Americans as I love the English: oh! no! But I fancy the country there must be in some parts magnificent, and while I have the opportunity I think it is a fine thing to see so much of God's creation as it may be allowed. . . . I will keep you in a very constant memory. . . . A kiss on dear Miss Georgina's forehead from her friend Jenny; and for you, dear Madam, the expression of my sincere love, and deep attachment.

"Your devoted

"Lübeck, April 10th, 1850." "JENNY.

One other letter, full of her innermost heart, she wrote to Augusta von Jäger, the Professor's daughter, of whom she was very fond, and who had sent her a water-colour picture of Meran, where such happy days had been spent with the Wichmanns.

The letter will show how deeply she was moved, at this time, by an evangelical piety, which had stirred her during her last English visit, and which woke in her a vivid sense of human sin, and of the peace to be found in God's forgiveness. She was full of eager desire to speak to others of the peace which she had found for herself: and her affection for Augusta von Jäger prompts her zeal, as a messenger to her soul. This letter reveals a good deal of what was passing in her; while again it is characterised by that habitual anxiety in pleading for the continuance in another's love for her, which we have already so often noticed:—

"MY OWN DEAREST GUSTI,

"Whenever I hear anything of you, and of Vienna, my whole heart goes out to it; and I feel how deep and fast my soul clings to you!

"I call it friendship indeed, my dear Gusti, that you should, in spite of my long long silence, still prove true in thought of me, and not only in thought, but had also made for me so precious a remembrance. You cannot think what joy I have taken in it. Would that I could speak my thanks in words! At any rate, believe most assuredly, that I not only have 'a little tiny bit of love' for you, but that it must ever have a profound part in my own life-story, without my even troubling myself to bring this about; for were I never to hear from you again, or were I never to let you hear of me,—still it would remain through fair or foul, through life and death. And I believe, and hope that you think so of me—do you not? . . . . How glad I shall be to get to Vienna, and spend some evenings with you! Ah! much, very much, must one live through, before one learns to fasten on the Life, the Higher Life. Much—very much—should I like to tell, in quiet, to you, my dearest friends—you and your mother—that I might share it with you! My life is so full, so beautiful, so wonderful, so great, that I often feel a lively desire to share all its memories with those whom I love! I have for long had the most eager wish to earn, somewhere, a great deal of money, so as to endow a school for poor, lost children, in my own country. And the invitation to America came as a direct answer; so that I go there in this confidence; and I pray God in Heaven, out of a full heart, that He will guide me thither, as ever before, with His gentle hand; and will graciously forgive me my sins, and my infirmities. I shall have much to encounter; it is a very big undertaking. But since I have no less an aim before me than to help in widening God's kingdom, the littlenesses of life vanish in face of this!

"My dearest Gusti, my Bible was never more necessary to me than now—never more truly my stay! I drink therein rest, self-knowledge, hope, faith, love, carefulness, and the fear of God; so that I look at life and the world in quite another fashion to what I did before. Would that all men could come to this knowledge, and that we all daily feasted on this Divine Book; and would that my own Gusti would take all her trouble to this Book! Then first should we all know how to taste the true life!"

She tells her of her plans, and closes thus:—

"You see how little peace they let me enjoy. But I am very, very happy! There is nothing I want; and everything goes well with me. My voice is better than ever. I have long left the stage: and I firmly believe that this decision has brought my soul happiness and peace. And now, farewell, my own sister! Heaven send you its blessing; may my image bring you always courage and joy, for indeed I mean you well! Let me, sometimes, have a word or two from you; and count ever on my true attachment, and on my unchanging love. For life,

"Your sister,

"JENNY."

Already, she had intended to have been at home; but the Baltic ice still delayed the steamers, so that it is May before she is off. She gave three concerts before leaving the town in which she had found herself so entirely at home—one on the 6th of April, for the poor of Lübeck, another on the 20th for the widow of the orchestral director, Bach, and yet another on the 26th for the pianist Schreinzer. On the 7th of May, she wrote a very affectionate letter to her great friend, Madame Schwabe; it is this letter from which we have already quoted her words on the death of Bishop Stanley,* of which she had just heard. She is to sail on the morrow. She apologises much for not having written before, and tells of herself, and all her plans. "I am much better than ever before; my head is incomparably better, and my whole being is in good order." She has greatly enjoyed singing to the Germans, who are so wonderfully alive to the touch of music. She is impatient to see America, and the Falls of Niagara, and the Atlantic Ocean. Alas! she will not get any stay in her beloved England for a long time! She asks for her friend's prayers. Young Mr. Goldschmidt has been over from Hamburg, and has played in a concert, and tasted a little spring air, and heard the nightingales. And so good-bye!

It is a bright, hopeful letter, during a time of special cheerfulness and ease. She had thoroughly enjoyed it. Her health was renewed, her voice was at its finest, her spirits were high her soul was at peace. High and low, rich and poor, artists and public—all were at her feet. She had carried out her dearest aims with unhindered liberty. She revelled in her new-found freedom. So home, with a glad heart! Home yet once again, for a triumphal passage over the familiar scene, before she launched out on to the great ocean, to the far land, where a wholly new life awaited her into which she passes out of our sight, beyond the range set us in this record of her artistic career.

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* *Cf.* Book VIII. Ch. XII.

CHAPTER IV.

HOME ONCE MORE.

For the last time we are to follow Jenny Lind to the country which lay so close to her heart, amid her own people who had so loyally recognised her gifts from the very first, and whom she repaid with such faithful generosity. She was never to see that land again, wearing the name by which it had known and loved her. House and home would be built elsewhere before she came again, and it would no longer be "Jenny Lind," whom Sweden would welcome back. It was well, then, that, on this last visit in her maiden-name, her native land should have given her its heartiest greeting.

She reached Stockholm on the 12th of May, in our old friend "The Gauthiod," and was welcomed home by an immense crowd, who had assembled on the quay to greet her. She was to sing at six concerts in the Royal Theatre, on the 24th, 28th, and 31st of May, and the 3rd, 5th, and 7th of June; and, besides these, there were to be two State Concerts during June in honour of the wedding of the Crown Prince. The tickets for the concerts were put up for auction, but all the profits went to the Royal Theatre.* It was, we remember, on its behalf, that the king had invited her to return and sing. On the concerts themselves, the

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* The profits came to 21,805 crowns (over £1,200). The fee of 1,000 crowns, which she consented to accept, was given by her to the Sick and Burial Association of the employés in the tailoring department of the theatre.

Daily Allehanda, her old friend, wrote that it was enough to say that—

> "she was the same as ever, with the same inspiration of genius, the same mastery in her craft, the same unexaggerated *abandon,* the same spontaneity and cordiality, which, all together, constitute that harmonious whole, which is the highest aim of art, by which she astonishes and fascinates both the initiated and the public.
>
> "Though Mdlle. Lind may not appear again in any *rôle* on the stage itself, yet it is only the costume which we miss; for if you will only go and see and hear her sing, in the *Puritani,* or as the woodland child in *Vielka,* or as the passionately sorrowing Donna Anna, or, again, as Jenny Lind herself, impulsive, naïve, and charming, pouring out her wonderful music in Taubert's little Lied—then come back and say whether you have ever heard such dramatic singing, or seen a more living representation in look, manner, or expression of each several character whose mind and feelings the artist proposed to paint in song."

Fröken von Stedingk was faithful as ever, in welcoming her back, and warmly defended her resolution to leave the boards.

> "In the spring," she writes in her diary, "I met Jenny Lind again. Many were blaming her, just then, for the decision she had taken, and which had, no doubt, been painful to her—the decision to quit the stage. I could not possibly disapprove it, knowing as I did the convictions on which it was based, however much I might, personally, be the loser. She now sang only in concerts. Thus she closed her theatrical career at the very height of her triumph; she deliberately renounced the admiration which everywhere followed her, and this, in consequence of a resolution which, in my eyes, makes her more worthy of honour than ever.
>
> "Many suppose this resolution to be the result of Pietism. Jenny Lind is as God-fearing as she is pure, but had Pietism been the cause, she would not herself have gone to the play, which she declared that she liked to do, to see others act. No! but she had felt how physically and morally wearing was the work in the service of dramatic art, so that, for instance, for several days after a performance of *Norma,* her

nerves would be so shattered that she would be unfit for other useful mental occupation."

Fröken von Stedingk attended the Queen Dowager's *soirée musicale* in the spring, at "which Jenny Lind was the attraction of the evening. I sat next her, at table, and found her friendlier than ever."

She tells us how, later on, when Jenny Lind was taking leave of the Queen Dowager, "Her Majesty asked her to choose for herself one of some magnificent bracelets set before her. But she, with tears in her eyes, begged to be allowed the favour of having sung once before the Queen, without any more reward than the tiny bunch of forget-me-nots which were in a vase on the table. The Queen, then, gave her the simple flowers, which seemed to make her happier than diamonds; and this little incident, which I witnessed, well illustrates Jenny Lind's way of feeling."

Nor was it only the Court which desired to do her special honour at this parting.

In the course of June, she received a tribute which embodied, in a distinct and remarkable manner, the profound feeling with which the entire body of her people were touched, by the splendour of her generosity. A medal had been struck in her honour, to which almost every one of distinction in Sweden, from the King downwards, subscribed; the committee of presentation included the names of the

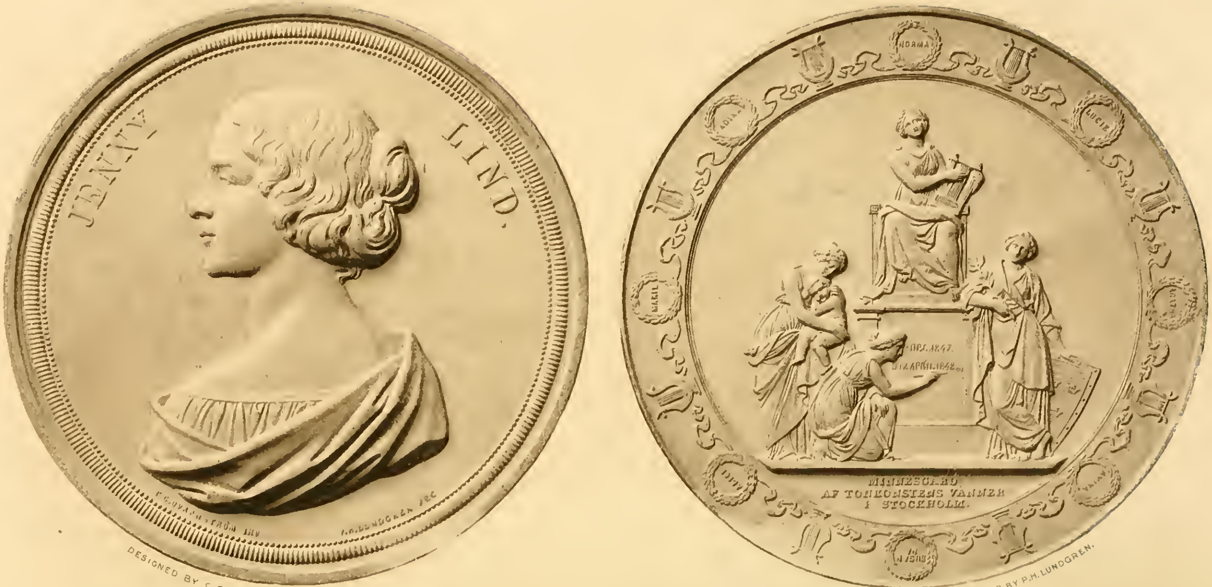
Baron de Geer,
Count B. von Platen,
G. Albert Ehrenswärd,
J. L. Aspelin,
A. F. Lindblad,
J. A. Fröst,
Julie Löfvenskiöld,
Elizabeth Berzelius,
F. von Dardel,
J. N. Borelius,
Baron Bernhard von Beskow,
Charlotte Murray.

The Address with which the gift was presented is singularly graceful; and it fitly closes the record of public tribute given in this book, in that it recalls, yet once again, at the end of her artistic life in Sweden, the tone and temper which we noticed in all the earliest records of her appearance. Now, once again, as ever before, it seems impossible to speak of her singing without passing beyond it, to include her character. Her Art, with all its perfection, is but the outward interpretation of an inspiring Spirit—a spirit which cannot give itself out in music without carrying with it, or in it, a message of moral dignity, a visible touch of heaven. No one can escape the impression; for, indeed, it is not separable from the artistic effect. In the words of the Address: "It is the beauty of the Soul that finds its expression through the medium of Song." It is the world beyond death, "of which, in Music's language, she has been the messenger to us." That is what men feel; that is the witness which they bear—a witness which never failed her. Whenever they spoke of her effect, they found themselves using terms that belonged to religion.

And as her Art sprang from a source behind itself, so it flowed out in effects beyond its own range. She held it, as we have said, in charge to the Power that prompted it; and therefore she was bound to justify that charge in practical fruits. It was this to which the Address bore special witness. Its promoters desired to signalise their sense of that nobility of heart which had shown that the "true aim of Art is higher than merely to please, or to astonish." A spiritual and moral force animating Art; a spiritual and moral service for Art to render—these are the two poles of her Artistic belief: and it is these which the following Address notes with felicity and fervour.

"*To Jenny Lind.*

"The lovers of music at Stockholm have, during the present spring, as well as during the winter season of 1847–48, enjoyed a succession of memorable feasts, at which they have admired alike the Artist's genius, and the nobility



DESIGNED BY C.G. QUARNSTRÖM.

MEDAL ENGRAVED BY P.H. LUNDGREN.

The dates indicate Mlle. Lind's first & last appearance during the season 1847-8 in Stockholm.

of heart wherewith she has dedicated her triumphs exclusively to Charity and Benevolence, and has thereby testified that the aim of true Art is something higher than to please, and to astonish.

"Having been privileged to witness these festivals of Art, where the beauty of the soul found its expression through the medium of song, the lovers and friends of music are desirous that the great artist, on leaving her native country, should carry away with her some outward token of this period of her life, of which the inner memory, which is at all times the companion of virtue, will follow her through life, until that other world is unveiled to her of which she has been the messenger to us through the language of music.

"The undersigned have received the agreeable charge of handing to her this simple souvenir," &c.

The medal, of which a picture is given on the opposite page, was struck both in gold and silver and bronze. It was designed by C. G. Qvarnström, and modelled by P. H. Lundgren. On its face, was the bust of Jenny Lind, draped, with the left shoulder brought rather forward. On the back, was a design, in which the figures of Charity and Patriotism stand on either side of the Genius of Song, while a symbolic figure of Gratitude, bearing a wreath of Immortelles, kneels at the foot of the throne, and inscribes the date of the gift, made by Jenny Lind, out of the profits of her last operatic season in Sweden—December 3, 1847, to April 12, 1848. Inside the laurel wreath that encircles this design are given the names of the chief characters, in which she sang,—Norma, Lucia, Agatha, Amina, Susanna, Alice, Maria, Adina. Below the group of figures runs the inscription: "In memory of the friends of Lyric Art in Stockholm."

The gift was one, which went home to her heart. It is true that, at the moment of its presentation, her instinctive abhorrence of all public recognition and her religious consciousness of the sheer act of duty which she had fulfilled in her charitable works, combined to make her shrink from the formal reception of it: and, in consequence, the distinguished body of gentlemen who had received the "agreeable charge of handing her the souvenir" found her rather difficult of access. But this was but a momentary expression of her characteristic repudiation of praise: and, as soon as it had passed, she gave to the tribute all the response that it evoked and deserved. She recognized in it, her own people's appreciation of her career—their warmth of affection, their delight in her glory, their grateful sense of her loyalty to them. Those three medals were zealously treasured by her to the very close of her life, as a precious token of the bond of kinship which knit her so fast to the land of her birth, and to her childhood's home: and, so fully did she acknowledge the appeal made, in the design, to her patriotism that, on her death, she left the medals to be committed to the National Museum at Stockholm, where now they lie, a pledge of the unbroken bond to her country, which no long years of separation had served to weaken or annul.

Before she left Stockholm she twice sang some Sacred music, on a Sunday, at Evening Prayers; once on June 8th, in the Jakobskyrka, and, again, later in the St. Clara Kyrka.

In the London house, at Moreton Gardens, where her last years were spent, there hangs a most graceful picture,* in water-colours, of the west gallery in St. Clara, as she stood to sing the solemn solo in the *Elijah*, "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun." Her upright figure, in its elevated pose, is beautifully caught, thrown out against the floods of mellow light that pour in through the western window. Something there was in her, at that moment, as in the church of that very parish where her troubled infancy first felt the light, she was delivering, with all her dedicated powers, to the praise and honour of God, the message of radiant hope which awaited the righteous—something there was, which arrested the artist's eye, and interpreted to him its significance. He left on the paper a record, which conveys, at a glance, the rapt, upward look, so familiar to those who knew her; and he spread about her the glow of a sunlight, which seemed a symbol of that shining glory of which her voice rang out the promise.

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* The painter's name, T. E. Birger, is inscribed on the picture, with the date.

In that church, she sang for the last time in Sweden, under the maiden-name which was hers by birth. The service was on June the 25th, and on the 27th day of the month she started from Stockholm on her great venture.

Just before leaving, she signed her name to the list of pensions, which she was entrusting to Herr Munthe to dispense. We give below a reproduction of her autograph, as a significant symbol and illustration of the free force that was at work in her at this moment, as well as a memorial of her final acts of charity to the folk that she was leaving behind her.

Jenny Lind

CHAPTER V.

DEPARTURE.

SHE left her country with a happy sense of the good will that was faithfully following her career, as it opened out into paths that carried her far afield. She had a few engagements to fulfil on her way across Europe, before she joined her companions, Benedict and Belletti, who were awaiting her in London.

On July 4th, she sang at Bremen in a concert given on behalf of Carl Reinecke, Capellmeister and pianist, for whom, both then, and to the end of her life, she cherished a warm admiration.

She then spent July at Schlangenbad, storing up strength; and, from there, she wrote to Madame Wichmann on July 9th, eagerly desiring to contrive an interview with her beloved Berlin friends. All the plans failed; but Otto, one of the sons, managed to get to Baden-Baden as she passed through it in August, and conveyed to her the full pledges of the hopes and affections, with which his whole family waited on her footsteps.

Her Lübeck doctor, Herr Heiland, had accompanied her to Schlangenbad, with his wife and daughter; and he had a good report to make of her; for she writes to Madame Wichmann: "I am in full strength, and am really sound in health."

The concert at Baden-Baden at which she sang, on August 6th, was for the hornist Vivier, a friend of Julius

Benedict. Her two last acts, therefore, in Europe, before her start, were both deeds of kindness.

She crossed quickly through England, only sleeping a couple of nights in London, and reaching Crumpsall, near Manchester, the home of her faithful friends the Schwabes, in time to rest a few days before fulfilling her engagements at Liverpool on the 16th and 19th of August. Both Mr. and Mrs. Schwabe accompanied her; and she had, therefore, the comfort of affectionate intimacy to help her through the racket and distress of the final start.

The two concerts were to raise money towards paying for the new hall of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society in which they were given. The first of these, on the 16th, was noticeable only for "causing an excitement," according to the *Times* of August 19th, "to which the musical annals of Liverpool can find no parallel." "The enthusiasm went far beyond fever-height." She sang her famous pieces, "*Qui la Voce;*" "*Und ob die Wolke,*" from the *Freischütz; "Non paventar,*" from the *Flauto Magico;* a Duet from the *Turco in Italia* with Belletti; and, then (after a new song by Benedict, called "Take this Lute"), the Norwegian Echo song, accompanying herself.

So far she was on old ground; but, at the second concert, a very different and a vital departure was made. It was her first singing of the *Messiah,* in which, in later years, she proved herself incomparable.

The excitement of expectation was intense. On August 19th, the *Times* critic * reports that as he writes his despatch, on Saturday 17th,

> "The rehearsal for the *Messiah* is now proceeding at the Philharmonic Hall, the precincts of which are besieged by a mob anxious to obtain a glimpse of Jenny Lind. The greatest curiosity prevails about this performance; for Mdlle.

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* *I.e.* The well-known Mr. J. A. Davison.

Lind has never sung in an Oratorio of Handel's since her arrival in this country. Monday night will show whether she will achieve the same success in the *Messiah* as in the *Creation*, and the *Elijah*."

As to the rehearsal, he records with warm commendation that,

"Mdlle. Lind was, as usual, the first to arrive, the last to depart, and the most attentive to her own music, and to the indications of the conductor. If every one were as painstaking and zealous at rehearsals as Mdlle. Jenny Lind, the critic would have much less to complain of."

On the 20th, the critic telegraphs the result for the *Times* of August 21st.

"Jenny Lind's singing surpassed anticipation. Her energy, and brilliant execution of 'Rejoice greatly'; her expression in 'He shall feed His flock'; her tenderness in 'How beautiful are the feet'; her fervid devotion in 'I know that my Redeemer liveth'; and her fine rendering of the last air, 'If God be for us,' which made it a new and unexpected feature, raised unbounded enthusiasm. In the Recitatives, besides the excellence of her vocalisation, the pointed, articulate manner in which she pronounced the English words, excited general admiration."

After praising Belletti, and the chorus, and criticising the band, he tells how, at the close, the National Anthem was sung,

"Jenny Lind giving the two principal verses. The scene that ensued defies description. The walls of the building reverberated with cheers. Hats, sticks, handkerchiefs were waved in every direction. The platform of the orchestra was covered with bouquets and wreaths, many of which fell upon the head and the shoulders of the songstress. It was a leave-taking such as even Jenny Lind has rarely experienced."

Between the parts of the *Messiah*, to the strange and serious dislocation of the main interest, she was presented with an Address from the Philharmonic Society, which, after a rather lengthy preface on the peculiar merits of the hall in which Mdlle. Lind had had the privilege of singing, and of the Society whom the Address represented, assures her, in the warmest terms, of the "good wishes of Liverpool for her health and prosperity during her sojourn in a distant land," on the occasion "of her departure from a country where her talents have excited so enthusiastic a sensation, and her kindness of heart has left so deep an impression." The Society hopes that, as it has been the last to bid her good-bye, so it may be the first to welcome her back.

In the *Times* of the 22nd, Mr. Davison contributes a detailed criticism of her delivery of the numbers in *Messiah*. He has much to say, which comes with the authority of a most skilful and experienced judgment.

"Mdlle. Lind's performance, in the *Messiah*, has," he considers, "enhanced, if possible, her reputation. 'Rejoice greatly' is a veritable *Bravura*, not a mere senseless display of roulades and *fioriture*, but a gush of melody in which the exultant feeling of the text is expressed with a power that springs from inspiration. The elaborate divisions of the Song demand the greatest flexibility, while its peculiar vocal character can only be expressed by a voice at once strong and brilliant, combined with a free command of the upper notes. These physical requisites are among the peculiar gifts of Mdlle. Jenny Lind, whose well-known intelligence and reverence for the text enabled her to employ them with the finest effect."

After dwelling on the profound impression produced, he sums up:—

"With this simple effort Mdlle. Lind established herself in the conviction of every one capable of appreciation, as a perfect mistress of a style of music which taxes the physical and the mental qualities in an equal degree, and is the loftiest because it is the truest and the purest.

> "The air 'He shall feed His flock' requires a simplicity which derives effect from the innate and unobtrusive beauty of the music. This divine melody fell from her lips like soft water from a spring. The reading of the words was perfect; and the shake at the end,—the legitimate and only ornament introduced—was executed with a finished neatness and a command over the *sotto voce* which afforded the fullest satisfaction to the ear."

Apparently, in "How beautiful," an amateur performance of the *obbligato* on the flute differed in tune and time from Handel and from Mdlle. Lind; but "'I know that my Redeemer liveth' was perfect." The critic pronounces it to have been the first time that he had ever heard it properly executed.

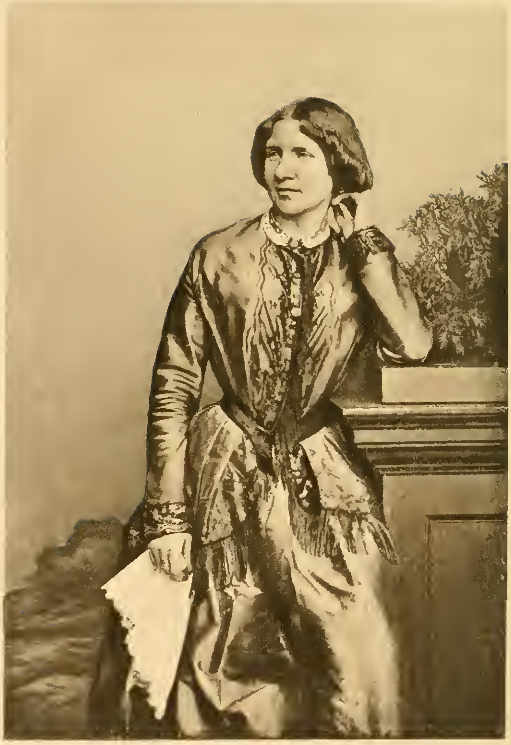
> "'For now is Christ risen' had in it something of positive inspiration. The termination—strictly according to the text without even a concluding shake—was far more effective than all the singer's art could have made it, exercised without that feeling of veneration which teaches that to touch such music is to spoil it."

In conclusion, he considers that—

> "The depth and sublimity of the music exhibited Mdlle. Lind's talents in a totally new light."

So triumphant was the first historical opening on the field with which she so intimately identified herself in later years. It was a wonderful passage from the atmosphere of the *Figlia* to that of the *Messiah;* but the English knew, now, at what level her supreme gifts lay; and they welcomed her on to the ground of their famous Oratorio with a heartiness of recognition which she cordially recognised. It was to the English that she specially loved to sing the music of the Oratorio.

Her last day at Liverpool was taken up with visits to view the new wing of the Southern and Toxteth Hospital, due to her



Mademoiselle Lind from a photograph by Kilburn Aug^t 1850 last year's singing; and with receiving there a silver tea-kettle and a pair of silver candlesticks.

On the evening before sailing, her Swedish heart was at work; she could not let herself go on this new and strange experiment without desiring the sanction and the blessing of the "old folk at home." Back to father and mother her thoughts were travelling; she must feel herself covered by their authority; she must let her last words be to them. So, on the evening before the start, she sat down and wrote the following letter, with its buoyant hope, with its tender daughterly humility.

The daguerreotype, to which she refers, is the one from which the picture on the opposite page is taken. It was engraved in the *Illustrated London News* of the day: but the present picture is taken fresh from the old plate, which has, by diligent search, been recovered, and used.

"Liverpool, 20th Aug., 1850.

"My dear Parents,

"May these lines find you in the enjoyment of good health. I have been very well since I left Sweden, and am now starting for the New World. For we leave to-morrow morning at half-past ten.

"I have been eight days in England, and have sung here in two concerts, both of which have been most successful, and the English public has greeted me as if I belonged to them. I am met everywhere with heartiness and love. Oh, may I succeed in deserving them more and more!

"I have been to see the steamer which will take us over to America, and nothing grander of its kind, I should think, could be found in any country. The vessel is 300 feet by 80, and is decorated so magnificently that one can fancy oneself in a rich private house.

"I look forward to the sea—the ocean!

"When I have got across, I shall let you hear again. As my mother wished to have a Daguerreotype of my poor features, I have sat for one in London. I hope it will have succeeded. Farewell, good mamma and papa! Think of me with friendliness, and give me now and then your blessing, for a parents' blessing is something good to travel with. Let me hear occasionally how you are at Pommern.* Remember to look into the books which I gave you, while stopping with you there—and may the Lord Himself enlighten and bless you! Thus prays most sincerely

"Your attached

"DAUGHTER."

There is a quaint touch of parental authority in the last sentence of the letter, which blends curiously with the beautiful and child-like simplicity with which she asks for the parents' blessing on her going-forth. The whole letter is a delightful foil to the following account of the wild popular excitement that was fermenting, at this moment, round the girl who was herself engaged in writing those plain, quiet, humble messages, so full of domestic affection and simple piety, to the two wondering parents in the old country.

Jenny Lind's Departure for America.†

"Liverpool, Wednesday night.

"Jenny Lind is gone—gone amid a scene of triumph which was not more a tribute to her own surpassing work and talent, than to the art which it is her honour to profess and to which she does so much honour. Ere these few hasty lines are before the reader, this incomparable songstress will have performed one-fourth of her voyage to the United States, where, we are assured, a reception awaits her which will cast in the shade even the splendid ovation which has just attended her departure from among her European admirers.

"Fresh as I am from this magnificent display of public feeling and sympathy, I can scarcely enter into details. With ears still deafened with the booming of cannon, and the shouts of the thousands who were assembled on either side of the Mersey, and eyes dazzled by the gay effect of innumerable craft, which were illumined by the sunlight as they ran to and fro on the river, or followed in the wake of the *Atlantic*, I can scarcely give you a sober description of this extraordinary scene.

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* A small place taken by her for her parents.

† From the *Illustrated London News*, Aug. 24, 1850.

"The authorities foresaw there would be a great demonstration, and took their precautions accordingly. Fancy what must be the interest excited by Jenny Lind, when the police thought it necessary to notify to Mr. Barnum's agent, that if the lady took her departure from the quay at the hour generally expected, they could not ensure the safety of life and limb. We doubt much whether any sovereign was compelled to change the programme of his movements for such a reason. Yet so it was; and much hurrying to and fro was there in consequence. Instead of leaving at nine or ten o'clock, as had been arranged, Jenny Lind was obliged to slip out privately at a quarter to eight, and go down all manner of back streets to be able to get to the pier unperceived. In this she was successful; and while the intending sightseers were disposing of their muffins and coffee, the little woman whom they were all going out to see had quietly gone on board the *Atlantic* in a river steamer; but not until after she had been annoyed (during a few minutes' stay on the pier) by a crowd of idlers who pressed round her in the most rude manner, and could scarcely be kept off by the police.

"When at last the hundred and fifty passengers who had engaged all the berths were received on board, with all their luggage, and had taken leave of all their friends, and when the sound of a gun booming across the water from the bows of the steamer announced that all was ready for departure, what was certainly a 'great scene' commenced. The immense floating mass began to move, and, as if by magic, all the craft that had been playing about on the surface of the river, formed into lines, and made a sort of procession. As the *Atlantic* steamed up from her moorings, past the Albert Docks, she turned her head inshore, in the direction of the town, and slowly passed in front of the magnificent line of quays, amidst the enthusiastic shouts of thousands of human beings who lined the shore, not merely on the Liverpool side, but also all along the Cheshire coast, from Birkenhead onwards to the mouth of the great arm of the sea. Salutes were fired from the shore, and were returned from the *Atlantic;* and the whole scene,—such an army of craft of all sorts and kinds floating, with pennants flying—such a shouting—such a roaring of cannon—such a bright sunlight (which broke out suddenly, as if to afford presage of fair weather)—was really one of the most extraordinary sights we ever witnessed. Every eye was strained to get a sight of Jenny Lind. There the little woman stood on the paddle-box, with her arm in that of Captain West, and waving her handkerchief enthusiastically in return for the greeting of the crowds who had assembled to witness her departure."

Such was her farewell, as she passed from the Old World to the New, travelling out over the unknown waters, to discover whether Music had power to draw towards her the hearts of these immense populations in far away cities, with the same unwavering security with which it had knit to her the affections of all those to whom her voice had spoken, in the lands that lay about her home. So she sails, wafted out, for her adventure, on the wings of all the favouring hopes, with which it was possible for that Old World to send her forward. Those ringing cheers, those crowded boats, those fluttering handkerchiefs, those straining eyes, which followed her out of Liverpool, spoke to her of all the wonderful days in Europe that lay behind her—days that had never once failed to bring her their unceasing tribute of praise and welcome and love, as often as she invoked them, ever since she first babbled out her earliest speeches as a little child on the boards of the Stockholm Theatre—days that had been filled, from end to end, with a delicious response to all her appeals, as the triumph grew and grew, and she passed from the narrow limits of home to occupy and possess town after town over all that larger Continent, which now was brimming over its uttermost edge with enthusiastic devotion to her. Trouble and anxieties there had indeed been; but these had been personal and domestic; or they had been concerned with the details and arrangements that multiplied out of the very necessities of her success. But never once had her hearers failed to give her their hearts. Never once had she been disappointed of finding, in each fresh country, a new crowd who lent themselves to the sway and fascination of her gifts.

And this unfailing triumph had never limited itself to a mere admiration. Always it had been an admiration that was transfigured, by its own inward force, into genuine affection. Always it had felt the power of her personality; and had understood her deeper motives, and her serious intention. She had never been wholly misunderstood in her desire that, by her Art, she should touch the finer issues of the religious consciousness, and enlarge the resources of a human charity.

All this was behind her, to forward and cheer her, as she tempted the new Atlantic seas. Nor did the promise of high fortune belie itself. The pledge was redeemed in a measure that ran over and over. It is not our present part to follow her in this adventure, nor to tell the familiar tale of the boundless enthusiasm that awaited her every step from the moment that she touched American shores. Our part ends at this point, where the old European career, in its special sense, closes. Up till now, her Dramatic and Artistic life had developed, step by step and stage by stage, in an orderly sequence of gradations. She has now touched the final level on which her future career is to move; there is no new fashion it is to take. The platform of the concert-room is the ultimate spot of vantage from which she is to reach the world of men. It is needless to expand a record which would merely repeat in detail the same typical success. We have seen enough already to prove that, in her abandonment of the stage, she had not surrendered her chance of delivering her Artistic message. On the contrary, though her marvellous histrionic gift was put aside, she found a freedom of scope, a glad outlet, for her singing, which rather increased than diminished the exercise of her sway. The fervour that accompanied her concert-singing was in no degree less than that which, of old, had besieged the doors of the theatres. The opportunities which it offered her for beneficence were, at least, as magnificent as before. Moreover, in the Oratorio, she more and more found the most congenial and adequate of all the fields in which she could exercise the full force of her powers, and attain the noblest realisation of her ideal.

We send her out, then, on her American visit, with no sense that her career, in touching its final level, has less triumph in store for her than any of the steps which led to it. We shall leave her to go ever forward, still encouraged, from New York to Savannah, with the same passion of devotion, the same thrill of a unique experience, which she had evoked already in Stockholm and Berlin, in Vienna and London.

But, nevertheless, one absolute change was to come upon her, in that Far West. Over there, beyond the sea, the old life of the wandering musician, carrying wares from mart to mart, with its homelessness, its insecurity, its isolation—that type of life, of which so often we have had to record the bitterness, was to find its end. The solitary girl was to be received into the warmth of home-affections, and into the happy honour of wifehood. And we know what that would mean to a woman of her disposition. We know how this unattached life, with its light-hearted Bohemianism, was ever and always against her grain; how she hated its conditions—the lodging with its forlorn emptiness, the inn with its naked publicity. In spite of the difficulty which she most assuredly would experience, of bending down that vivid and impulsive nature which constituted her Artistic self, under fixed and necessary limitations, her deeper womanhood was domestic to the core; and she longed after the repose of a house filled from end to end with changeless and steady associations. The friendships, formed by the way, warm and intense as they were, could but be as passing gleams, as broken and partial suggestions of that home for which her spirit pined. And this was at last to be given her, brought to her out of the Old World she had left, in the very midst of the disturbing turmoil of the last wandering trip which she was ever to make under her maiden name. Just when the distraction and tumult of her loneliness were at their very height, the release came, which lifted her out of it for ever, and which laid open for her a wholly new and enduring life outside and beyond her course as an Artist.*

We, therefore, leave her company at this point, parting with her just at the very summit of her career as "Jenny Lind," leaving her still moving forward into continual triumph, at the top of her force, in the fullest exercise of her powers—leaving her to pass out of our sight, under the low happy doors of home, into the quiet and the secrecy of wedded life.

But, though we do not follow her steps farther, we cannot part with her, without recording a message or two which she herself sends back, as from the new land, to those who watch after her in the old countries. In giving these, we are but reassuring ourselves by her own voice, as we too follow her with our eyes, that all is well with her. And the messages are to those who have been our companions through this book; and we shall be glad to feel that they receive good news from her, and that they and she are still undivided, though the Atlantic rolls between. We shall be listening to her farewell to those whose names have become now familiar to us.

And, as her last letter at the moment of leaving Europe, had been written to her parents, so let the first that we quote from America, be due to the same filial loyalty. It gives her simple enjoyment and wonder at the great voyage.

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* Mr. Otto Goldschmidt joined the Company, on the retirement of Julius Benedict, as Pianist and Accompanist. He arrived at the end of May, 1851.

"Boston, 27th September, 1850.

"MY DEAR PARENTS,

"It does seem strange to be so far from home, so far from Europe! I trust these lines find you in perfectly good health. I take for granted that you have been informed long ago of my safe arrival at New York, 1st September.

"The voyage was in every respect extremely interesting. True, eleven days on the sea is a good deal, but the sight of the ocean, under all its various aspects, was oh! so grand!—the rising and setting of the sun, moonlight, the new stars, the rainbows, the phosphorus, porpoises and seals, storm, fog, and then again a surface calm as a mirror. All these changes we could watch in turn. We had a magnificent boat, and a particularly clever, attentive, and charming captain. I was not ill in the least, but kept wonderfully well all the time. I went on deck to have a look at the storm; it was splendid! We lay deep sunk in the trough of the waves, the colossal ship floating like a tiny eggshell on the immeasurable expanse of the waters. The ship's guns were flung hither and thither, ropes as thick as my waist came sweeping in piles across the deck, the waves, as high as big houses, of the most intensely beautiful light green, dashing towards the bridge with such violence as to overthrow and injure three sailors and one of the officers. After the storm, which lasted twenty-four hours, it turned fine, and then we had all kinds of glorious sights.

"I sat up, quite on the very edge of the prow, close to the old man blowing his horn (the 'old man,' I must add, was of wood!), with a few friends and the Captain, who made it their business to take care of me, and I really felt elated by the superb spectacle before me.

"We gave a concert (on the ocean!) for the crew, and once or twice we had a merry bit of dancing; and in this way time flew by quickly enough.

"New York, as to its situation, reminds me very much of Stockholm.

"I was met with quite an astonishing reception. I have already given six concerts there, in a hall with room for 11,000 people; it has been crowded each time, and we shall most likely be able to give about forty to fifty concerts in New York alone.

"Here everything is done on a large scale. The first ticket sold the day before yesterday in this city for to-day's concert (the first one given here) was sold for as much as——625 *dollars!* The tickets, you must know, were sold by auction. It is amazing what heaps of money they seem to have here.

"My health is, as usual, thank God, in excellent condition; my voice is fresh and strong, and I am looking forward extremely to some plan—after this '*tournée*' is over—for enjoying peace and rest; for, indeed, in these two matters, so precious to us, human beings, I seem to be given but a very small share, torn and bothered as I am from morning to night. Still, it is touching to see such good-will and kindness; people seem not to know how to do enough to show their favour and the genuine interest they take in me.

"I wish I could send home to Pommern some of the lovely flowers and the splendid fruit which are continually sent to me. The peaches are delicious, and grow here in great abundance. We have still warm weather, and ever a divinely blue sky.

"*October 1st.*—Time does pass! I shall now soon be thirty years of age! How happy I am to become an 'ould hag'! Every day I see round me numbers of new faces,—so many, in fact, that I find it a bore—but I am going to try and terminate my engagement as quickly as possible—*perhaps* in a year! When we meet I shall have heaps to tell you, which now I have no time to relate. It is already more than three months since I was taking part in the country dances round the maypole at Pommern. It does seem so strange!

"I wish I could soon hear that you both are well. Now, pray do take care of yourselves, so that still many a green spring and many a chirping bird may gladden your soul! Rest assured that all I have said or written has been done with the truest and best intentions; and pray remember with tenderness your far-distant

"DAUGHTER."

That letter will, certainly, bring relief, and joy to the little house at Pommern, where she had so lately "danced round the maypole." She, like her own favourite skylark, is ever—

> "True to the kindred points of heaven, and home."

She thinks of the green springs, and the chirp of the birds, that should give ease to the father and the mother; and, yet, is anxious also for them to listen to the serious words and thoughts that she had said and sent to them "with the best and truest intentions."

The next of the letters repeats how freely and cheerfully things are going. It is written from Boston, on October 2nd, 1850, to her Guardian, Herr Munthe.

> "I have given eight concerts, and hitherto the success has been unparalleled. I devoted the first two in New York to charities, because they had raised such enormous prices (by auction)—that I considered this to be a plain duty. My agreement with Mr. Barnum has been quite altered; and Mr. Barnum has shown, and is still showing himself, extremely generous, and reasonable; and seems to have made it his first object to see me satisfied. I understand that we rarely make less than $10,000 at a concert. Hitherto the receipts have varied between $12,000, $14,000, $16,000! And thus my share for six concerts is about $30,000!"

Good news, this, for the kindly old judge at home! His warm heart would kindle over the triumphant success, even though he foresaw a big job ahead for his prudence and his wits, when it came to the dispensing of these vast sums in accordance with the scruples and the anxieties of her beneficence.

Now for her friends with whom we have seen her intimate. First, there is a letter from New York, October 22nd, 1850, to those faithful English friends, Baroness French and her daughter, to whom she has always written with such heartfelt affection. She is as warm as ever. After a long letter of four quarto pages, full of love, to the Baroness, she ends:—

> "How is my dear Georgina? Will you send her a kiss from me with my best love? Dear Georgina! May she never go through what I have gone through, or may she

never feel the heaviness of bitter sorrow as I have! But—I have no reason to complain; for my Art gives me such reward and such happiness, that I thank God every hour therefor! America is a splendid country: and some parts remind me so much of my own dear country. . . God bless and protect you all!

"Your attached,

"JENNY."

At the beginning of her intimacy with the French's she said that if once she made a real friend, she never changed; and, certainly, this letter verifies her words. In spite of all the turmoil of public life, and the distraction of travel, she remembers, with undiminished loyalty, these two friends, to whom she had drawn so quickly, and so fast.

On November 8th she wrote again from Boston to her Guardian a letter full of her characteristic temper.

"It is indeed a great joy, and a gift from God, to be allowed to earn so much money and afterwards to help one's fellow-men with it. This is the highest joy I wish for in this life; everything else has disappeared from the many-coloured course of my path on earth. Few know, though, what a beautiful and quiet inner life I am living. Few suspect how unutterably little the world and its splendour have been able to turn my mind giddy. Herrings and potatoes—a clean wooden-chair, and a wooden-spoon to eat milk-soup with—that would make me skip like a child, for joy! And this—without the slightest trace of exaggeration, or that sort of thing.

"Benedict and Belletti are kind and pleasant. Benedict and I play nice little duets on the piano, and the time goes quickly and happily.

"The bird-song, 'I know not why I am singing,' and Herr Berg's song with the long-sustained notes, and the Norwegian echo-song—these are the standing pieces which I must sing at every concert."

This speaks straight from her heart. It holds in it her deepest motives—motives, strong from the first, but which have gained in strength as she developed. Her original sense that her singing was God-given has been intensified by the more positive religious influences which had flowed in upon her through her English Evangelical friends, and expresses itself, now, in the desire for inner peace in the quiet recesses of the soul: while the hope of beneficent service to her fellow-men has become absorbing. Still, with all the growth, there is no change whatever in the "Jenny" who would "skip for joy over the herring and the potatoes, and the clean wooden spoon." That declaration is instinct with her very breath. She never lost, either the spontaneous simplicity of plain living, or the buoyant gleefulness of the dancing child.

The thought of "milk-soup" had a touch of love in it for the far home, where the dish was national: and we will add in here, therefore, another short word, written a little later on, to her guardian, which will show how loyally and tenderly this love lived on.

"I met Fröken Bremer* at Havanna," she writes on March 1st 1851, "and my heart was refreshed by interesting talk, and drew ever sweet and bitter memories from my country, always so *dearly*, *dearly* loved; and from my early life so full of inner struggles."

And, now, to part with her best friends with whom we have seen her spend such happy days, and to whom she pours out her fondest affections—the Wichmanns. They are not forgotten in the novel whirl of American affairs. The heart beats true as ever.

"My dearly beloved Amalia," she writes from Philadelphia on December 5th, 1850, to Madame Wichmann, "I feel so great a desire to write you some lines that I cannot keep silence any longer. I long to know how you all fare; and would like, too, to tell you something about myself; for

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* *I.e.*, Fredrika Bremer.

I know well how great an interest you take in my fate. I will no longer restrain myself; for I find my thoughts all flying to you with such love and confidence that I feel grateful and happy in the mere act of communing in spirit with you. And, surely you have not forgotten me!

"What are they doing in Germany? I am in great anxiety over the situation there. Will there really be war? Where will you go in that case? For God's sake, write me a line about that.

"If all goes ill in Europe you might come to America, and fetch me away. How is Otto? * Is he stronger? I was so glad to see him in Baden; and fancied that in him I saw you all.

". . . . I and all of us are extremely well. My head is quite re-established: and my voice is better than ever. The climate here is very good. Nearly the whole autumn we have had a clear blue sky, such as we had at Meran, when it was at its best. . . .

"Mr. Barnum behaves extremely well towards me: and I could not wish for anything better.

"In the month of July we hope to be back in Europe, for we hope to see the Great Exhibition. Ah! if *you* were to come there! You, Amalia, have never been in London; how interesting it would be to see it! Think it over, dearly beloved Frau!

"If you see Taubert, tell him, please, that they will not listen here to anything but his song 'I must be singing.' Since I got a very nice translation of it in English, I have to sing it at every concert. Greetings to all my friends—Herr Taubert—Professor Werder—Magnus—Madame Mendelssohn., etc.

"I wept for joy the other day, when the Prussian Envoy Herr von Gerolt brought us greetings from Her Majesty the Queen of Prussia. When next you meet His Excellency Herr von Redern, pray tell him how truly grateful I feel for this mark of Her Majesty's sympathy. Greet him at the same time.

"Faithful love to you all!

"From yours ever gratefully,

"JENNY."

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* Otto Wichmann.

So we leave this sweet and delightful friendship which played so deep a part in her early years of European success. It has remained her constant support, throughout—a harbour, in which she never failed to find refuge, and peace.

The next letter shall serve as our farewell remembrance of another house which had been to her a home at a yet more critical hour. It shows that she was still bearing about with her, with faithful devotion, those songs of Lindblad's, which had passed into her life.

> "Would you be so very kind," she writes to her guardian on April 22nd, 1851, "to send to New York all the sets of Lindblad's songs, as soon as can be? M. Benedict is so very much charmed with them; and as I have got them all imprinted in the head, as well as in the heart, I did not bring them with me to America; and therefore I could not give them him; but I have promised to get him copies of them from Sweden."

One thread out of her old life, which we have already tracked into the new, is alas! soon to be slit. It is a thread woven deep indeed into the tissue of her memory and her soul. The long and curious story of her mother which we have followed through so many incidents, ends at last during the American trip with the news of Fru Lind's death. What a strange and unanticipated change had come over the scenes of poor Fru Lind's life since, pinched and driven by the hard days, unsuccoured and unsustained, she had been forced to put out her new-born child with the Parish Clerk of Ed-Sollentuna, and turn from her hurried sickness and nursing to fight her way alone against a baffling world! "That child will bring you help! mark my word," the old grandmother had said to her: but she little knew the full and wonderful sense in which those words would prove themselves true. Now, in 1851, lifted out of all anxiety by that child's help, transplanted into a kindly and peaceful home which the child had given her, in company with the husband whom, in spite of all his weakness in those earlier times when she had to struggle on alone, she loved with an affection that he warmly returned, she could sit and rest among the quiet country-sights, and could sweeten her sourer humours, and could soften her asperities, and could come to kinder terms with the human earth about her, as she caught all the echoes of that praise with which the wide world outside was welcoming that child of hers, once so forlorn, of whom, with all her tough bitterness of disposition, she had always been so proud; and could hear of the uncounted wealth which was being poured in upon her, in measures that must have made her breathless as she listened to their tale. No fairy god-mother could have worked a more marvellous transformation; and yet all had been done by the earnest, intelligent, devoted steadiness, the "incredibly hard work," of that tiny scrap of a child who once sat in the porter's window at the Widows' Home, and sang away to her cat "with the blue ribbon round its neck"; and who, now, knew not how to escape from the thousands who thronged to hear her in lands beyond the sea where her name was already familiar and dear as a household word. She, by God's grace, had done it: and now at the end of all, she is the very same "Jenny" who trotted off by her mother's side to the Opera-House, to try their fortune with old Crœlius. Still she loves to think of the "milk-soup and the wooden-spoon" that belonged to the old simple days of childhood; and her heart drew closer to her mother, now that the Atlantic rolled between them, than it ever could in the earlier days when the roughness of the surface-life harshened the home, and forbade those springs of gentleness to flow between a mother and daughter whom so much held estranged. Certainly, it was with a bitter pang that Jenny Lind heard, in December 1851, of her mother's death. Some words which she wrote about it have already been quoted.* They tell how "everything had become smooth and nice" between them; how her mother had become so much quieter and more reasonable; how she had hoped to "surround her old age with joy, and peace and tender care." "Now it is too late! Peace be with her soul."

Too late, perhaps, for all that she yet planned to do; but not too late to have done much to secure that "peace" to her declining days, which was the gift most sorely needed by that disturbed and harassed heart.

It is good to read, in the very letter which thus records her pang at the loss of the mother who bore her, her thankfulness for the new strength that has been brought to her by that "chosen companion of her life" to whom, by this time, she has been united in marriage,† and in whom she has found (as she writes) "all that her heart ever wanted and loved." The new home has begun for her, as the old home drops away: and in the new, she has won for herself that fortifying and blessed assurance of affection which the old had so pitifully lacked.

Perhaps, now that she has herself taken leave of her friends, we may give one last picture of her, as she was seen in the thick of her American work, by the sympathetic eyes of Mr. Parker Willis, an American author, from whose reminiscences of "Famous Persons, and Famous Places" we have already made quotations.‡

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* In a letter to Carl Forsberg, of the War Ministry, written, in August 1852, after her marriage. (Cf. vol. i., p. 34.)

† She was married to Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, at the house of Mr. S. Grey Ward, in Boston, by Bishop Wainwright of New York, according to the service of the Episcopal Church, on February 5, 1852. Among the Witnesses occur the names of Mr. Edward Everett, Mr. Ward, C. E. Habicht, Swedish Consul, etc.

‡ Cf. vol. i. Ch. VI. The book was published in 1856 by Ward & Lock.

He has most graphically described a typical day's work in New York, with its mingled glow and grind.

“It was the morning after her last concert (in New York), and among the business to be attended to, in the winding up of a visit to a city where she had already given away $30,000 in charity, was the result certified in the following report:—

“ ‘The undersigned, a committee named by Miss Lind to divide the appropriation of the sum of $5,373·20 cents, the proceeds of a morning concert, have distributed the said funds as follows:—

New York, Nov. 26, 1850.

C. S. Woodhule. B. Raird. R. B. Mintum. Wm. H. Aspinwall.
John Jay.

	$
To the Society for Improving the Condition of the Poor	1000
Widows with poor children	300
Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum	300
Female Assistance Society	300
Eastern Dispensary	250
Northern Dispensary	250
Eye and Ear Infirmary	250
Hebrew Benevolent Society	200
Prison Association	200
Destitute children of seamen	200
Homeless and destitute boys	100
Swedes and Norwegians in New York	273.20
Swedish Bibles and Testaments	200
Brooklyn Orphan Asylum	250
The poor of Williamsburg	100
The poor of Newark	100
The poor of Jersey City	100
Temperance societies	500
St. George's Society	500
	5373.20

“There was also another matter which formed an item in the ‘squaring up’ of the New York accounts on that day. A paragraph had reached her making mention of a Swedish sailor who had perished in endeavouring to save the lives of passengers on the wreck of a vessel. Jenny Lind had sent to the Swedish Consul to make inquiries whether he had left a family. His widow and children were found by the Consul,[*] and Jenny had sent him $500 for their use. This was mentioned by M. Habicht to a lady, who mentioned it to us, and by this chance alone it became public.

"But while all these sufferers were receiving her bounty, and she was settling with banks and managers for the payments—what else was her life made up of on that day?

"It was now half-past nine in the morning, and three servants of the hotel and two of her own had been ordered to guard her room till she could eat her breakfast. But well-dressed ladies cannot be stopped by men-servants: and her drawing-room was already half full of visitors on particular business who had crowded past insisting on entrance."

He goes on to describe vividly the "lady-beggars," to whom she hurriedly offered $20 or $30, as the shortest way to be rid of them; and how this is rejected with indignant protests. "We did not expect this pittance from *you!*" "Excuse me, I came for a donation, not for alms!" etc., etc. Then there are the "applicants for musical employment; passionate female admirers; a dozen ladies with albums; some who had worked things for her; one who had come indignantly to ask why a note containing a poem had not been answered."

So the audience would go on; and Mr. Willis cannot wonder, that in the evening, when he goes to a party at a lovely villa ten miles from town to meet her, he should find her looking fatigued. But she received him with a merry inquiry as to where he came from, in reference to some spirit-séance, to which he had lately taken her. He told her in answer that they had been inquiring of a spirit whether Jenny Lind had any talent which she would have developed but for the chance possession of a remarkable voice? and if so, what was it?

"'And the spirit said, it was working frocks for poor little children, I suppose,' was her immediate anticipation of the reply, uttered with an expression of arch earnestness which confirmed us in the opinion we have gradually formed, that a love of the comic and the joyous is the leading quality in her temperament.

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[*] The Chevalier Charles Edward Habicht.

"During the time that we remained near her, there were constant introductions. And in these she bandies no compliments. If a remark is made which has no rebound in it, she drops it with a monosyllable, and without ever gracing its downfall with an insincere smile. She affects no interest which she does not feel; and puts an abrupt end to a conversation which could only be sustained by mutual pretence of something to say; she differs suddenly and uncompromisingly when her sense of truth prompts her to do so; and repels, instead of even listening silently to, complimentary speeches. At all times, she is particularly honest and simple."

He describes how he took leave of her:—

"She had withdrawn from the crowd, and was sitting in one of the deep alcoves of the saloon; one of the trellised windows, which looked out upon the park, formed a background to her figure. She sat in a posture of careless and graceful repose, with her head bent on one side, her eyes drooped, and her hands crossed before her, in the characteristic habit which has been seized by the painters who have drawn her. There was an expression of dismissed care replaced by a kind of childlike and innocent sadness, which struck us as inexpressibly sweet, and which we mentally treasured as another of those phases of expressive beauty of which that strong face is capable. And as we looked on her, there suddenly appeared through the window behind, half concealed by her shoulder, the golden edge of the just-risen moon. It crept to her cheek before she had changed the attitude in which she indolently listened to her friend as he talked; and for a moment the tableau was complete. It was so startling, and yet so apt and so consistent, that, for an instant, it confused one's thoughts. . . . But the taking of a step forward disturbed it, . . . and we could only then call her attention to the bright orb lifting behind her. The moment after she had said 'Good-night,' and was gone."

That shall be our last vision of her. For we, too, must be saying Good-night, and be going.

LAST WORDS.

So she passes out beyond the range of this Memoir. We must force ourselves to part with her. She has finally and for ever shaken herself free from that theatrical career into which she had been thrown from her very infancy, and within which she had developed and matured all her artistic capacities. We have seen how she had deliberately and spontaneously cast it all away behind her, at the very moment when her wonderful histrionic powers were at the very height of their fulfilment. We know that she did this in obedience to the rooted convictions of her innermost self—convictions which had grown up within her secret will until they had become an imperious call on her spirit which no resistance or plea from without could break down, and no alluring fame or promise of wealth could beguile. She had done it in spite of all the world could do to prevent it. And now that it was done, she has found, as we have seen, that the path of Art is open as ever to her. She still can exercise her allotted mission to mankind; still can appeal to men through her marvellous gift of song; still can wake to finest issues all the nobility and purity and joy that lie asleep in human souls until the kiss of music breaks their sealing slumber. Still she can turn aside the golden treasures that men hoard or squander, from all the uses of luxury and the waste of pleasure, and can direct them down the channels that render them beneficent, and hallowed. Still she can move about the earth as a delight, a wonder, an apparition, lightening the load of sorrow, bringing good news of peace. Still, in each who heard her, the springs of joy would be set moving, and the true life would be purified, and changed. All this magnificent opportunity was still hers. We need not be afraid. There is a rich life ahead for her. In England, she will yet again, in her famous provincial tour of 1856, kindle an enthusiasm as magical as ever. In Holland, and on the Rhine, and throughout many a German city, for years to come, the old triumphs will repeat themselves.*

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* As our memoir closes at the American tour, we add in a note the dates of her principal performances in the years that follow, in which she now received the active co-operation of Mr. Goldschmidt. She sang during the early half of 1854 in Dresden, Berlin, Leipzig, Vienna, and Pesth. In 1855, after concerts in Hamburg and Bremen, she made a most brilliant tour from March to May in Holland, singing at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Leyden, Utrecht, the Hague, Haarlem, Dortrecht, and in Friesland. In the June of that year, she began her visit to the Lower Rhenish Festival at Düsseldorf, which she repeated in 1863 and 1866. From December, 1855, to June, 1856, she made a round of England, Scotland, and Wales, accompanied by a strong band of supporters,—F. Lablache, Weiss, Ernst, Sainton, Swift, and Piatti—and had a most extraordinary success.

In 1857–58, besides singing at Dresden, Prague, Breslau, Königsberg, Danzig, and Posen, she made a momentous appearance in the *Messiah*, at Halle, for the completion of the Handel monument.

In 1859 she went round the chief Irish towns, assisted by Belletti and Joachim; while in 1861–62 she sang in Concerts and Oratorios in England and Scotland, with the assistance of Belletti, Sims Reeves, and Piatti; besides giving three Oratorios, for charitable purposes, at Exeter Hall during the time of the International Exhibition.

In May and July of 1863 she took part in the historic revival of Handel's music to the *Allegro* and the *Penseroso* of Milton, and this music she sang again in the autumn at Liverpool and Manchester.

In the years that followed she would sing whenever a special occasion arose. It might be in *Messiah* for the Clergy Fund Corporation in January, 1865; or at Cannes at her one Concert on French soil in 1866 [See Vol. i. p. 150]; or the Musical Festival at Hereford in 1867; or, again, in Mr. Goldschmidt's *Ruth*, in 1869, in Hamburg and London; and again at Düsseldorf and in London in 1870 and 1871. In April, 1871, it is pleasant to see her take part in one more Concert with Madame Schumann at No. 14, Hyde Park Gardens. In May, 1873, she sang in Northumberland House before it was swept away by the new improvements; and after helping the Turkish Refugee Fund in February, 1877, and singing on

Yes! The voice—the perfected use of the voice—will remain to enthral and to exalt. But yet, we must confess that something is gone, which will never be again—the freedom of the Actress to place at the disposal of her voice, all the resources of her imaginative passion. This is gone for ever; and the question may still haunt us, Did she never regret the decision taken? Those accumulated stores of experience gained from childhood, exercised and trained by twenty years of work and of success—was it nothing to her that these were thrown to the winds? Did not the gift itself within her, so instinctive, so deep, stir at times and yearn for an outlet? Did she never, in all the long years, feel for the warmth and the inspiration of some heroic hour, when she had drawn men, spell-bound, into the sway of the passion to which she alone could give expression—when she had known that all the dividing bars were broken, and that she and they were made one in the thrill of a supreme emotion? Is it possible that any one should possess the power, and not at times, desire to use it?

The answer is absolute. No traces of such a regret are recorded, even by those most intimate with her, to have ever crossed her mind. Never, even in strictest confidence, does she seem to have uttered a word that tended to imply the existence of such a feeling. Far from falling under even the passing influence of such a regret at the step once taken, she does not appear to have been even moved by the impulse from within now and again just to liberate her pent-up skill. Not that she recoiled from the Stage itself with any

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behalf of the Albert Institute in a Royal Concert at Windsor in May, 1880, she made her last public appearance at a Concert given for the Railway Servants' Benevolent Fund at the Spa, Malvern Hills, on July 23rd, 1883. From 1876 to 1883 her main musical interest lay in leading and training the Soprani of the Bach Choir; while, from 1883 to 1886, she threw all her energies into her work for the School of Singing, in the Royal College of Music.

repugnance or moral condemnation. On the contrary, she would often go to the play; and would take an interest in this or that new actor or actress. She was, on these occasions, a rather merciless critic; and she would be very severe on any defect in technical training, or any stupidity of mannerism. All this came from her genuine appreciation of dramatic Art: she still recognised its high capabilities; she had not withdrawn her sympathies from it. And yet it never crossed her imagination that she might herself find joy in wielding the strange dominion again. She found a childlike delight in private, sometimes, in letting loose her marvellous gift of merry mimicry. Once, for instance, when quite alone with an intimate Swedish friend, she began to revel in making her laugh with the most whimsical imitations of the various celebrities of the stage at that day; and, after overflowing with brilliant fun over it, she exclaimed: "You see, I have not lost my old art!" as if she was glad to feel it was there. But, nevertheless, nothing seemed ever to suggest to her: "Would you not love to exercise that art as of old?"

Her fixed and unwavering sentiments are given in a very vivid letter, written, years after, to the same Herr Forsberg, of the War Office, to whom she wrote on the death of her mother. His deep interest in the Theatre had led him to send her a poem called "Thalia" in honour of the drama, which might wake up old memories. She, in answer, tells him how she came to see that all the tears shed on the stage were sham tears; and how, unsatisfied by success, she opened her Bible and there came upon these words (written on the margin of some text, by herself, as we suppose) "my newly-found Lord, who first taught me to shed the genuine tears." Her new religious experiences seem to have made the emotions of the Stage feel hollow, and superficial.

She, then, recalls the physical agonies that it entailed, of which she is vividly reminded by a scene of home-happiness.

"Walter" (her son), she writes, "is just at this moment rushing into the room dressed up in my jacket of the 'Figlia,' in which he is acting coachman, and is supremely happy: he has got a huge hat on, with a real cockade, and is offering to take me for a drive in his carriage, which is made out of chairs piled up on the table! I cannot refrain from comparing the present purpose of the jacket, and the anguish I felt when it covered my poor limbs. There is Walter, quite enchanted: and I was trembling all over while I wore it!"

This is, of course, an after-view which needs many qualifications; but it embodies the permanent impression left on her memory—a memory of bodily and mental misery. The Art was exercised at too heavy a cost. It took too much out of her.

In estimating the cost, we must remember her mode of acting. There is one form of the dramatic gift which lies in the power of self-abandonment, of absorption in a character foreign to the natural self—in a character taken up, assumed, worn, penetrated, as a study, by the intensity of the imagination. The actor leaves himself behind; and only imagines what that other character would feel under given circumstances. Such an actor keeps his own inner store of emotion unused; when he acts, he is not himself, but another person. But Jenny Lind has told us herself that she worked on the exactly opposite method. She carried herself into her parts. She could not act any character which she could not adopt for her own, or imagine herself to be. For the time, she was it. This is what limited her range. This is what debarred her from acting an evil character. She could not do it merely as a scientific impersonation; she must picture herself as inside the part; she must surrender herself to the sway of the evil passion to be portrayed.

Now, such a method would, no doubt, have overwhelming effect on happy occasions; but it is terribly expensive. It draws on the private resources; it exhausts the personal powers; it carries all the turmoil and pain of the Drama in within the secret recesses of the self. Such a process tears at the heart of life. It spends more than it can reclaim.

No wonder, that, as she looked back, the prevailing thought was mainly of the tortured nerves and exhausted vitality which such acting as this involved.

And not only did she escape from the torture of exhausted nerves: but more than that. She evidently felt a positive gain in inner freedom. Something there was in her deepest self, which sprang up into a liberated life when once she found herself a musician only, and not an actress as well. That is why she could never even feel as if she missed any fulfilment of her full powers.

And this element in her which found itself free was just that in her which constituted the very core of her artistic gift. For in herself, as in her art, she was a passionate Idealist. She had none of the realistic instincts, which delight in burrowing inside the crust of facts and incidents, ugly and repellent though they be, in order to drag out their inner secret. Her native tendency was, not to dig beneath the coarse rind, and pluck out its mystery, but to escape and soar away from all that was common and gross; she was like her chosen emblem the skylark,—

> "That singing still doth soar, and soaring ever singest."

She revolted from the narrowness and meanness of circumstance; she desired to overleap its cramping necessities. It did not respond to her spiritual requirements. Perplexities, shocks, obstacles,—these did not evoke in her a wish to master them; rather they jarred against her conscience; they drove her to indignant protest, and anxious inquiry. This shapeless, harsh, tumbling turmoil, in which man works out his actual story, struck upon her as an intolerable confusion. That was her temperament, and therefore it was that she was not sure of herself in the stress of action, in the thick of facts. She could not trust her own judgment. She was greatly subject to changing impressions, and to inconsequent influences. She lost her confidence. The field of active life was not her true ground. She was an Idealist. Only when aloof from the shift of bewildering Circumstance, did she rise to her full supremacy; and move with perfect consistency, and absolute security of foot.

She was an Idealist; that was her dominant self. And, therefore, it was, that she felt herself free and self-possessed when she had, once and for ever, cast out the theatrical interests which were dragging her in a cross direction. The Stage compelled her to be in constant contact with all the whirl, and noise, and jar of circumstance. It pinned her down to all the pettiness, the dishonourable inferiorities, of a restless conflict with a hard and unworthy environment. It imprisoned her within those jangling conditions from which her instinctive idealism was ever urging her to take wings and fly away. It could not go on. And, when once the effort of escape was over, she could not but feel herself rescued as from a prison. Her innermost being could put itself out, now, in music, with as little jar or fret from external accidents as was humanly possible. She could pass straight on to the concert platform from her inner musings, and could there deliver herself of her full message, just as it burned within her to give it, with nothing to consider except how to set it free in that form which her own inward judgment commended to her.

Music, then, gave to her idealism uninterrupted scope, while the accidental and external conditions of the Drama were incessantly traversing it; and it was, therefore, the musician that gained, at the cost of abandoning the actress. But yet further; behind the idealist lay the woman, with certain deep root instincts which only won their freedom through the surrender of the stage. Of these instincts we have spoken already. They were, first, the domestic instinct, with its intense desire for the stability of home. And, secondly, the religious instinct, with its yearning for inward peace. These emotions had no easy way in her, at the very best. The artist in her was very strong; she had all the ebbs and flows of impulse—the rapid susceptibility to changing influences, the shifts of temper, the sweeps of emotion, which make the artistic nature so perilous, and so difficult to control. She had to get all this in hand; she had to set herself to master all that aggravates the morbid humours of irritable nerves. It was all she could do so to manage that these deeper desires for stable peace could get forward towards their fulfilment. They needed every succour that external life could supply. And how then would they ever survive, so long as the impulsive and sensitive self was shaken and kindled by all the turbulence of a dramatic career? How would they have a chance of winning their footing, until she was released from that houseless wandering, amid uncongenial strangers, which such a career involves?

It was these twin instincts which suffered most obviously and most acutely, from the disturbance inevitable to the Stage; and it was their imperious pressure which impelled her to cut herself loose from that which hindered their freedom. Two little stories illustrate how she felt herself drawn to what she did. The first is domestic. In America, they tell how, at the very height of that unparalleled triumph, with all that great world ringing with her praise, she visited a young mother, and, after kissing the tiny, rosy baby, according to some Swedish fashion, on its ear and its heel, she turned to the mother and cried—"Ah, how I envy you! you have something to live for!" There is the woman's cry, breaking through the artist. It must not be taken for more than it is worth. She would often acknowledge the sufficiency of Art, hallowed to its highest purpose; and would be alive to the danger that besets Art from the domestic side. But, for all that, the voice spoke genuinely, out of her very soul. The fuller her artistic passion, the deeper grew her longing for a something at the background which should be, not the expression of life, but life itself.

And, then as to the religious motive. Once an English friend found her sitting on the steps of a bathing-machine, on the sands, with a Lutheran Bible open on her knee, and looking out into the glory of a sunset that was shining over the waters. They talked, and the talk drew near to the inevitable question, "Oh, Madame Goldschmidt, how was it that you ever came to abandon the stage, at the very height of your success?" "When, every day," was the quiet answer, "it made me think less of *this*" (laying a finger on the Bible) "and nothing at all of *that*" (pointing out to the sunset). "What else could I do?" The answer is obviously dramatic; not literal. She is using the immediate situation, in which she spoke, as a symbol of what she intended to convey. She is not giving the actual motives which took her from the stage; but she is interpreting the inner experience, which, for her, justified the original step, and which made it impossible to regret it. There, as she sat on the beach, she saw one more confirmatory instance, before her very eyes, of that secret which made her abandonment of the Stage so intelligible, and so satisfactory. The Bible, and the Sunset! There is what she always needed! There is what she wished at all cost to preserve. Each of them is closed and barred, to all who cannot bring to them a certain spiritual tone: and it was this tone which she found it impossible to preserve amid the disquieting distractions of an actress's life. There is nothing morbid, or morose in this judgment of hers. She is not bringing to bear upon the theatre any exaggerated temper of religious puritanism. Even if, at the moment of the actual withdrawal, she was possessed by influences which disturbed her normal conscience, yet even then she repudiated, with hot indignation, any aspersion which implied contempt for her profession. And her determination to withdraw ran back far behind the time when that special form of religious puritanism affected her: and it lasted on, with undiminished strength, long after she had recovered, again, her more habitual judgment. No! It was religion, if you will, that moved her; but it was the simple and wholesome religion of a pious soul, who felt that she *must* retain the plain and primitive peace, which is the secret of all high and noble living—that she must sacrifice all, rather than suffer the turmoil of the world to blind her eyes to those mysterious visions that are thrown open through the gates of a sunset, or are set stirring by the still voices of the Bible. So she deliberately judged; and for that judgment she alone could know fully the grounds; and she alone can bear the responsibility. Only, let us be clear what that responsibility exactly involved. It was not that she withdrew from man's service the gifts entrusted to her for his use: for she always felt that her best gift, that of song, gained, rather than lost by her sacrifice of the Stage. She was not, then, sacrificing her proper mission for the sake of the woman's need of relief, and peace; rather she felt herself to be paying the price that her full artistic mission to mankind asked of her. And the whole of her after-life seemed to be to justify the decision taken. She never saw any cause to doubt but that what God had asked of her, that she had done. And, certainly, the choice she made did justify itself by its spiritual results. By it she did retain the eyes which could look out into the sunset, and the heart that could read the Bible. By it she did keep herself, to the last, "unspotted by the world," untouched by meaner motives, untainted by the breath of jealousy, or by the suspicion of earthly ambition. Nothing ever brought low that strange nobility of mind which was her mark, and her possession. Nothing ever clouded or discoloured that strain of haughty purity, which penetrated her being. Always she was shut away from the fever, and the fret, that harries high spirits into disquietude, and vexes them with the miserable sense that they have slipped down from their true estate. Faults she had; blunders she made; we have not disguised or ignored them. But they were the faults and blunders to which such a character as we have here attributed to her, is liable. They were of the kind which belong, naturally enough, to the high-strung intensity of her life. They came from the misjudgments of genius; from the recoil of a noble and trustful innocence; from the reaction of vehement aspirations; from the disproportion to which artistic inspiration is so prone. Such failings and infirmities are, themselves, the evidence of the strain laid upon the will by the force of the ideal towards which it is set. Life, for her, was difficult to manage rightly, and smoothly, just because she had kept her spiritual temper unflawed and unbeguiled. Still, through all her perplexities, and bewilderments, she never ceased to walk, with the star of a divine mission clear above her head. She kept the heart and the simplicity of a child. She had the same faith in God, with which a child looks for a father's blessing, and trusts in the pardon of Jesus.

So we have watched her pass unscathed from out of the rough and dangerous obscurity in which her days began, through all the temptations with which the most overmastering and bewildering success can encompass and perplex the path of a world's favourite—until we leave her, lifted high above the perils that beset the lower way, secure of herself, secure of a home, secure of spiritual peace.

There are few careers, which have a more fascinating tale to tell of rapid and brilliant passage out of darkness into triumph, out of poverty and harshness into a blaze of glory. But there is no career which can leave a deeper impression of the entire supremacy, over all the world can bring, of the spiritual motive. She is given everything; and yet all is as nothing, if it does not leave her free to sit alone by the sea-shore, and to look at the sunset, and at the old Lutheran Bible, with the pure eyes that can see God.

That was the verdict of Jenny Lind; and that verdict was the secret of her peculiar power. Therefore it is, that she has left in men's memories the name of one who, rare and splendid as were her gifts, was yet, herself, greater than her gifts—of one whose voice sang to them as no other ever sung, because it came charged with some high message that "no ear hath ever heard." In all this, her life was a standing witness against the fallacy that haunts the popular use of the phrase, "Art for Art's sake." Nothing, indeed, could sunder, or weaken her loyalty to Art. She was an artist of the artists. She was true, in her artistic allegiance, to the very backbone; and would suffer no alien dominion within the frontiers that Art might claim. But with her whole soul, she disbelieved in any attempt to allot to Art a domain separate from the integral and central self: and that integral and central self was spiritual; and, if spiritual, then, of inward and inherent necessity, moral. Art could never be isolated from this animating principle of which it was the expression and the embodiment. It was, in itself, however subtle and delicate its mechanical organisation, yet but a lifeless body, unless it were filled, and penetrated, and transfigured by the breath of this spiritual soul. Here, then, lay its spring of strength. And it is Art itself, therefore, that demands of the artist the sacrifice of all that hinders the purity of its central source. Yes! the very treasures and gifts of Art might have to be surrendered in order to preserve the life itself. The right eye might have to be plucked out, the right hand cut off, rather than that the spiritual faculty, which alone could use the hand and the eye, should be itself ruined, or lost. That we repeat was Jenny Lind's unswerving creed: and, under the sanction of that creed, she counted the magnificence of her dramatic triumphs as a very little thing, in comparison with the duty of retaining her highest gift in its noblest exercise.

We have spoken of this act of hers as of a renunciation, a sacrifice: how else could we speak of it, when we recall the splendid fame that she abandoned? And, yet, was there anyone who ever bore upon her less sign of effort or of struggle in her surrender? It hardly seemed to have cost her a pang to let it go, so strong upon her was the motive-pressure of the ideal for the sake of which she cast it all behind her. Indeed, she was most strangely independent, not merely of fame, but even of that free and public exercise of her gifts which many a high artistic soul craves as its essential environment. Not only in the resignation of the Stage, but in after years, also, when she had practically withdrawn from public singing, she seemed to make her surrender with the same ease. She had no instinctive hunger for opportunities of self-manifestation. There was no restless desire to feel her old power at work. The musical ideal was high, and serious as ever; but she could nurse it alone, or with the few who knew. And the firmer the ideal, the more rooted grew her horror of all the friction, and the harshness of publicity.

So she lived, without a passing shadow of regretful ambition, for thirty-seven years after her great decision. At home in England, her adopted land, she saw grow up, about her feet, her children, and her children's children; and to the very last, she found her deepest joy in the simplicities of children's feasts, and in the sweet homeliness of country-scenes. So she lived, quiet and aloof, in honourable dignity, in freedom and in beneficence, unvexed by clamour, untraversed by intrigue. The affections of friends she had ever about her, intimate and reverential: and the repose of home; and the trustfulness of wedded love. This was the background she vitally needed in order to secure herself against the ruin of unrest, and to retain, in their integrity, her native nobility of soul, her spiritual solemnity, her perfect purity of tone. So she remained to the very end, original, separate, exalted; leaving, when she died,* to all those who loved her, the impression of something unique and incomparable,—

——"the memory of what has been
And never more will be."

Never more here, on earth! Never more will men listen enthralled by the sound of that singing in which the very soul of poetry and holiness seemed to have found for itself a living vehicle, a spiritual body.

No! Never more here! But all the gifts that were in her, penetrated as they were by spiritual significance, told of immortality. Such a presence as hers, erect and prophetic, was itself a pledge that its life cannot be spilt as water in the dust. It may be burdened, as she was, by the perplexities that encompass it with darkness, but it cannot doubt the secret which it holds in itself: it cannot doubt its own unconquerable hope: it cannot doubt its own witness to the necessity of an eternal home where that which here was but suggested will be achieved—that which here did but begin shall be fulfilled. Of her, if of any, is the poet's word true—

---

* She died, at Wynds Point, her cottage on the Malvern Hills, on November 2nd, 1887.

> "Sorrows are hard to bear; and doubts are slow to clear;
> Each sufferer has his say; his tale of the weal or woe;
> But God has a few of us whom He whispers in the ear:
> The rest may reason and welcome! 'Tis we musicians know!" *

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* 'Abt Vogler' by Robert Browning.

APPENDIX I.

Copy of a letter to the Editor of "Biografiskt Lexicon" (Sweden), Dean P. Wieselgren, and given by him to his son, the then acting Editor of this work, H. Wieselgren; autograph of Madame Goldschmidt,[*] dated:—

[†] Ems, Nassau,
Villa de Bériot,
7th Septemb. 1865.

HONOURED SIR AND DOCTOR!—

Pardon me for not having been able, immediately, to answer your kind letter, but, when it arrived, I was just starting on a journey, and have ever since been on the move, so that my head has not been cool enough to answer, clearly, the important questions about my humble person.

I am afraid the old Count de la Gardie has said more than, in his position, he has quite the right to say!—for, to my knowledge, His Excellency had nothing in the least to do with bringing me on in this vain world; for until I had achieved my so-called great success (succès!) on the boards, I never either heard or saw anything of that old man, with his stately figure and dignified appearance.

For me mankind, in general, has done very little. I never was in want of anything, and asked help of no one. My mother provided for me by her own exertions and talents. She, like myself, had the greatest horror of all that was connected with the stage. My beloved, revered grandmother, in virtue of her being the widow of a citizen, had rooms in the widows' home provided by the town (Stockholm). There, I often visited her, and as I sang with every step I took and with every jump of my childish feet, so I am sure to have sung during my visits to her.

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[*] See vol. i. p. 17.

[†] The original autograph is now at the Royal Public Library at Stockholm.

The person whom alone I have to thank for the first discernment of my gift of song, was the Court Secretary Crœlius, who then was the Singing-Master at the Royal Theatre. He told me all that in later years came to pass with me, and it was he who, when Count Puke (the then Director of the Theatre) would not even look at me,—being at the time a small, ugly, broad-nosed, shy, "gauche," altogether undergrown girl,—then said: "Well, if M. le Comte will not hear her, then I will teach her gratuitously, and she will one day astonish you." Count Puke heard me instantly, and asked my mother at once to consent to my being enrolled as a scholar of the school in connection with the Royal Theatre. Consequently, it is Count Puke and Crœlius to whom I am indebted for the discernment of my gifts—and I know of no others.

In the year 1841 (when I had the great pleasure of making your acquaintance, honoured Hr. Doctor), my visit to his Excellency was not one elicited by gratitude, but simply followed his kind invitation.

Jenny Lind was always my name—I was never *called* Johanna. I was born in 1820, went to Paris in 1841—and returned after having studied there for one year.

As to the greater part of what I can do in my art, I have myself acquired it by incredible work, and in spite of astonishing difficulties; it is from Garcia alone that I learned some few important things. To such a degree had God written within me what I had to study. My ideal was (and is) so high, that no mortal was to be found who, in the least degree, could satisfy my demands; therefore I sing after no one's "méthode"—only after that of the birds (as far as I am able); for their Teacher was the only one who responded to my requirements for truth, clearness, and expression . . . .

If now your son, Hr. Doctor, can see his way to drawing from these lines something like common sense, then please let him do so, to use in such way as seems good to him, provided, however, that no individual—living or departed—would thereby be wounded.

My very best thanks for the kind greetings I occasionally have received through countrywomen of mine; it is a great pleasure to hear something—if even only now and then—from my honoured Hr. Doctor.

Asking you warmly to include me in your prayers, I remain, with the deepest respect,

Yours, Hr. Doctor,

Humbly and affectionately,

JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

NOTE.—In reading this letter, it must be remembered that it is written in answer to definite questions put to her, *i.e.* (1) as to the private influence or support that first brought her forward; and, (2) as to the school in which she learned her "méthode." It is in meeting the first question that she declares, without qualification, that she had never received, or needed any artificial favour. Her gifts had been discerned by the proper authorities; that was all that had happened. As to the second inquiry, she can answer roundly that she belongs to no particular, or special School of Singing. It will be seen, from the letter itself, that it was written *en voyage;* that it was only intended to supply the rough material from which some "common sense" might be extracted; and that nothing in it was so to be used as to wound anybody, living or dead.

APPENDIX II.

THE JENNY LIND SCHOLARSHIPS FUND AT STOCKHOLM. 1848 TO 1891.

Record.

1848.—April 12. Twenty-two thousand Swedish dollars banco (£1,833),* representing the entire sum of her own gains during her last dramatic season at Stockholm (December, 1847, to April, 1848), were placed by Mademoiselle Jenny Lind in the hands of two trustees (one of them being her guardian, Judge Munthe) to serve as the nucleus of a "Fund for the education and support of pupils at the Royal Theatre School."

1848–1854.—By capitalising the interest, the "Fund," at the end of 1854, amounted to something over 29,000 Swedish dollars banco (about £2,400).

At this time, Madame Goldschmidt decided upon changing the immediate Object of the Fund, owing, as she writes in an *exposé* of October 16, to the fact that "the original sum of 22,000 dollars banco, although somewhat increased through accumulation of interest, will become sufficient only at too distant a period for the attainment of all the objects I had in view when starting the fund;" and while hitherto it had been called in the accounts of the trustees, "Fund for the education of pupils at the theatre," it was henceforth termed: "Fru Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt's Stipendiifond."

1855–1860.—No demand was made upon the Fund under its fresh title during these five years. The interest was again capitalised, and by the end of 1859 the capital amounted to 36,700 dollars banco, equivalent to 55,000 crowns, of the new currency (about £3,000).

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* See Book VIII., Ch. II., pp. 195 and 203.

1860.—By a document dated September 6, 1860, the donatrix stipulated that when the capital had reached the sum of 60,000 crowns, the income was to be used for the granting of one or two travelling scholarships to Swedish-born students (male or female), of acknowledged good conduct, and showing particular talent either for Music, Painting, Sculpture, or Architecture, who having already received at home the requisite preparation in their respective branches of art, are desirous "to obtain by travel and residence in foreign lands more complete instruction and the highest possible development in the exercise of their respective branches of the fine arts."

The deed recites farther: "That such scholarships are to be competed for before a committee of experts at Stockholm.

"That the donatrix reserves to herself a veto; and that each scholarship, when bestowed, is to be held for one year, subject to renewal, for not exceeding three years.

"Also, that in case of the donatrix's death, her husband is to stand in her place, and to become one of three trustees."

1862.—In the year 1862, the fund had attained the stipulated amount of 60,000 crowns, and more.

Under the foregoing conditions, the following scholars were subsequently elected:—

1863–1866.—ANDERS PETTERSON, violinist and musician (now attached to the teaching staff of Rugby School, England).

1866–1869.—ERNST JACOBSSON, architect (now Professor at the Royal Academy of Arts of Sweden, and Inspector of the Royal Palaces).

1869.—AUGUST SÖDERMAN, composer and conductor (since dead).

1870–1874.—J. A. HÄGG, pianist and composer.

Owing to the Scholarship having been granted to one individual only at a time, the capital increased by funding the surplus interest, amounting at the close of 1875 to nearly 80,000 crowns (about £4,400), and the donatrix now decided upon farther development of the scheme.

1876.—"In order," she writes, to the two Royal Academies of Sweden, that of the Fine Arts and that of Music, under date of June 12, 1876, "in order to farther enlarge the scope of what has already been attempted with the means available from this Scholarship Fund, and while in the main agreeing with the earlier dispositions governing it, I have determined that the capital amounting, on December 31, 1875, to 79,719 crowns, 71 öre, shall be divided at the end of the present year into two equal parts, and be handed over permanently, one portion to the Royal Academy of Music, and the second portion to the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, for the establishment of Travelling Scholarships, of the amount of 3,000 crowns each (4,000 francs = £160), at the Royal Academy of Music for musicians, and at that of the Fine Arts, for either painters, sculptors, or architects."

Conditions similar to those of September, 6, 1860 (see p. ii.), are then laid down regarding qualifications of candidates, viz., as to acknowledged good conduct, decided talent, previous adequate preparation, sexes, limitation of age, &c.; but no Scholarship is to be announced for competition until and unless the income permits of its amount being 3,000 crowns, as previously stated in the letter of June 12, 1876.

The Fund, and consequently the Scholarships, from both institutions, are to bear the name—

"JENNY LIND STIPENDII."

The two Academies* having each received, and acknowledged on December 27, 1876, the sum of 41,783 crowns 75 öre, accepted the proferred trust with the above-named regulations laid down in the letter of the gift of June 12, 1876—and since that date, in accordance with the mode of election respectively obtaining at each of the Academies, the Scholarships have been competed for with the following result:

Royal Academy of Music.	*Royal Academy of Fine Arts.*
1885 and 1886.—FRÖKEN VALBORG AULIN, Composer and Pianist.	1886–1889.—HERR AXEL A. H. JUNGSTEDT, Painter.
1888, 1889, and 1890.—HERR CARL AUGUST SÖDERMAN,† Dramatic Singer.	1889–90.—HERR CHRISTIAN ERIKSSON, Sculptor.

(The above record, assisted by notes from Judge Carl Munthe, has been compiled from documents and letters by Otto Goldschmidt, February, 1891.)

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* On August 26, 1876, the Royal Academy of Fine Arts unanimously elected Mde. Lind-Goldschmidt an *Honorary Member*, a distinction accorded—so writes the President—for the first time. The donatrix had been a member of the Royal Academy of Music since the year 1840.

† Son of the composer Söderman, elected in 1869.

APPENDIX OF MUSIC.

COMPILED AND EDITED

BY

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SWEDISH ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
HON. MEMBER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
MEMBER OF THE COUNCIL OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC, ETC.

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APPENDIX OF MUSIC.

PREFATORY REMARKS.

There has been a consensus of opinion among those who have been engaged in the production of these volumes, that the *Art-Life* would be rendered more complete by including some of the *Cadenze* and other adornments, which are acknowledged to have greatly enhanced the charm of Madame Goldschmidt's performances, both on the Stage and in the Concert Room.

I have therefore put together (for this work) a selection of her *Cadenze*, and have added two Scandinavian songs, and two entire numbers from Bellini's *Sonnambula* and Rossini's *Barbiere*, with the embellishments introduced by her.

The Memoir has for obvious reasons been limited to a certain date; but no such restraint appeared requisite in this Appendix of Music; and indeed, had this prevailed, few only of the *Cadenze* here given could have been included; for some were composed in connection with the Concert Room, others again were written for pupils, and all, I may state, whether owing to revision or to the actual date of their composition, reflect in the form here given a maturer time of life than that at which the Memoir ends.

This remark applies distinctly also to the practice of the shake *(il trillo)*, which was considered by Madame Goldschmidt the choicest of ornaments.

Among her papers were found, written down, some bars of music illustrating the way in which she not only practised the shake herself, but also latterly taught it to others; and more particularly caused it to be practised day by day by her pupils at the Royal College of Music. The technical chapter near the end of Book VIII., headed "The Method," appeared, however, the more fitting place for the insertion of this illustration, and to that it has consequently been assigned.

In order to make the following *Cadenze* practically useful both to the *Maestro* and the Adept of *Il Divino Canto*, I have indicated the precise bars where they were introduced with so much effect. If any are found available for practical use, provided the name of the authoress is acknowledged, the main object of their publication will be attained.

In Book VIII., Chapter VII., and also in Book IX., Chapter V., testimony is borne to the literal way in which Madame Goldschmidt—without any change—adhered to the text of the Oratorio, as indicated by the great composers. So there cannot be examples from this source.

Madame Schumann, Herr Hauser, and others, give like testimony, regarding her loyal rendering of Mozart's music; I am therefore unable to present more than three *Cadenze* connected with the music of Mozart, and these only because the composer himself had indicated the place for their introduction.

Farther information will be found preceding the several numbers in this Appendix, and it remains only for me gratefully to acknowledge the assistance I have received in connection with several of the following examples from two of my late wife's pupils, viz., Mdlle. Amalia Riego,* of Stockholm, at present in the United States, and Miss Anna Russell (now Mrs. Barton), from Ireland, elected to one of the original open Scholarships in the Royal College of Music, London.

OTTO GOLDSCHMIDT.

LONDON, *February*, 1891.

---

* Mdlle. Riego, a pupil of Herr Berg, Madame Goldschmidt's early master, was earnestly recommended, in an autograph letter by His Majesty King Oscar II. of Sweden and Norway, for tuition by Madame Goldschmidt, who consequently gave her instruction for two years.

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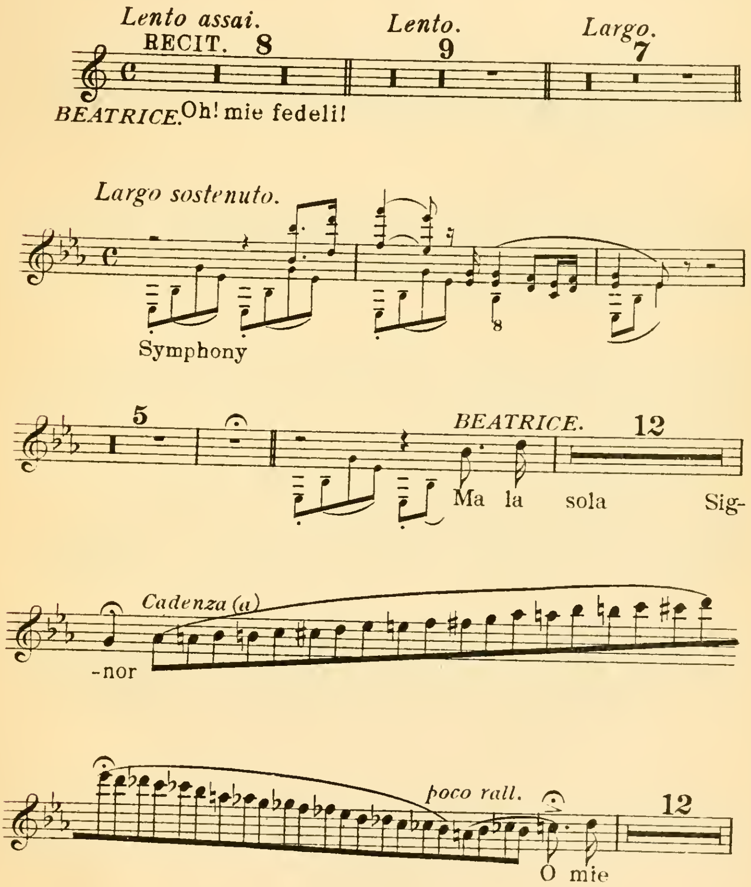
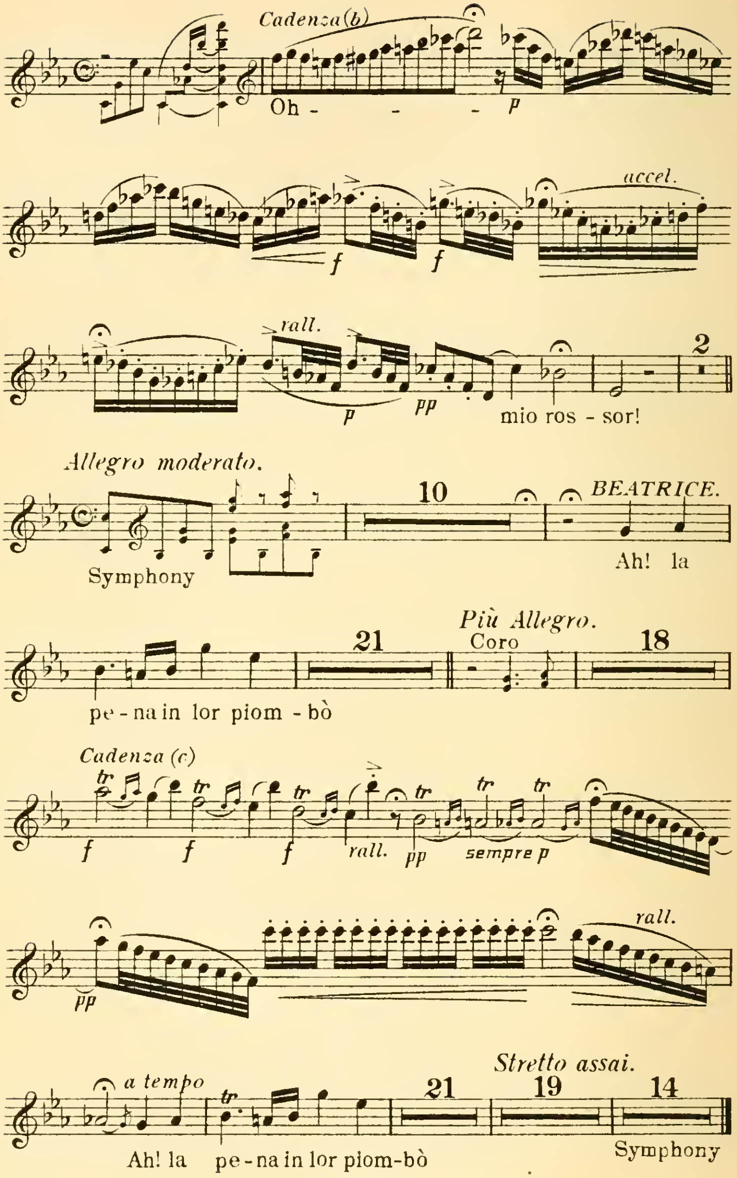
Nº 1.

Bellini's Opera *BEATRICE DI TENDA* Nº 6 Cavatina (3 Cadenze.)

Cadenze b and c were by Madame Goldschmidt's permission included in the late Mr. H. C. Deacon's Article on *"Singing"* in Grove's Dictionary of Music. They are given here again together with Cadenza (a) in a form shewing the bars in which she introduced them at many Concerts.

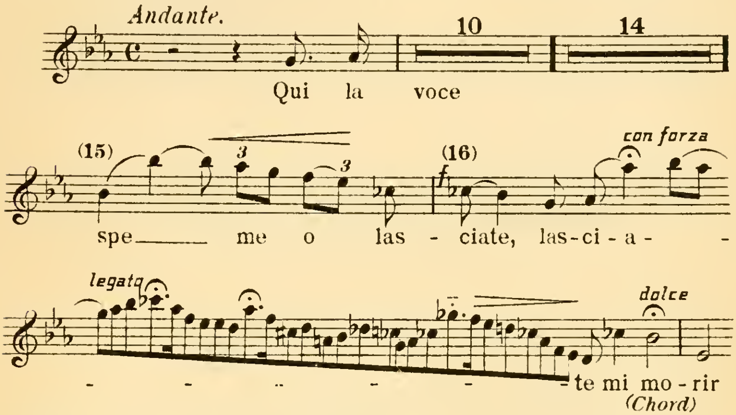



Cadenza(b)
Oh - - -
p
f
f
accel.
rall.
p
pp
mio ros - sor!
2
Allegro moderato.
Symphony
10
BEATRICE.
Ah! la
pe - na in lor piom - bò
21
Più Allegro.
Coro
18
Cadenza (c)
f
f
f
rall.
pp
sempre p
pp
rall.
a tempo
Ah! la
pe - na in lor piom-bò
Stretto assai.
21
19
14
Symphony

Nº 2.

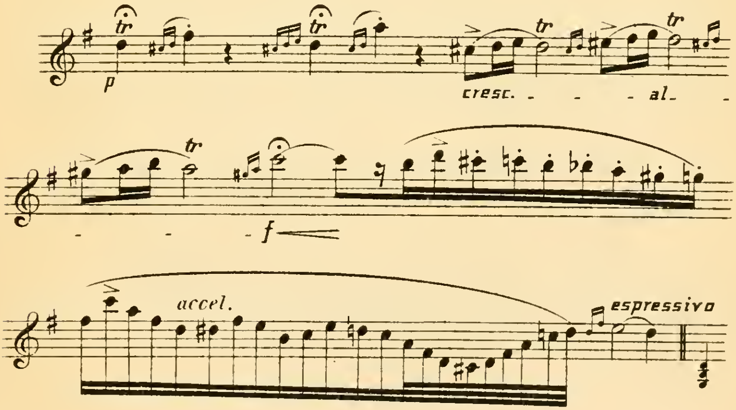
Bellini's *"I PURITANI"* Act II. Scena Nº 7. *Andante: Elvira, "Qui la voce."*

Madame Goldschmidt, more particularly in later years, when singing the *Andante* only – without the *Allegro* which follows – repeated the 17 bars at the end of this movement, substituting the *second* time instead of Bellini's bars 15 and 16 (in the voice part) the following two.



Nº 3.

Donizetti's *"LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR"* Nº 15. Cavatina (Paris. Published by Edmond Mayaud) *Larghetto* $\frac{6}{8}$ *in G. "Perchè non ho"* bar 33, Cadenza.✢)

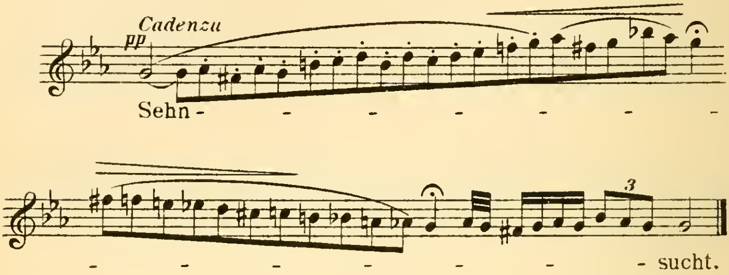


✢) Introduced in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians Vol. III. page 508, also in the Musical Union Record, 1849.

Nº 4.

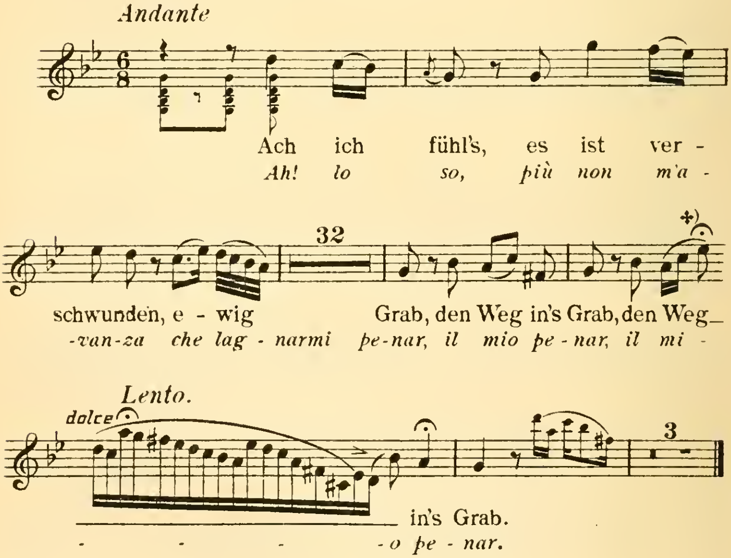
This Cadenza was sent to Ferdinand Hiller as a contribution to the well-known collection of Autographs which he left to the town of Cologne.

The inscription accompanying the Music is as follows "*Herrn Doctor Ferdinand von Hiller zur freundlichen Erinnerung von Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt. London, November 1884.*"



Nº 5.

Mozart's "*DIE ZAUBERFLÖTE*" Act II. Nº 18. Aria. *Pamina.*


Andante
Ach ich fühl's, es ist ver -
Ah! lo so, più non m'a -
32
+)
schwunden, e - wig Grab, den Weg in's Grab, den Weg
-van-za che lag - narmi pe-nar, il mio pe - nar, il mi -
Lento.
dolce
3
in's Grab.
- - - - o pe - nar.

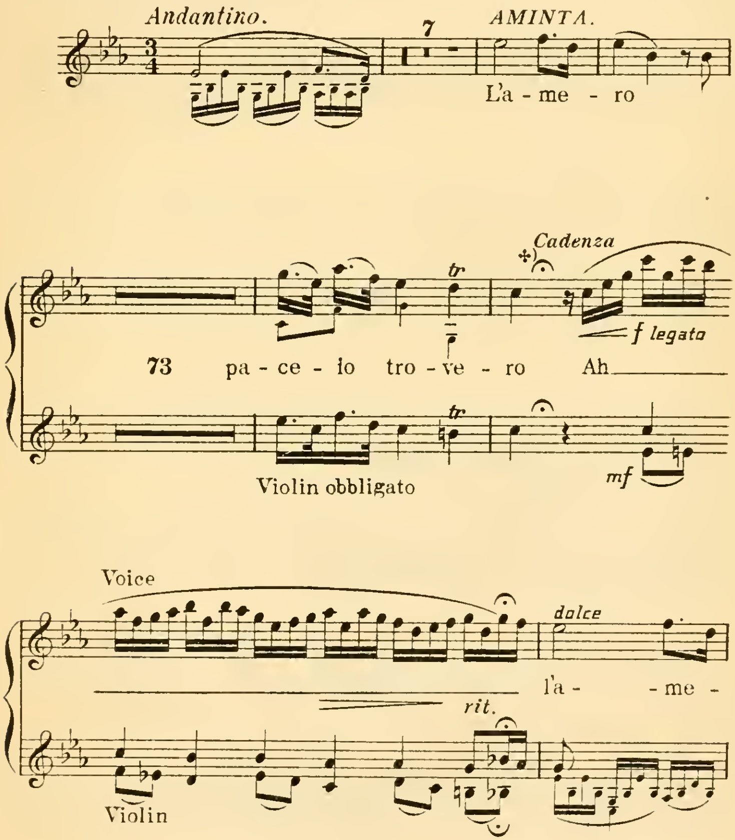
+) The Composer himself has placed this pause and indicated a Cadenza.

Nº 6.

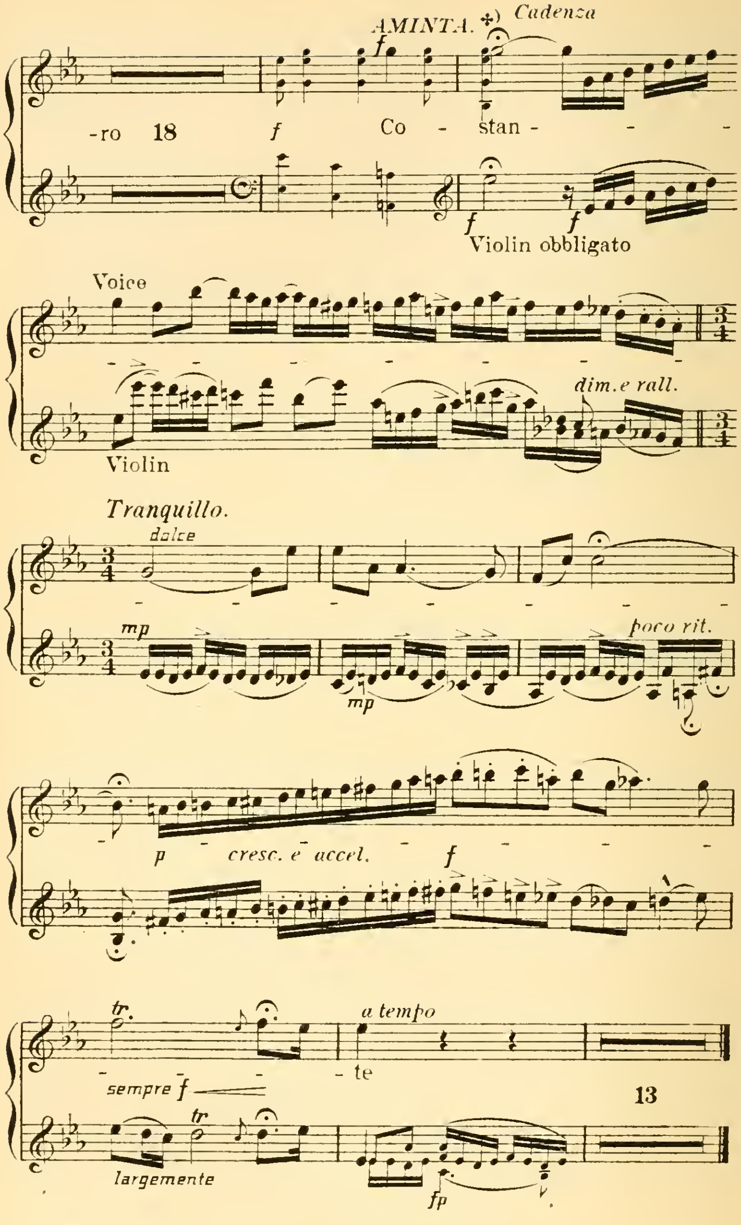
Mozart's Opera in two Acts *"IL RE PASTORE"* composed in 1775 (words by Metastasio) Nº 10. Aria (with Violin obbligato.)

The following two *Cadenze* were composed in the autumn of 1854 by Madame Goldschmidt in collaboration with Herr Fr. Schubert (at the time First Concertmeister of the Royal Orchestra at Dresden.)

Madame Goldschmidt accompanied by Herr Schubert and subsequently by other Distinguished Violinists, sang the Aria with the addition of these *Cadenze*, at many Public Concerts, and also at Musical Festivals in Germany; they have not hitherto been published with authority.



✢) Mozart has here indicated a Cadenza.



✣) Mozart has here indicated a Cadenza.

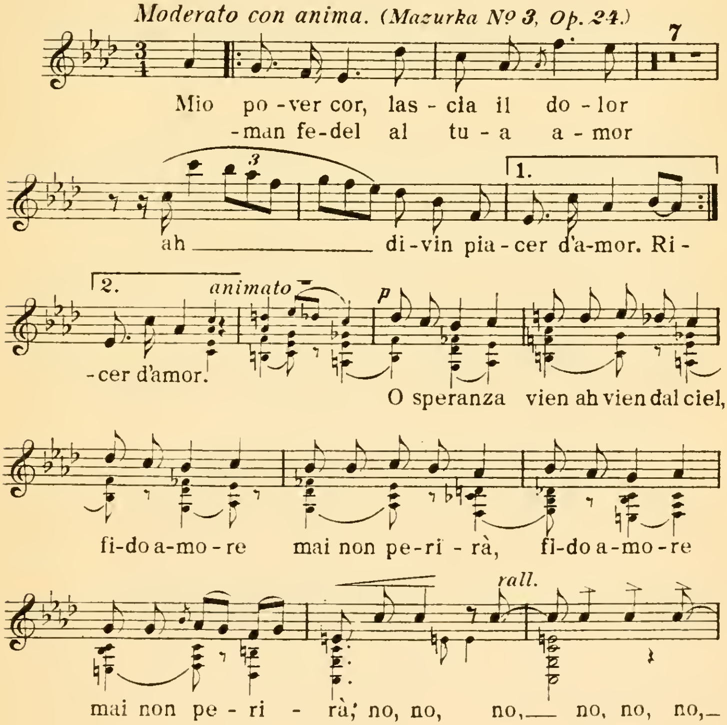
Nº 7.

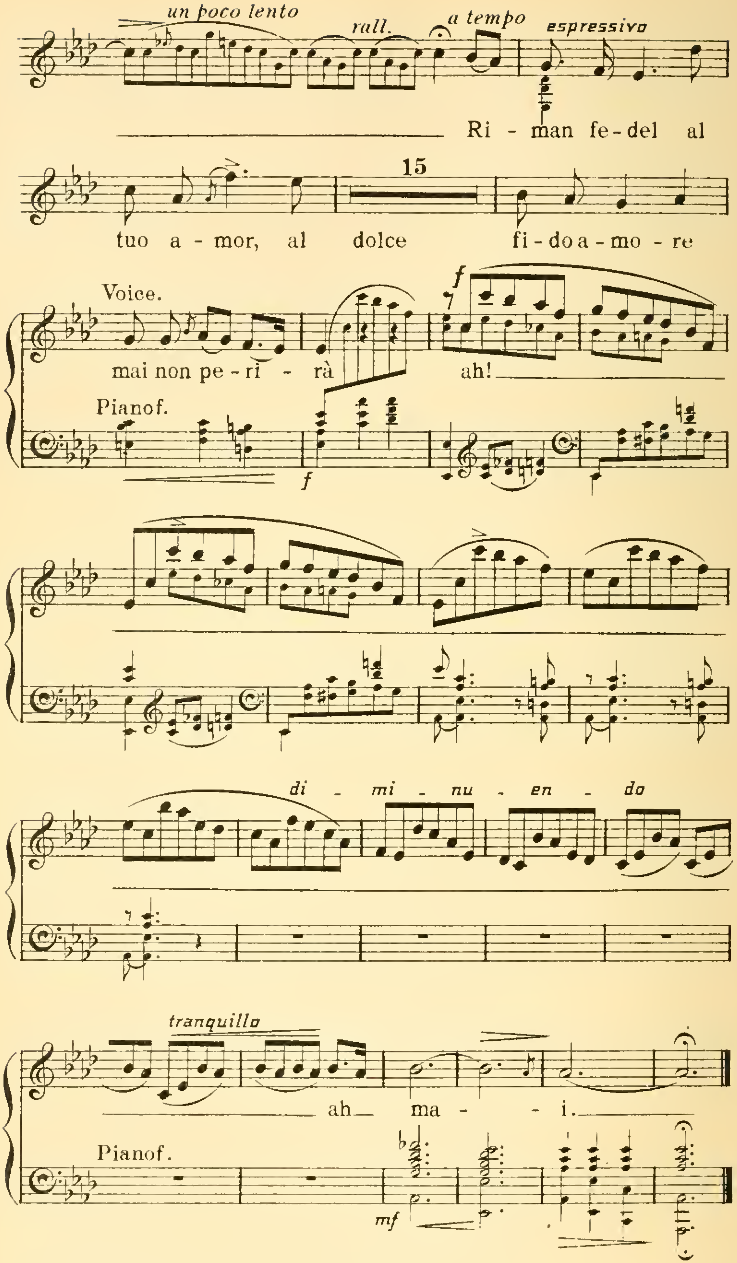
The following Cadenza forms the ending of the *"RECUEIL DE MAZOURKAS de F. Chopin"* set to Italian words for (Soprano) Voice with Pianoforte obbligato (by Otto Goldschmidt) and sung by Madame Goldschmidt, from the year 1855, at her Concerts in Germany, Holland, and Great Britain.

The Mazourkas introduced are four, viz: Op. 50, Nº 2. in A flat, Op. 30, Nº 1. C minor, and Nº 2. B minor, and lastly Op. 24, Nº 3. of which Madame Goldschmidt sang the concluding strain, expanded on Chopin's own lines, as given on the next page in its entirety.

This "Recueil" has not been published.

Moscheles, having heard this piece, in November 1857, at the Gewandhaus at Leipzig, entered in his Diary the strain in bar 10, going up to the high C, differently, He wrote from recollection only; but in this form it has found a place not only in his Biography (Vol. II, London 1873) but also in Grove's Dictionary of Music Vol. II, page 141, and possibly elsewhere. Chopin's melody, however, had not been altered, and Madame Goldschmidt sang it as written by the Composer.

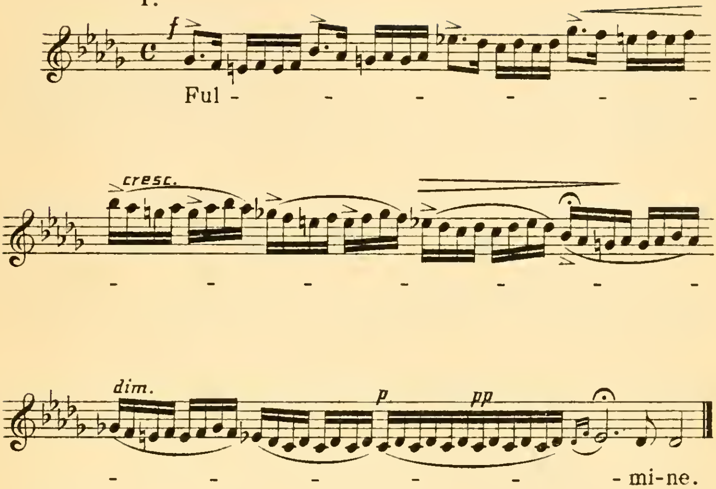

Moderato con anima. (Mazurka Nº 3, Op. 24.)
Mio po-ver cor, las-cia il do-lor
-man fe-del al tu-a a-mor
7
3
1.
ah di-vin pia-cer d'a-mor. Ri-
2.
-cer d'amor.
animato
p
O speranza vien ah vien dal ciel,
fi-do a-mo-re mai non pe-ri-rà, fi-do a-mo-re
rall.
mai non pe-ri-rà, no, no, no, no, no, no,


un poco lento
rall.
a tempo
espressivo
Ri - man fe - del al
tuo a - mor, al dolce
15
fi - do a - mo - re
Voice.
mai non pe - ri - rà
ah!
Pianof.
f
di - mi - nu - en - do
tranquillo
ah ma - - i.
Pianof.
mf

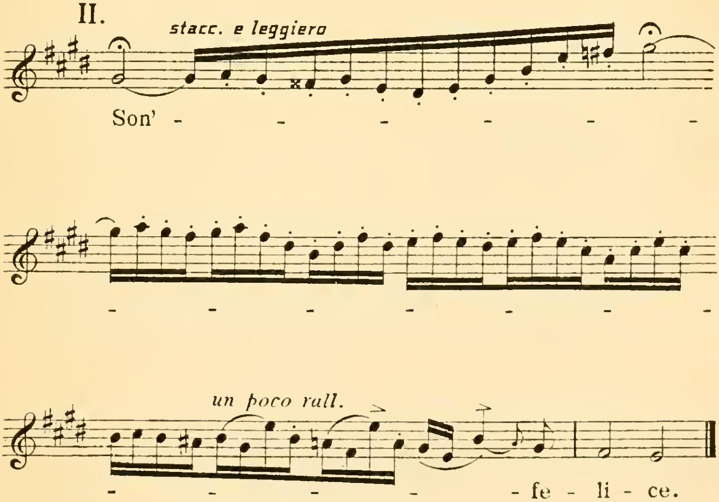
№ 8.

Deux Cadences d'Etude.

I.

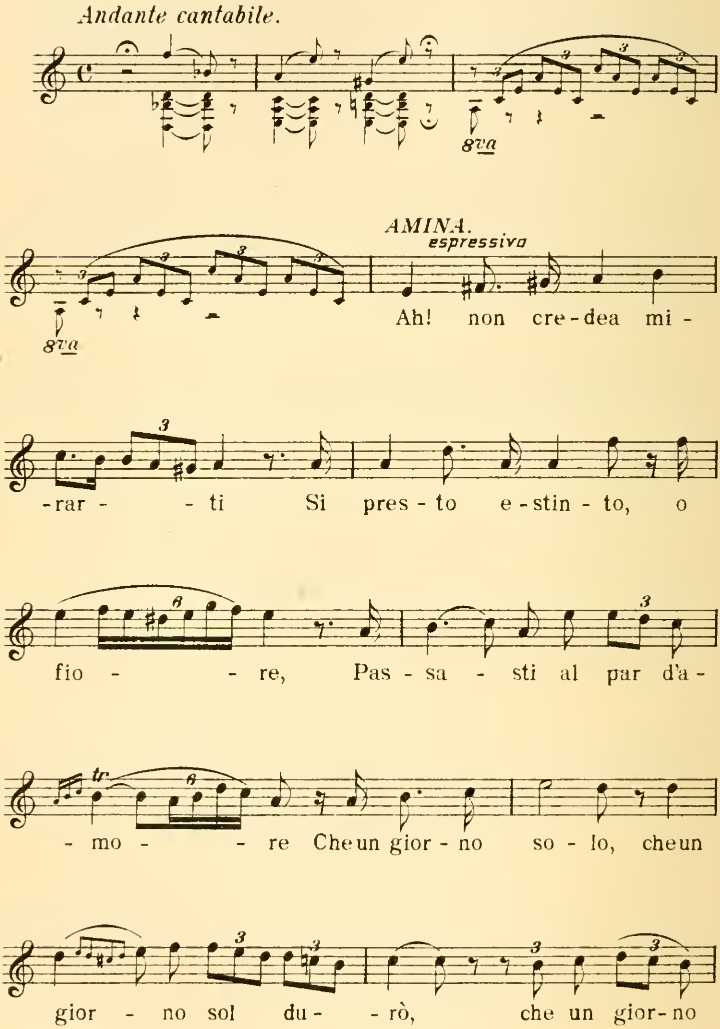


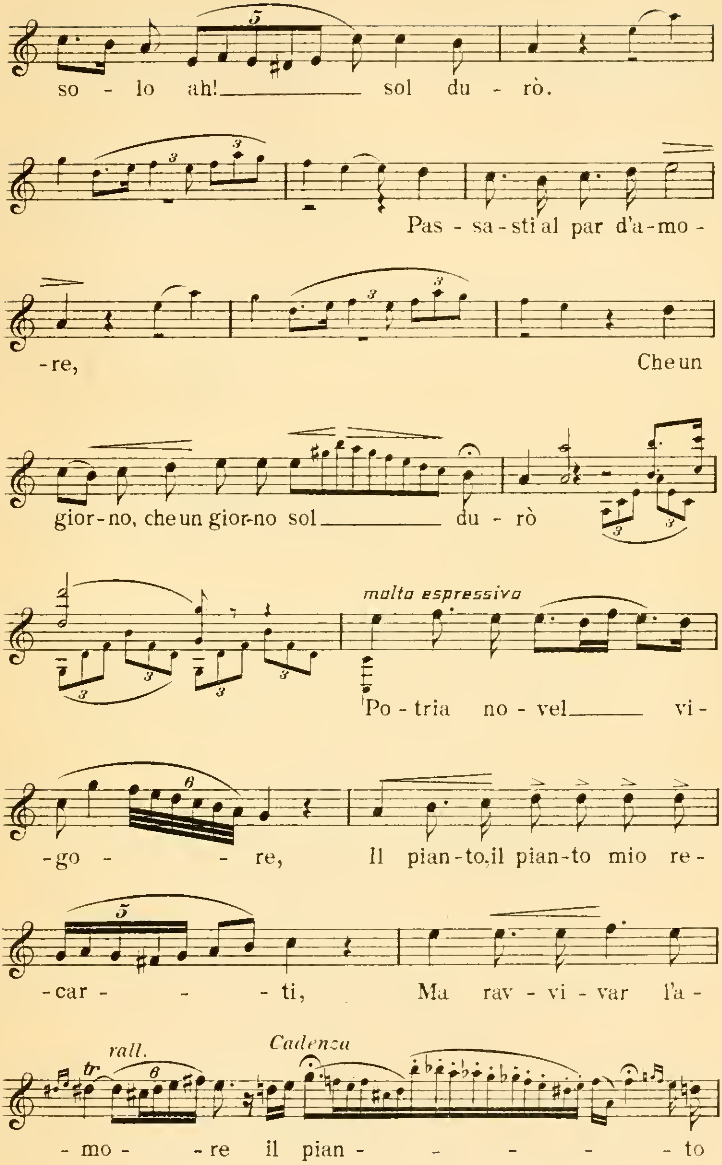
II.

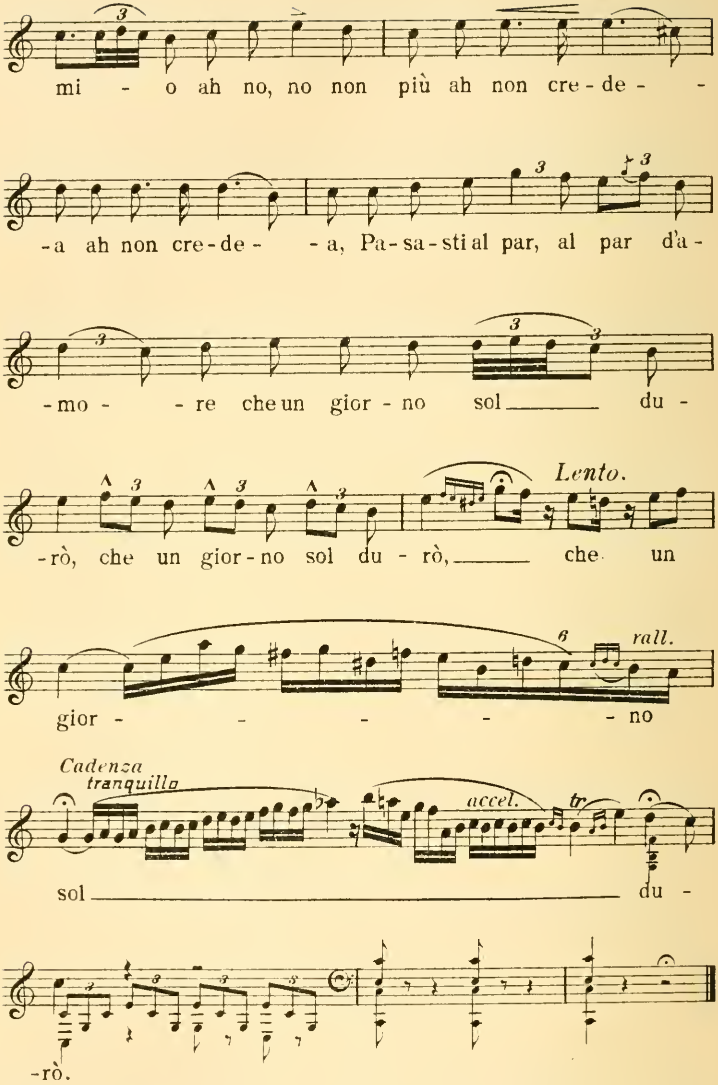


No 9.

Bellini's "*LA SONNAMBULA*" Aria "*Ah non credea*" from the Finale of the last Act as sung by Mademoiselle Lind on the Stage and subsequently at her Concerts by Madame Goldschmidt.


Andante cantabile.
8va
8va
AMINA.
espressivo
Ah! non cre-dea mi-
-rar-ti Si pres-to e-stin-to, o
fio-re, Pas-sa-sti al par d'a-
tr
-mo-re Che un gior-no so-lo, che un
gior-no sol du-rò, che un gior-no


so - lo ah! sol du - rò.
Pas - sa - sti al par d'a - mo -
- re, Che un
gior - no, che un gior - no sol du - rò
molto espressivo
Po - tria no - vel vi -
- go - - re, Il pian - to, il pian - to mio re -
- car - - - ti, Ma rav - vi - var l'a -
rall.
tr
Cadenza
- mo - - re il pian - - - - - to


mi - o ah no, no non più ah non cre-de - -
-a ah non cre-de - - a, Pa-sa-sti al par, al par d'a-
-mo - - re che un gior - no sol du -
-rò, che un gior-no sol du - rò, che un
Lento.
gior - - - - - no
rall.
Cadenza
tranquillo
accel.
tr
sol du -
-rò.

The embellishments of Cadenze in this piece were sung in moderate time, not quickly.

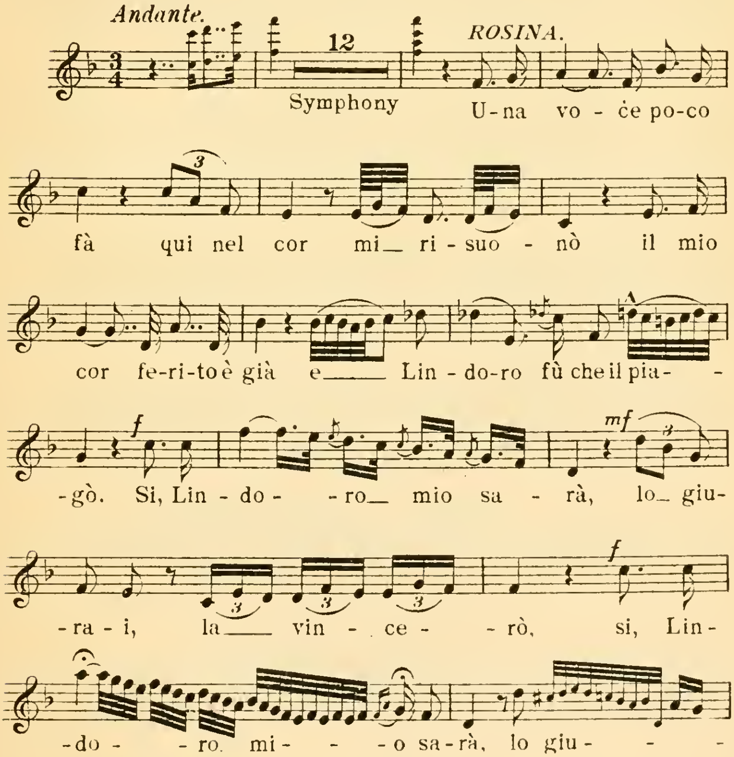
Nº 10.

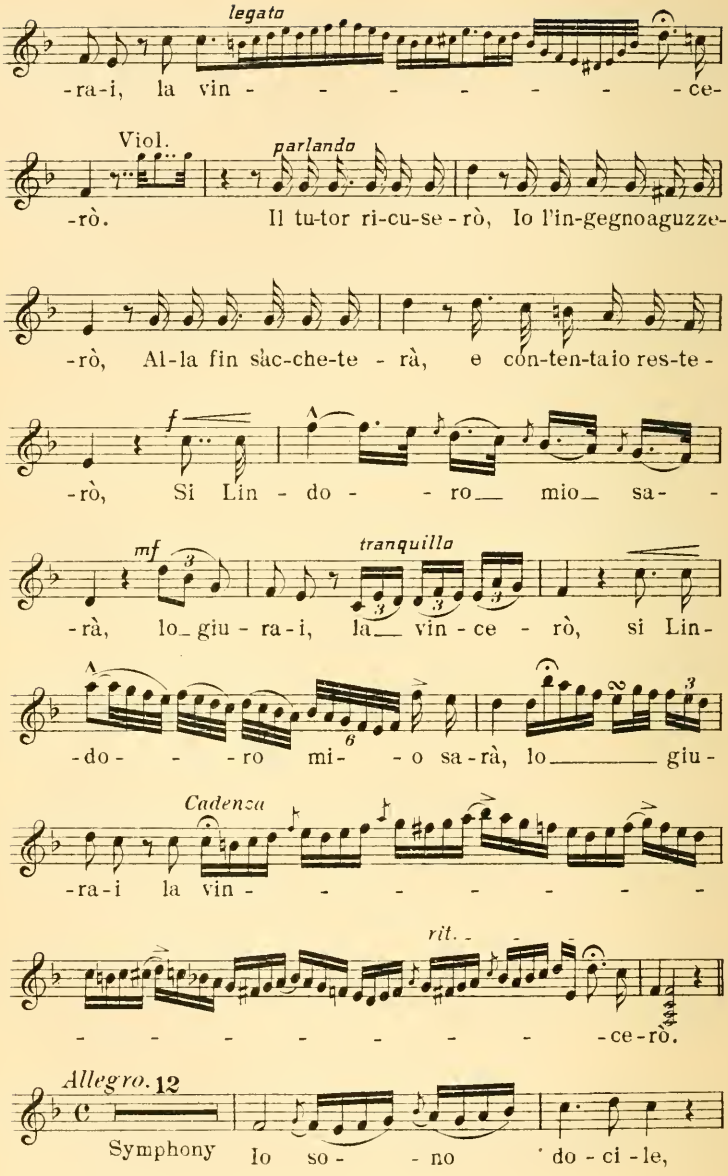
The following Version of Rosina's Aria *"Una voce poco fà"* from Rossini's Opera *"IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA,"* is that sung by Madame Goldschmidt.

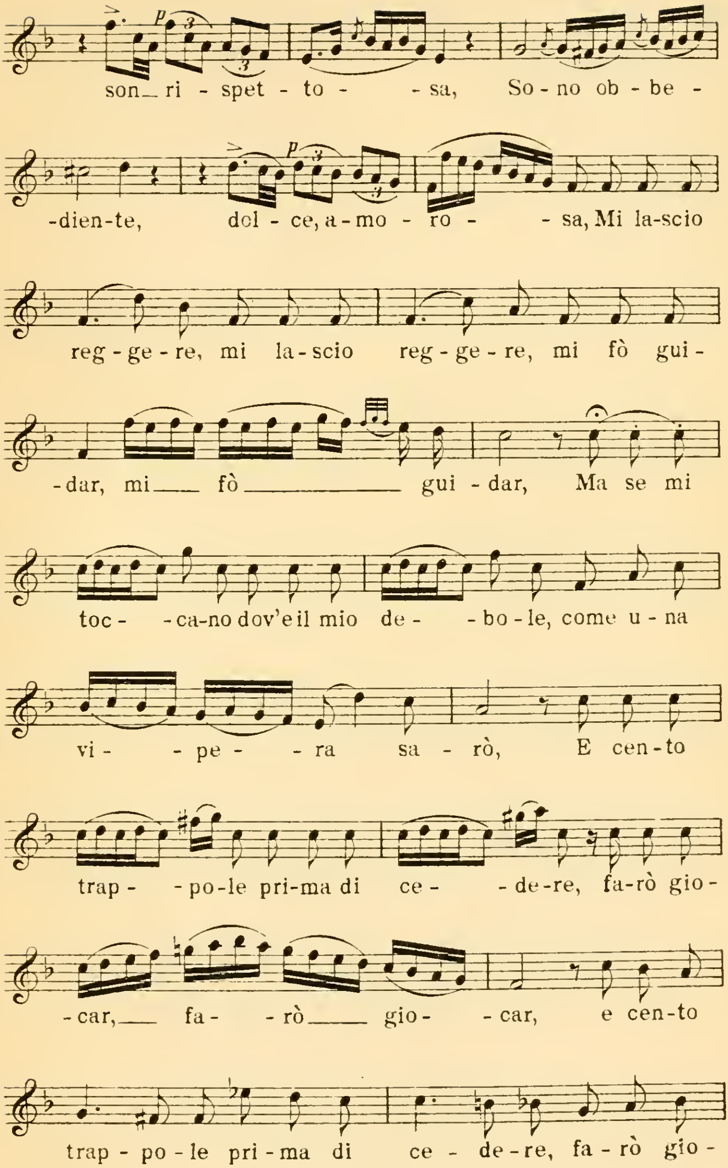
The Air, having been originally written for a Contralto (in the key of E) must be transposed to a higher key, if sung by a Soprano; and in addition to this, various passages of low range have been traditionally altered, to suit the higher voice.

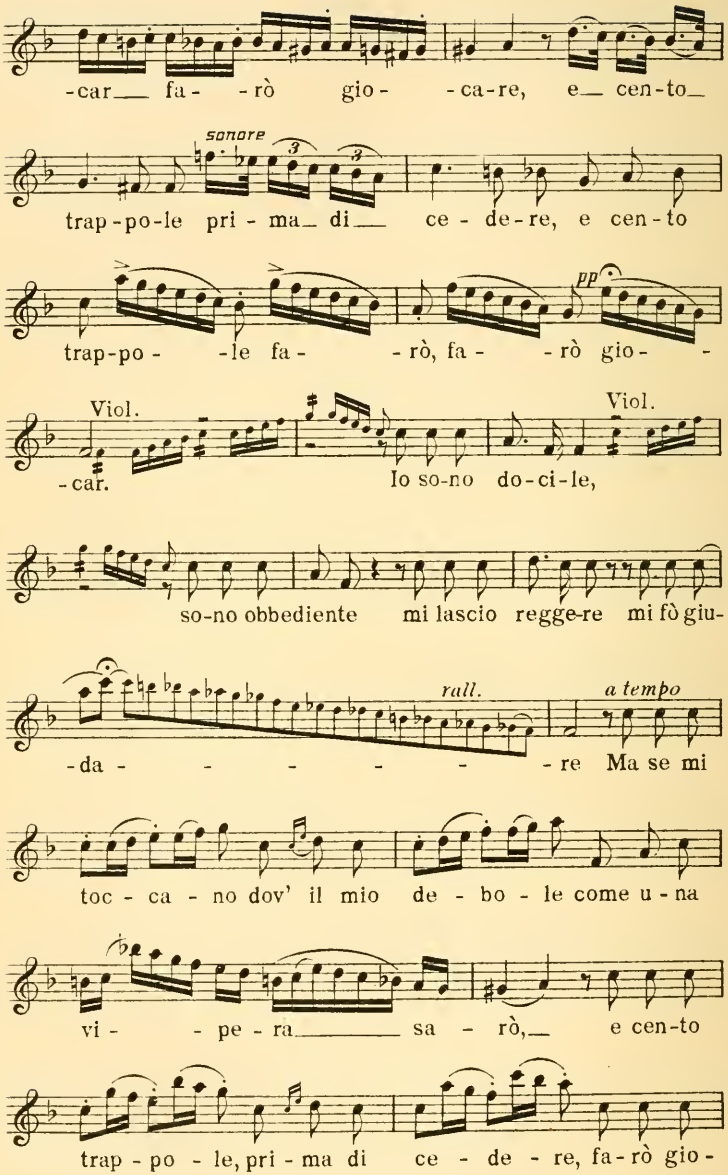
Madame Goldschmidt sang the Aria in the form given below (and in the key of F) at her Concerts, and taught it to the few select pupils who came under her care.

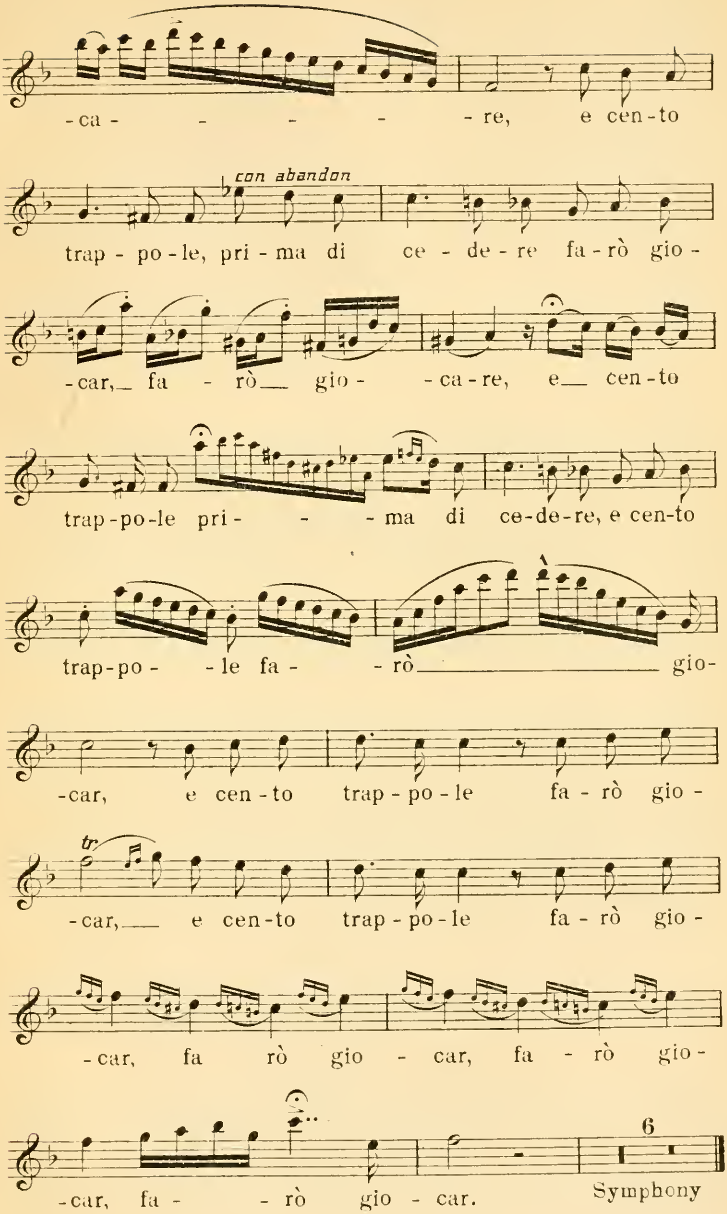
No indications of traditional changes of *Tempo* or marks of expression_ save those introduced by Madame Goldschmidt_ have been inserted here, as they are found in every good edition of the piece.


Andante.
12
Symphony
ROSINA.
U-na vo - ce po-co
fà qui nel cor mi_ ri - suo - nò il mio
cor fe-ri-to è già e___ Lin - do-ro fù che il pia - -
f
mf
- gò. Si, Lin - do - - ro_ mio sa - rà, lo_ giu-
f
- ra - i, la___ vin - ce - - rò, si, Lin-
- do - - ro. mi - - - o sa-rà, lo giu - - -


legato
-ra-i, la vin - - - - - - - -ce-
Viol.
parlando
-rò. Il tu-tor ri-cu-se-rò, Io l'in-gegnoaguzze-
-rò, Al-la fin sàc-che-te - rà, e con-ten-taio res-te -
f
-rò, Si Lin - do - - ro mio sa- -
mf
tranquillo
3
-rà, lo giu - ra - i, la vin - ce - rò, si Lin-
6
-do - - - ro mi- - o sa - rà, lo giu -
Cadenza
-ra - i la vin - - - - - - - -
rit.
- - - - - - - - - - -ce - rò.
Allegro. 12
Symphony Io so - - no do - ci - le,


son_ ri - spet - to - - sa, So - no ob - be -
-dien-te, dol - ce, a - mo - ro - - sa, Mi la-scio
reg - ge - re, mi la - scio reg - ge - re, mi fò gui -
-dar, mi___ fò__________ gui - dar, Ma se mi
toc - - ca-no dov'e il mio de - - bo - le, come u - na
vi - - pe - - ra sa - rò, E cen - to
trap - - po - le pri - ma di ce - - de - re, fa - rò gio -
- car,___ fa - - rò___ gio - - car, e cen - to
trap - po - le pri - ma di ce - de - re, fa - rò gio -

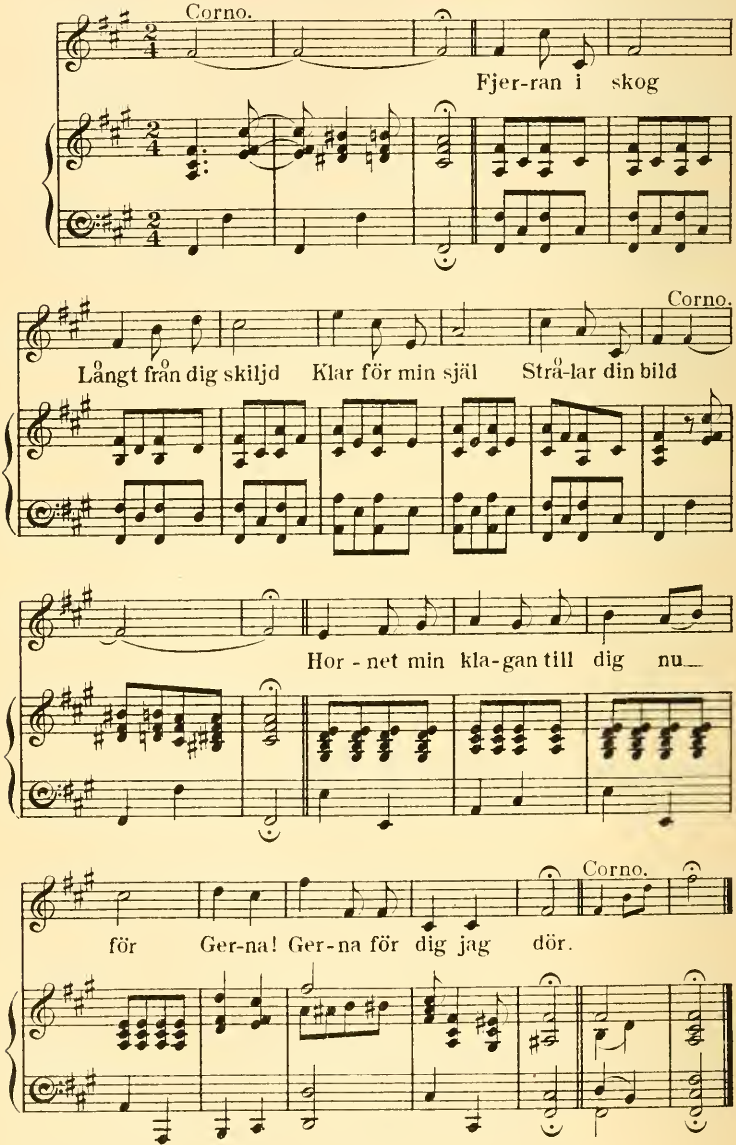

-car fa- -rò gio- -ca-re, e cen-to
sonore
trap-po-le pri-ma di ce-de-re, e cen-to
trap-po- -le fa- -rò, fa- -rò gio- -
pp
Viol.
-car. Io so-no do-ci-le,
Viol.
so-no obbediente mi lascio regge-re mi fò giu-
rall.
a tempo
-da- - - - - -re Ma se mi
toc-ca-no dov' il mio de-bo-le come u-na
vi- -pe-ra sa-rò, e cen-to
trap-po-le, pri-ma di ce-de-re, fa-rò gio-


-ca - - - - - re, e cen-to
con abandon
trap - po-le, pri - ma di ce - de-re fa-rò gio -
-car, fa - rò gio - -ca-re, e cen-to
trap-po-le pri - - ma di ce-de-re, e cen-to
trap-po - -le fa - -rò gio-
-car, e cen-to trap-po-le fa-rò gio -
tr
-car, e cen-to trap-po-le fa-rò gio -
-car, fa rò gio - car, fa - rò gio -
-car, fa - - rò gio - car.
6
Symphony

Nº 11.

This is the Version transcribed from the (late) Courtsinger I.A. Bergs own Mss. Musicbook, now in the possession of his son.

HERDEGOSSEN. [A]



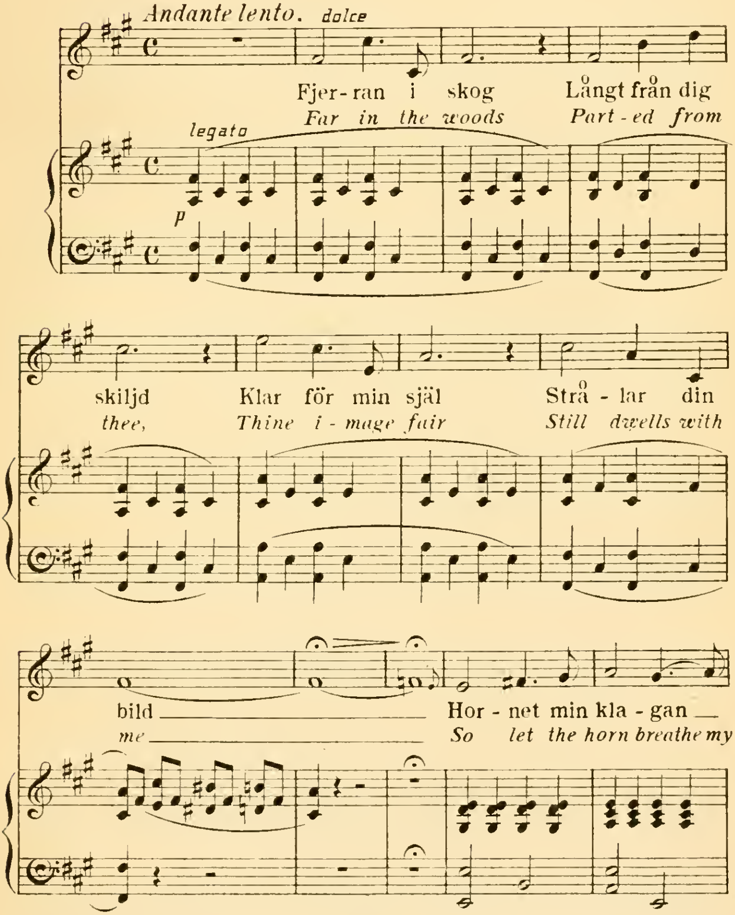
Nº 11^b

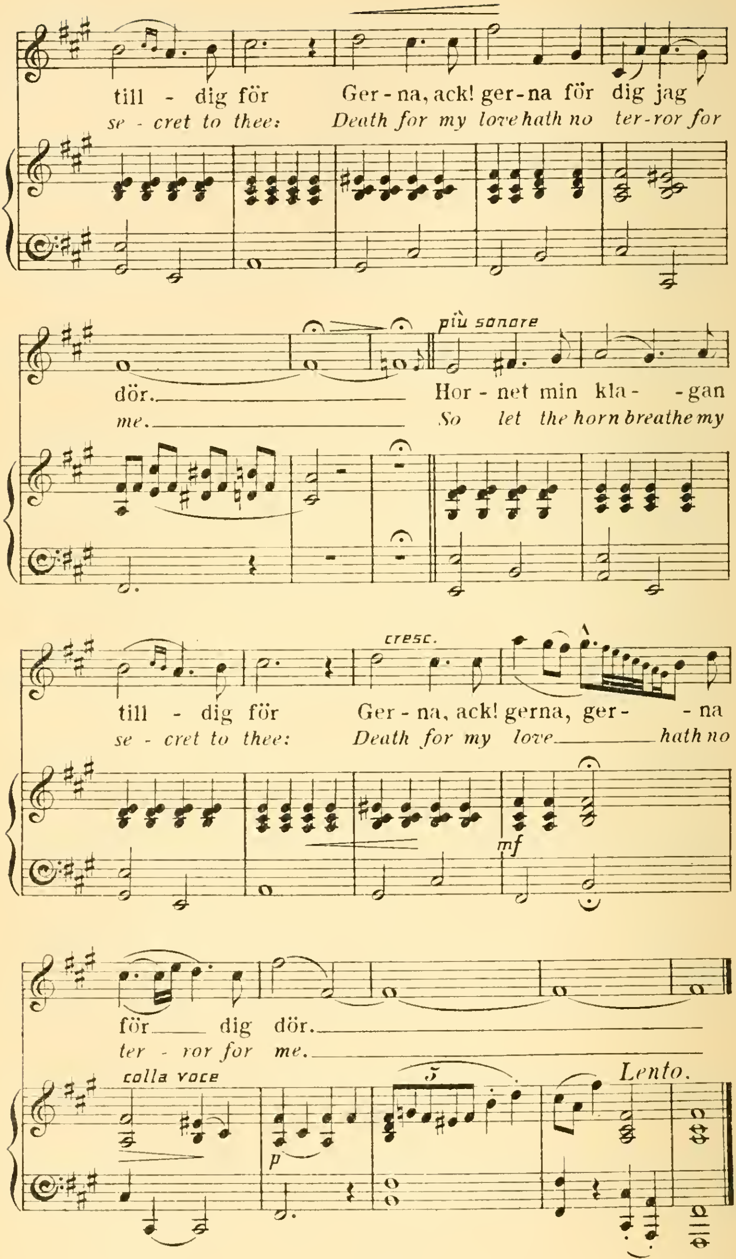
This is the Version sung in Public by Madame Goldschmidt both in Europe and in America, and in Private up to a late period of her life.

HERDEGOSSEN. [B]

THE HERDSMAN'S SONG.

Composed by
BERG.


Andante lento.
dolce
legato
p
Fjer-ran i skog Långt från dig
Far in the woods Part-ed from
skiljd Klar för min själ Strå - lar din
thee, Thine i - mage fair Still dwells with
bild Hor - net min kla - gan
me So let the horn breathe my


till - dig för Ger - na, ack! ger - na för dig jag
se - cret to thee: Death for my love hath no ter - ror for
dör.
me.
più sonore
Hor - net min kla - - gan
So let the horn breathe my
cresc.
till - dig för Ger - na, ack! gerna, ger - - na
se - cret to thee: Death for my love hath no
mf
för dig dör.
ter - ror for me.
colla voce
p
3
Lento.

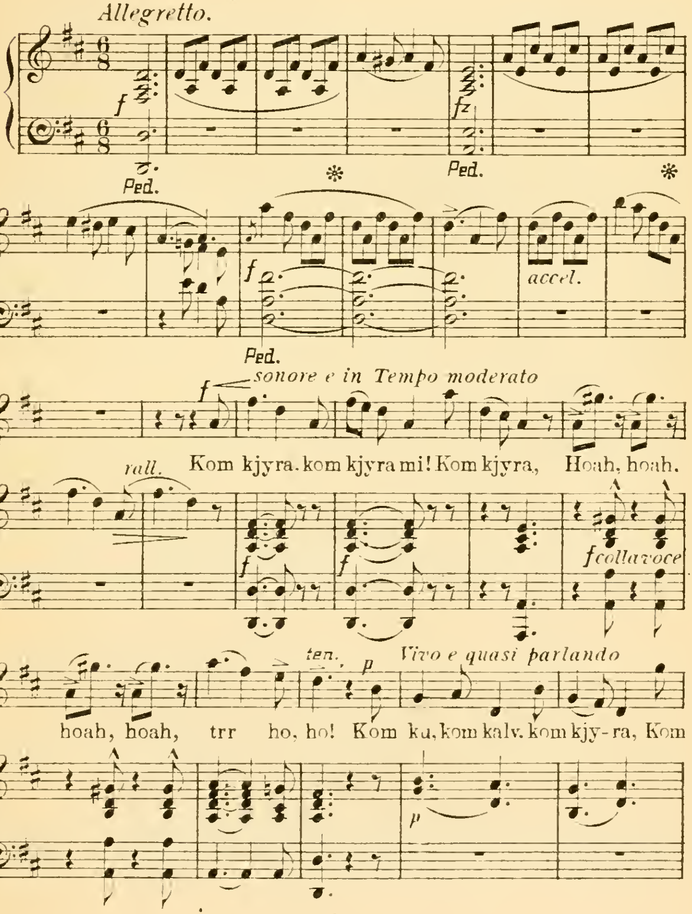
Nº 12. NORWEGIAN ECHO SONG.

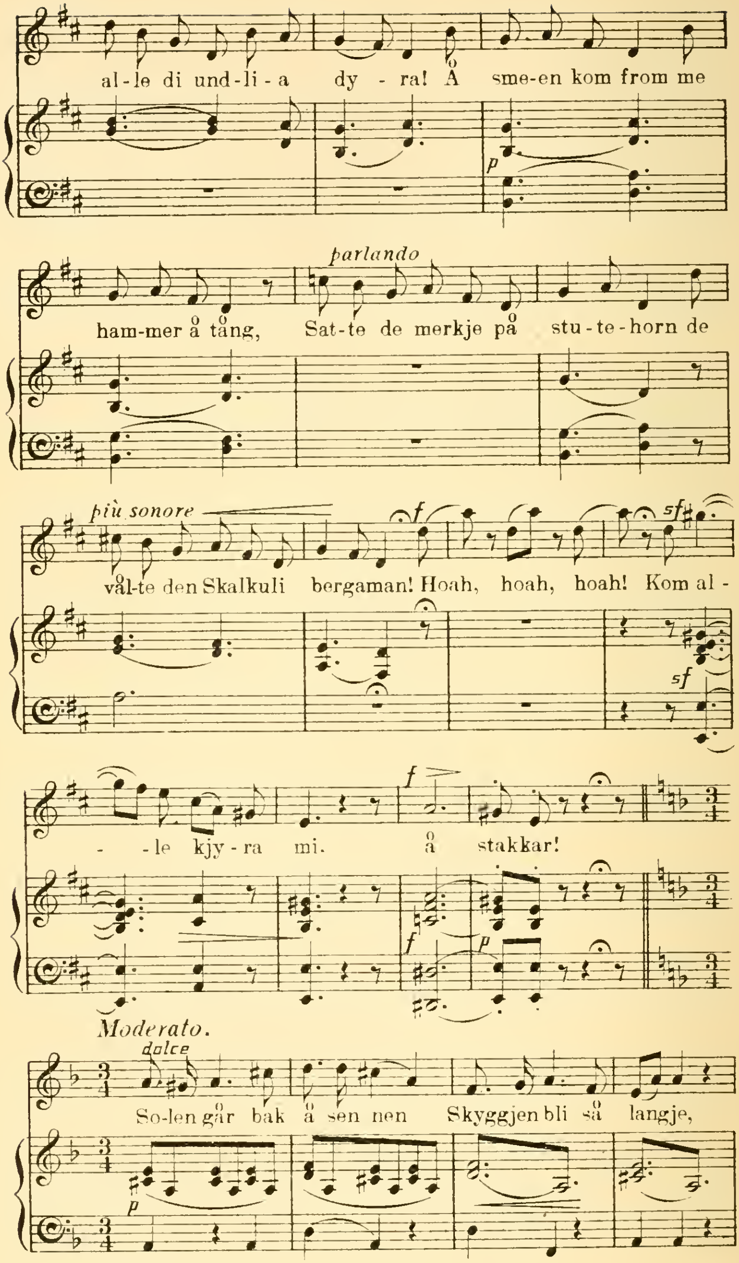
The following Norwegian Popular melody has been referred to more than once in the preceding Volumes_and in one instance by Mdlle Lind herself, in a letter dated Boston November 8. 1850. (See Book IX, Ch. V.) in which she calls it the Norwegian Fjäll (Fell) Song.

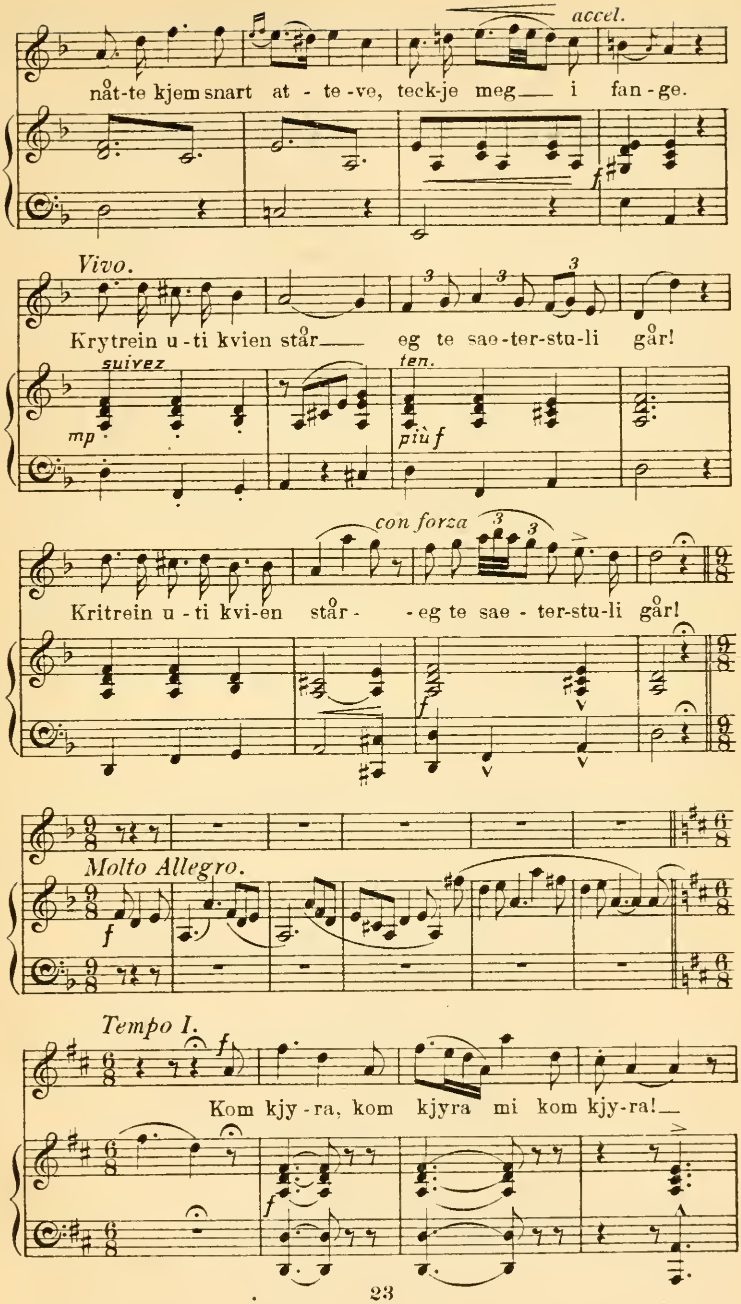
The version given here is as nearly what she sang, as a wild original piece of National Music, subject to many variations in detail at the humour of the Singer, (who invariably accompanied it herself on the Pianoforte) can be put on paper.

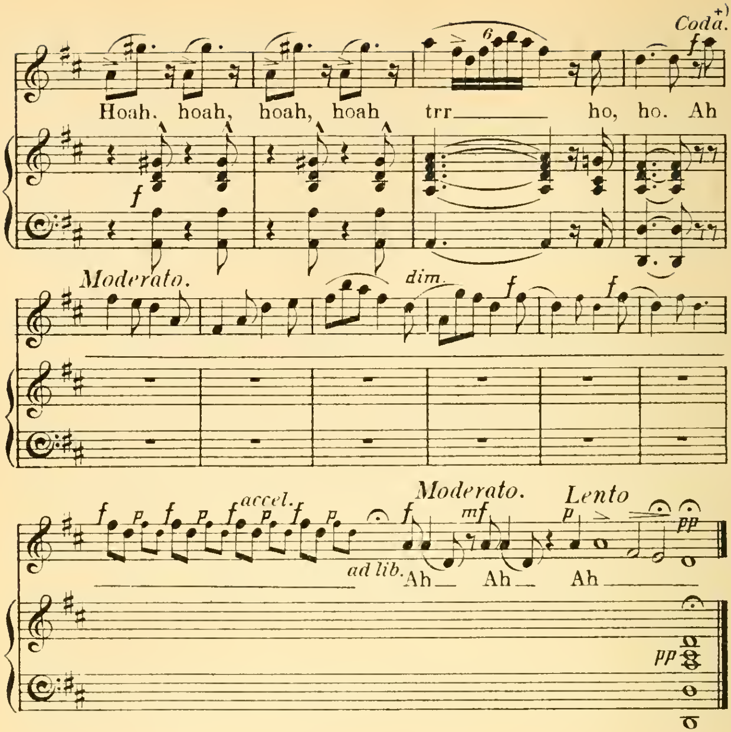
The unaccompanied *Coda* at the close, introducing an Echo, was added by the Songstress, and has, it is thought, not hitherto been printed.

The Norwegian words only are here inserted, but a translation of the simple sense of the words will be found at the end of the Song.


Allegretto.
f
fz
Ped.
*
Ped.
*
f
Ped.
accel.
f
sonore e in Tempo moderato
rall.
Kom kjyra. kom kjyra mi! Kom kjyra, Hoah, hoah.
f
f
f colla voce
hoah, hoah, trr ho, ho! Kom ku, kom kalv. kom kjy-ra, Kom
ten.
p
Vivo e quasi parlando
p


al-le di und-li-a dy-ra! Å sme-en kom from me
p
ham-mer å tång, Sat-te de merkje på stu-te-horn de
parlando
più sonore
f
sf
vål-te den Skalkuli bergaman! Hoah, hoah, hoah! Kom al-
-le kjy-ra mi. å stakkar!
Moderato.
dolce
So-len går bak å sen nen Skyggjen bli så langje,


accel.
nåt-te kjem snart at - te -ve, teck-je meg i fan - ge.
Vivo.
Krytrein u - ti kvien står eg te sae-ter-stu-li går!
suivez
mp
ten.
più f
con forza
Kritrein u - ti kvi-en står - - eg te sae - ter-stu-li går!
f
Molto Allegro.
f
Tempo I.
f
Kom kjy - ra, kom kjyra mi kom kjy-ra!
f



+) At this point Madame Goldschmidt turned from the Pianoforte towards the audience, facing it, and singing straight towards the length of the Room (having in view the production of the Echo) until the final notes, when she *slowly* turned back towards the Pianoforte, and struck the Chord of D to the same note in the voice part.

(*Translation.*)

Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Hoah, hoah, hoah!
Come cow, come calf and weanling brood
Come all my cattle dear!
And the smith come forth
With hammer and tongs
To put the brand on the animal
For so will have it the Sheriff done.
Hoah, hoah, hoah!
Come all ye my poor dear!

The sun is setting behind the hills
And shadows are lengthning;
The night will soon close in
And hold us in its lap.
The pot is on the fire
And to the Alp I wend my way.

Holland, Henry Scott

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MAR 17

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L7
H6
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